POEMS

Affairs of State,

From 1640. to this present Year 1704.

Written by the greatest Wits of the Age,

VIZ.

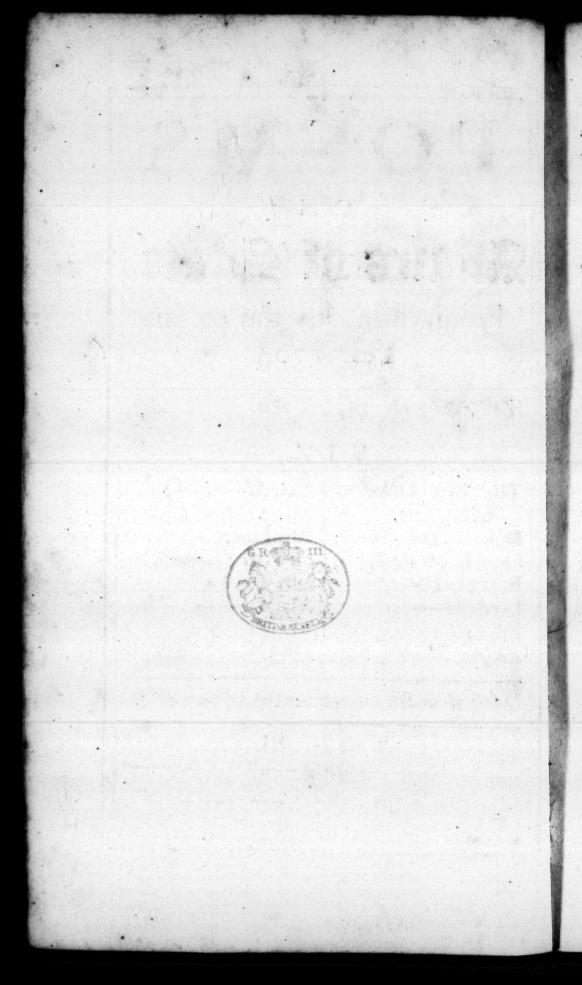
The late Duke of Col. M-d-t, Buckingham, Duke of D-re, Mr. Hambden, Late E. of Rochester, Sir Fleet Shepherd, Earl of D-t, Mr. Dryden, Lord 7-rys, I.d Hal-x, Andrew Marvel, Esq; Dr. G-th, &c.

Mr. St. 7-ns. Mr. St---y, Mr. Pr---r,

Most of which were never before publish'd.

VOL. III.

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POEMS

ON

State-Affairs.

On Purgatory.

That glorious shining Place he (frame, That glorious shining Place he (Heav'n did name: And when the first Rebellious Angels fell, He doom'd them to a certain Place, call'd Hell. There's Heav'n and Hell confirm'd in Sacred Story, But yet I ne'er could read of Purgatory. That Priests have fram'd for the good Roman Our Maker never thought of such a Place. (Race, It is a Place sure somewhere under ground; Where sinful Souls lie suxing till they're sound, O Rome! we own thee for a learn'd wise Nation, To add a Place wanting in God's Creation.

Satyr upon Romish Confessors. By Mr. Dryden:

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Y

UR Church alas! as Rome objects, does want These Ghostly Comforts for the falling Saint; This gains them their Whore-Converts, and may be One Reason of the Growth of Popery. So Mahomet's Religion came in fashion, By the large leave it gave to Fornication. Fear not the Guilt if you can pay for't well; There is no Dives in the Roman Hell. Gold opens the strait Gate, and lets him in, But want of Mony is a mortal Sin. For all besides you may discount to Heav'n, And drop a Bead to keep the Tallies ev'n. How are Men cozen'd still with shews of Good! The Bawd's best Mask is the Grave Friers Hood. The Vice no more a Clergy-man dipleases, Than Doctors can be thought to hate Diseases: 'Tis by your living ill, that they live well; By your Debauches their fat Paunches swell. 'Tis a Mock-War between the Priest and Devil, When they think fit, they can be very civil. As some who did French Counsels most advance, To blind the World have rail'd in Print at France. Thus do the Clergy at our Vices bawl, That with more ease they may engross them all. By damning ours, they do their own maintain; A Church-man's Godliness is always Gain. Hence to their Prince they will superior be, And Civil Treason grows Church-Loyalty. They int it;

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They boast the Gift of Heav'n is in their Power, Well may they give the God they can devour. Still to the sick and dead their Claims they lay, For 'tis on Carrion that the Vermin prey. Nor have they less Dominion on our Life, They trot the Husband, and they pace the Wise. Rowze up, ye Cuckolds of the Northern Climes, And learn from Sweden to prevent such Crimes. Unman the Frier, leave the holy Drone To hum in his forsaken Hive alone; He'll work no Honey, when his Sting is gone. Your Wives and Daughters soon will leave the Cells, When they have lost the sound of Aaron's Bells.

The Ghoft.

Papist dy'd, as 'twas Jehovah's Will, And his poor Soul went trudging down to Hell; And when it there arriv'd, just at the Entry, He found a Mastiff Devil standing Centry, With flaming Eyes, and Face as black as Soot, A Musqueteer with a great Cloven Foot. And who goes there? - I, a poor Papift Ghoft, Am come to dwell upon the Stygian Coast. Stay where you are, and do not prefs fo hard, For I must call the Captain of the Guard; He gave me Orders to let none come in. But only fuch as should have leave from him. The Captain call'd, accordingly came forth, A Devil of Integrity and Worth: He ask'd the Ghost, with a great Voice, as loud As mighty Thunder breaking from a Gloud,

Whee

What was the business? Sir, I'm come to dwell, If you will please to give me leave, in Hell. Damn you for a Whoreson Dog, said he to him, I love my Master, and you sha'nt come in: For if above you eat your God, I fear, Should you come in you'd eat the Devil here.

The Robber robb'd.

A Certain Priest had hoarded up A Mass of secret Gold; And where he might bestow it safe, He knew not to be bold.

At last it came into his Thought
To lock it in a Chest;
Within the Chancel, and he wrote
Thereon, Hic Deus est.

A merry Grig, whose greedy Mind Did long for such a Prey, Respecting not the sacred Words That on the Casket lay;

Took out the Gold, and blotting out
The Priest's Inscript thereon,
Wrote, Resurrexit, non est bic:
Your God is rose and gone.

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V 1625 LUMBY Stort

er, at lategrity and Worth;

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PARADOX.

That Ambition, or the Defire of Rule and Superiority is a Virtue.

HIS is a Truth fo certain, and fo clear, That to the first-born Man it did appear. Did not the mighty Heir, the noble Cain, By the fresh Laws of Nature taught, disdain That, tho a Brother, any one should be A greater Favourite to God than he? He struck him down; And so, said he, so fell The Sheep, which thou didft facrifice fo well. Since all the fullest Sheaves that I could bring, Since all were blafted in the Offering; Lest God should my next Victim too despise, The acceptable Priest I'll facrifice. Hence Coward Fears: for the first Blood so spilt, As a Reward, he the first City built. 'Twas a Beginning generous and high, Fit for a Grand-Child of the Deity. So well advanc'd, 'twas pity there he stay'd; One step of Glory more he should have made, And to the utmost bounds of Greatness gone; Had Adam too been kill'd, he might have reign'd alone. One Brother's Death what do I mean to name? A small Oblation to Revenge and Fame:

The mighty-foul'd Abimelech, to shew What for high Place a higher Spirit can do, Almost a Hecatomb of Brothers slew.

And

And feventy times in nearest Blood he dy'd (To make it hold) his Royal Purple Pride. Why do I name the Lordly Creature Man? The weak, the mild, the coward Woman can, When to a Crown she cuts her sacred way, All that oppose with Manlike Courage slay. So Athaliah, when she saw her Son, And with his Life her dearer Greatness gone, With a Majestick Fury slaughter'd all, Whom high Birth might to high Pretences call. Since he was dead, who all her Power fustain'd, Refolv'd to reign alone: Refolv'd and reign'd. In vain her Sex, in vain the Laws withstood, In vain the facred Plea of David's Blood, A noble and a bold Contention she (One Woman) undertook with Destiny: She to pluck down, Destiny to uphold (Oblig'd by holy Oracles of old) The great Jessean Race on Judah's Throne, Till 'twas at last an equal Wager grown, Scarce Fate, with much ado, the better got by one. Tell me not she her felf at last was slain; Did she not first seven years, a Life-time reign? Seven Royal Years to a publick Spirit will feen More than the private Life of a Methusalem, 'Tis God-like to be great; and as they fay, A thousand Years to God are but a Day; So to a Man, when once a Crown he wears, The Coronation Day's more than a thousand Years.

Brosner's Death wheevier mean to name

der Surices

DIA

n,

S.

BRUTUS.

EXcellent Brutus! of all Human Race
The best, till Nature was improved by Grace:
Till Faith above themselves had raised Men more,
Than Reason above Beasts before.

Virtue was thy Life's Centre, and from thence

Did filently and constantly dispense

The gentle, vigorous Influence

To all the wide and fair Circumference;
And all the Parts upon it lean'd not eafily,
Obey'd the mighty Force so willingly,
That none could discord or disorder see,

In all their Contrariety.

Each had his Motion nat'ral and free,

And the whole no more mov'd, than the whole

(World could be.

2.

From thy strict Rule some think that thou didst (Mistaken honest Men) in Cesar's Blood: (swerve What Mercy could the Tyrant's Life deserve From him, who kill'd himself rather than serve? Th'Heroick Exaltations of the Good

Are so far from b'ing understood,
We count them Vice. Alas! our sight's so ill,
That things which swiftest move, seem to stand still.
We look not upon Virtue in her height,
On her supreme Idea brave and bright,
In th'original Light.

B 4

But

But as her Beams reflected pass
Thro' our own Nature, or ill Custom's Glass;
And 'tis no wonder so,
If with dejected Eye,

In standing Pools we seek the Sky,
That Stars so high above should seem to us below.

Can we stand by and see

Our Mother robb'd, and bound, and ravish'd be,

Yet not to her Assistance stir,

Pleas'd with the Strength and Beauty of the Ra-Or shall we fear to kill him, if before (visher)

The cancell'd Name of Friend he bore? Ingrateful Brutus do they call?

Ingrateful Cafar, who could Rome enthrall!
An Act more barbarous and unnatural,
(In th'exact Ballance of true Virtue try'd)
Than his Successor Nero's Parricide.

There's none but Brutus could deserve,
That all Men else should wish to serve;
And Casar's usurp'd Place to him should prosser,
None can deserve't but he who would refuse the
4. (Offer.

Ill Fate assum'd a Body thee t'affright, And wrapt it felf i'th' Terrors of the Night; I'll meet thee at Philippi, said the Spright:

With such a Voice, and such a Brow,
As put the trembling Ghost to sudden slight:
It vanished as a Taper's Light

Goes out, when Spirits appear in fight:
One would have thought thad heard the Morning
Or feen her well appointed Star (Crow,

Nor durst it in Philippi's Field appear, But unseen attack'd thee there.

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Had it presum'd in any shape thee t'oppose, Thou would'ft have forc'd it back upon thy Foes: Or flain't like Cafar, tho it be A Conqueror and a Monarch mightier far than he.

What Joy can human things to us afford, When we see perish thus, by odd Events, Ill Men and wretched Accidents, The best Cause and best Man that ever drew a When we fee

The false Octavius, and wild Anthony,

God-like Brutus, conquer thee? What can we fay but thy own Tragick Word; That Virtue, which had worship'd been by thee, As the most Good, and greatest Deity,

By this fatal Proof became An Idol only, and a Name? Hold, noble Brutm, and restrain

The bold Voice of thy generous Disdain; These mighty Gulphs are yet

Too deep for all thy Judgment, and thy Wit. The Time's fet forth already which shall quell Stiff Reason, when it offers to rebel;

Which these great Secrets shall unseal, And new Philosophies reveal.

A few years more, so soon hadst thou not dy'd, Would have confounded human Virtue's Pride, And shewn thee a GOD crucify'd.

we even be could the refer

In willow we should that Deed the med, detest .a Q oof Mankind elicem'd the b. a.l.

O D E.

In Answer to the former.

TIS faid, that Favourite Mankind
Was made the Lord of all below;
But yet the doubtful are concern'd to find;
'Tis only one Man tells another fo.
And for this vast Dominion here,

Which over other Beasts we claim, Reason our best Credential does appear, By which indeed we domineer:

But how absurdly we may see with shame; Reason that solemn Trisse! light as Air! Mov'd with each Blast of Censure or Applause;

By partial Love away 'tis blown, Or the least Prejudice can weigh it down: Thus our high Privilege becomes our Snare.

In any nice and weighty Cause How wavering are the wisest! yet the Grave Impose on that small Judgment which we have.

In Works of Fame, whose Names have spread so And ev'n the Force of Time defy'd, (wide, Some Failings yet may be decry'd; Among the rest with wonder be it told, That Brutus is ador'd for Cesar's Death; By which he still survives in Fame's immortal Breath. Brutus! ev'n he of all the rest, In whom we should that Deed the most detest, Is of Mankind esteem'd the best!

fo

le,

h.

As Snow descending from some losty Hill
Is by its rolling course augmenting still,
So from illustrious Authors down has roll'd
Till now, that Rev'rence he receiv'd of old:
Still ev'ry Age adds a prosound Esteem,
And guild their Eloquence with Praise of him.
But Truth unveil'd, like a bright Sun appears,
To shine away this Heap of seventeen hundred years.

In vain 'tis urg'd by an illustrious Wit,

To whom I otherwise submit,

That Cæsar's Life no Pity could deserve

From one who kill'd himself rather than serve.

Had Brutss chose rather himself to slay,

Than any Master to obey,
Happy for Rome had been that noble Pride!
The World had then remain'd in Peace, and only
(Bruttu dy'd:

For he, whose Virtue would disdain to own
Subjection to a Tyrant's Frown,
And his own Life had rather end,
Would sure much rather kill himself, than only
(hurt his Friend.

To his own Sword in the Philippian Field,
Brutte indeed at last did yield;
But in those times such Actions were not rare,
And then proceeded only from Despair;

Else he perhaps had chose to live
In hopes another Casar would forgive:
That so he might for publick Good once more
Conspire against a Life, which had spar'd his before.

Our Country claims indeed our chiefest Care, And in our Thoughts deserves the tender'st share. Her to a thousand Friends we should prefer, But not betray 'em, tho it be for her.

Hard

Hard is his Heart whom no Defert can move,
A Wife, a Mistress, or a Friend to love
Above whate'er he does besides enjoy:
But may he for their sakes his Sire, or Sons destroy?
Sacred be all the Ties of publick Good,
We to our Country owe our dearest Blood:
To suffer in her Service were a Bliss,
And ev'n to fall, the noblest Fate that is.
So brave a Death, tho in Youth's early Bloom,
Is above all the longest Life to come;
But 'tis not surely of so great Renown,
To take another's, as to lose our own.
Of all that's ours, we cannot give too much,
But what belongs to Friendship, O! 'tis Sacrilege

(to touch.

Can we stand by unmov'd, and see
Our Mother robb'd and ravish'd? Can we be
Excus'd, if in her Cause we never stir;
Pleas'd with the Strength and Beauty of the Ravisher?
Thus sings our Bard with almost Heat Divine:
'Tis pity that his Thought was not as strong as Would it more justly did the Case express; (sine: Or that its Beauty, and its Grace were less.

(Thus a loose Nymph sometimes we see, Who so charming seems to be, That, jealous of a soft Surprize, We scarce dare trust our eager Eyes.)

So dangerous an Ambush to escape,

We shall not plead a willing Rape.

A valiant Son would be provok'd the more;

A Force we therefore must confess, but acted long
A Marriage since did intervene. (before.

With all the folemn, and the facred Scene;

Loud was the Hymenean Song,
The violated * Dame walk'd fmilingly along:

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And in the midst of the most facred Dance, As if enamour'd of his Sight,

Often she cast a kind admiring Glance On the bold Strugler for Delight:

Who afterwards appear'd fo moderate and cool, As if for publick Good alone he fo aspir'd to rule.

But O! that this were all the Muse could urge Against a Roman of so great a Soul! And that fair Truth permitted us to purge His Fact of what appears fo foul!

Friendship! that facred and sublimest thing! The noblest Quality, and chiefest Good!

(In this base Age scarce understood)

Inspires us with unusual warmth its injur'd Rights to fing.

Assist, ye Angels, whose immortal Bliss, Tho more refin'd, chiefly confifts in this. How plainly your bright Thoughts to one another O! how you all agree in Harmony Divine! (thine! The course of mutual Love with equal Zeal you run: A course as far from any end, as when at first begun. You faw, and smil'd at this most wretched Pair, Who did betwixt them both so many Virtues share. Some which belong to Peace, and some to Strife, Those of a calm and of an active Life, That all the Excellence of Human Kind Concur'd to make of both but one united Mind. Which Friendship did so fast and closely bind, Not the least Cement could appear by which their (Souls were join'd.

That Tie which holds our mortal Frame, Which poor unknowing We a Soul and Body name, Seems not a Composition more Divine, Or more abstruse than all that does in Friendship (fhine.

From

From mighty Cafar's boundless Grace
Brutus indeed his Life receiv'd;
But Obligations, tho so great believ'd,

We count but slight in such a case,
Where Friendship so possesses all the Place:
There is no room for Gratitude; since he
Who so obliges is more pleas'd than his sav'd Friend
Just in the midst of all this noble Heat, (can be.
While their great Hearts did both so kindly beat,

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That it amaz'd the lookers-on,

And forc'd them to suspect a * Father and a Son (Yet here ev'n Nature's self did seem to be out-From such a Friendship unprovok'd to fall [done) Is Crime enough: But O! that such a Crime were all, Which does, with too much cause, ungrateful Bru-8. (two call.

He calmly laid a long Design Against his best and dearest Friend, Did all his Care and Credit bend

To spirit others up to work his barbarous End. Himself the Centre where they all did join; Casar mean time, fearless, and fond of him,

Was as industrious all the while

To give such ample Marks of his Esteem, As made the gravest Romans smile

To fee with how much ease Love can the wise befor he, whom Bruten deem'd to bleed, (guile. Did, setting his own Race aside,

No less a thing for him provide,

Than to the World's great Empire to succeed.

Which we are bound in Justice to allow, Is all-sufficient Proof to show,

That Brutus did not strike for his own sake; And if, alas! he fail'd, 'twas only by mistake.

^{*} Cafar was suspessed to have begotten Brutus.

A Preparative to Study: Or, the Virtue of Sack. Written in the Year 1641.

Etch me Ben Johnson's Scull, and fill't with Sack. Rich as the same he drank, when all the pack Of jolly Sifters pledg'd, and did agree, It was no Sin to be as drunk as he; If there be any Weakness in the Wine, There's Virtue in the Cup to make't Divine. This muddy drench of Ale does tafte too much Of Earth, the Malt retains a scurvy touch Of the dull Hind that fow'd it, and I fear There's Herefy in Hops; give Calvin Beer, And his precise Disciples, such as think There's Powder Treason in all Spanish Drink, Call Sack an Idol; we will kiss the Cup, For fear their Conventicle be blown up With Superstition; away with Brew-house Alms, Whose best Mirth is Six-shilling Beer and Psalms. Let me rejoice in sprightly Sack, that can Create a Brain ev'n in an empty Pan. Canary! it is thou that dost inspire And actuate the Soul with Heavenly Fire. Thou that fublim'st the Genius, mak'st the Wit Scorn Earth, and fuch as love or live by it; Thou mak'ft us Lords of Regions large and fair, While our pleas'd Thoughts build Castles in the Since Fire, Earth, Air, thus thy Inferiors be, (Air. Henceforth I'll know no Elements but thee. Welcom thou Juice Divine! Mankind's delight: By thee my gladsom Muse begins her Flight: I would not leave thee, Sack, to be with Jove, His Nestar is but feign'd, but I, blest I, do prove Thy

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Thy more effential Worth: I am methinks In the Exchequer now, hark how it chinks: I now esteem my venerable Self As brave a Fellow as if all that Pelf Were fure mine own, and I have thought a way Already how to fpend it, I would pay No Debts, but fairly empty every Trunk And change the Gold for Sack to keep me drunk. To keep me drunk, until Spain's gen'rous Wine So feiz'd my Crown, that th'Indies too were mine. And when my Brains are once afloat (Heav'n bless I think my felf a better Man than Crafus. US) I fancy now my felf to be a Judg, And coughing, laugh, to fee the Clients trudg After my Lordship's Coach unto the Hall For Justice, and am full of Law withal, And do become the Bench as well as he That fled of late for want of Honesty. But I'll be Judg no longer, tho in jest, For fear I should be talk'd with like the rest. When I am fober, who can chuse but think Me wife, that am fo wary in my Drink? O admirable Sack! here's dainty Sport. I am come back from Westminster to Court, And am grown young again, my Phryfick now Hath left me, and my Judges graver Brow Is smooth'd, and I turn'd amorous as May, When she invites young Lovers forth to play Upon her flowry Bosom; I could win A Vestal now, or tempt a Saint to fin. O, for a score of Queens! you'd laugh to see How they would strive, which first should ravish me Three Goddesles were nothing: Sack has tipt My Tongue with Charms like those which Paris sipt From Vensu, when she taught him how to kiss Fair Helen, and invite a farther Blis. Mine Mine is Canary-Rhetorick, that alone
Would turn Diana to a burning Stone,
Stone with Amazement burning with Love's Fire,
Hard to the touch, but short in her desire.
Inestimable Sack! thou mak'st us rich,
Wise, amorous, any thing; I have an itch
To t'other Cup, and that perchance will make
Me valiant too, and quarrel for thy sake.
If I be once inslam'd against thy Foes,
That would preach down thy Worth in Small-beer
(Prose,

I shall do Miracles, as bad or worse, Than he that gave the King a hundred Horse: I'm in the North already; Lasey's dead, He that would rife, carry the King his Head, And tell him (if he ask, who kill'd the Scot) I knock'd his Brains out with a pottle Pot. Out ye rebellious Vipers, I'm come back From thence again, because there's no good Sack : T'other odd Cup, and I shall be prepar'd To fnatch at Stars, and pluck down a Reward With my own Hands from Jove upon their Back, That are, or Charles his Foes, or Foes to Sack. Let it be full, and if I chance to spill, Over my Standish by the way, I will, Dipping in this Diviner Ink my Pen, Write my felf fober, and fall to't agen.

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Written Soon after O. Cromwel's Death,

Curst be the Man! (What do I wish? as the The Wretch already were not so)
But curst on let him be, who thinks it brave And great, his Country to enslave;
Who seeks to overpoise alone
The Ballance of a Nation,
Against the whole but naked State;
Who in his own light Scale makes up with Arms (the Weight.)

Who of his Nation loves to be the first,
Tho at the rate of being worst.
Who would be rather a great Monster, than
A well-proportion'd Man:
The Son of Earth with hundred Hands
Upon his three-pil'd Mountain stands,
Till Thunder strikes him from the Sky;
The Son of Earth again in his Earth's Womb
(does lie.

What Blood, Confusion, Ruin, to obtain
A short and miserable Reign?
In what oblique and humble creeping wise
Does the mischievous Serpent rise?
But ev'n his forked Tongue strikes dead;
When he'as rear'd up his wicked Head:
He murders with his mortal Frown,
Basilisk he grows, if once he gets a Crown:

But no Guards can oppose affaulting Ears, Or undermining Tears:

No more than Doors, or close-drawn Curtains keep The swarming Dreams out when we sleep. That bloody Conscience too of his. (For O! a Rebel-Redcoat 'tis) Does here his early Hell begin:

He fees his Slaves without, his Tyrant feels within.

Let, gracious God, let never more thy Hand Lift up this Rod against our Land.

A Tyrant is a Rod and Serpent too, And brings worse Plagues than Egypt knew. What Rivers stain'd with Blood have been? What Storm and Hailshot have we seen? What Sores deform'd th'ulcerous State? What Darkness to be felt has bury'd us of late?

How has it fnatch'd our Flocks and Herds away? And even made our Sons a Prey? What croaking Sects and Vermin has it sent The restless Nation to torment? What greedy Troops, what armed Pow'r Of Flies and Locusts, to devour The Land, which e'ery where they fill? Nor fly they, Lord, away: no, they devour it ftill.

Come th'eleventh Plague rather than this should be: Come fink us rather in the Sea. Come rather Pestilence, and reap us down: Come God's Sword rather than our own:

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Let rather Roman come again,
Or Saxon, Norman, or the Dane:
In all the Bonds we ever bore,
We griev'd, we figh'd, we wept; we never blush'd
(before

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If by our Sins the Divine Justice be
Call'd to this last Extremity,
Let some denouncing fonus first be sent,
To try if England can repent.
Methinks, at least, some Prodigy,
Some dreadful Comet from on high,
Should terribly forewarn the Earth,
As of good Princes Deaths, so of a Tyrant's Birth.

A Dialogue between two Zealots, upon the Et cætera in the Oath.

SIR Roger, from a zealous piece of Freeze,
Rais'd to a Vicaridg of the Childrens Threes:
Whose yearly Audit may by strict account
To twenty Nobles, and his Vails amount;
Fed on the Common of the Female Charity,
Until the Scots can bring about their Parity;
So shotten, that his Soul, like to himself,
Walks but in Querpo: This same Clergy Elf,
Encount'ring with a Brother of the Cloth,
Fell presently to cudgels with the Oath.
The Quarrel was a strange mishapen Monster,
Et catera (God bless us) which they conster
The Brand upon the Buttock of the Beast;
The Dragon's Tail ty'd to a Knot; a Nest

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Of young Apocrypha's; the Fashion Of a new mental Reservation.

While Roger thus divides the Text; the other Winks and expounds, faying: My pious Brother, Hearken with Rev'rence; for the Point is nice, I never read on't, but I fasted twice: And so by Revelation know it better, Than all the learn'd Idolaters o'th' Letter. With that he swell'd, and fell upon the Theme, Like great Goliah, with his Weaver's Beam. I say to thee, Et catera, thou ly'st, Thou art the curled Lock of Antichrift. Rubbish of Babel! for who will not fay, Tongues are confounded in Et catera? Who swears &c. swears more Oaths at once, Than Cerberm out of his triple Sconce. Who views it well, with the same Eye beholds The old false Serpent in his num'rous Folds. Accurst Et catera! Now, now I scent. What the prodigious bloody Oysters meant. O Becker! Becker! How cam'ft thou to lack This Friend in thy prophetick Almanack? 'Tis the dark Vault, wherein the Infernal Plot Of Powder 'gainst the State was first begot. Peruse the Oath, and you shall soon descry it, By all the Father Garners that stand by it. 'Gainst whom the Church (whereof I am a Member) Shall keep another Fifth day of November. Yet here's not all: I cannot half untruss Et cetera, 'tis so abdominous. The Trojan Nag was not so fully lin'd: Unrip Et catera, and you shall find Og the great Commissary, and (what's yet worse) Th' Apparitor upon his skew-bald Horse. Then, finally, my Babes of Grace, forbear;

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Et catera will be too far to swear;

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For 'tis (to speak in a familiar stile)
A York-shire Weabit, longer than a Mile.

Here Roger was inspired, and by God's Diggers, He'd swear in Words at length, and not in Figures. Now by this Drink, which he takes off, as loth To leave &c. in his liquid Oath, His Brother pledg'd him, and that bloody Wine, He swears, shall seal the Synod's Catiline. So they drunk on, not offering to part, Till they had sworn out the eleventh Quart. While all that saw and heard them, jointly pray, They and their Tribe were all Et catera.

Smeetymnuus, or the Club-Divines.

Sith name of Rabbi Abraham, What art?

Some Conjurer translate, and let me know it,

Till then 'tis fit for a West-Saxon Poet.

But do the Brotherhood thus play their Prizes,

Like Mummers in Religion, with Disguises?

Out-brave us with a Name in Rank and File?

A Name, which is 'twere train'd would spread a Mile.

The Saints Monopoly, the Zealots Cluster;

Which like a Porcupine presents a Muster,

And shoots his Quills at Bishops and their Sees;

A devout Litter of young Macchabees.

Thus Jack of all Trades has distinctly shown

The twelve Apostles in a Cherry-stone.

Next Simbridg-Fair is Smee's: for lo! his Side

Into a five-fold Lazar's multiply'd. Under each Arm there's tack'd a double Gizard, Five Faces lurk under one fingle Vizard.

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The Whore of Babylon left these Brats behind,

Heirs of Confusion by Gavelkind.

Like a Scots Mark, where the more modest sense Checks the loud Praise, and shrinks to 13 Pence; Like to an Ignis Fature, whose Flame, Tho some times tripartite, joins in the same: Like to nine Taylors, who, if rightly spell'd, Into one Man are monosyllabled: Short-handed Zeal in one hath cramped many,

Like to the Decalogue in a fingle Penny.

The Sadducees would raise a Question, Who shall be Smee at the Resurrection? Who coop'd them up together, were to blame; Had they but wire-drawn and foun out the Name, 'Twould make another Prentices Petition Against the Bishops and their Superstition. Some Welshman was his Godfather; for he Wears in his Name his Genealogy. The Banes are ask'd, would but the Times give way, Between Smellymnuus and Et catera. The Guefts, invited by a Friendly Summons, Should be the Convocation and the Commons. The Priest to tie the Foxes Tails together, Mosely, or Sansta Clara, chuse you whether. Thus might Religions caterwaul, and Spight, Which uses to divorce, might once unite. But their cross Fortunes interdict their Trade; The Groom is rampant, but the Bride is spay'd.

I could by Letters now untwift the Rabble; Whip Smee from Constable to Constable.
But there I leave you to another dressing;
Only kneel down, and take your Father's Blessing.

May the Queen Mother justifie your Fears, And stretch her Patent to your Leathern Ears.

C 4

Epitaph

Epitaph on the Earl of Strafford.

Here lies Wise and Valiant Dust,
Huddled up 'twixt Fix and Just:
Strafford, who was hurried hence
'Twixt Treason and Convenience.
He spent his Time here in a Mist,
A Papist, yet a Calvinist.
His Prince's nearest Joy and Grief
He had, yet wanted all Relief.
The Prop and Ruin of the State,
The Peoples violent Love and Hate.
One in Extreams lov'd and abhorr'd:
Riddles lie here, and in a word,
Here lies Blood, and let it lie
Speechless still, and never cry.

On the Death of K. Charles the First.

Reat! Good! and Just! Could I but rate
My Griefs, and thy too rigid Fate,
I'd weep the World to such a Strain,
As it should deluge once again.
But since thy loud-tongu'd Blood demands Supplies
More from Briarem Hands, than Argm Eyes,
I'll sing thy Obsequies with Trumpet-sounds,
And write thy Epitaph with Blood and Wounds.

MONTROSE.

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Written with the Point of his Sword

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A Lenten Litany.

From 3 Kingdoms bak'd in one Commonweal, From a Gleek of Lord Keepers of one poor Seal, Libera nos Domine.

From a Chancery Writ, and a Whip, and a Bell, From a Justice of Peace that never could spell; From Colonel P—— and the Vicar of Hell,

Libera nos, &c.

From Neats-feet without Socks, and 3 penny Pies; From a new-sprung Light that will put out Mens (Eyes;

From Goldsmiths-hall, the Devil and Excise, Libera nos, &c.

From two hours Talk without one word of Sense; From Liberty still in the Future Tense; From a Parliament long-wasted Conscience,

Libera nos, &c.

From copped Crown Tenent pick'd up by a Brother; From damnable Members, and Fits of the Mother; From Ears like Oysters, that grin at each other,

Libera nos, &c.

From a Preacher in Buff, and a Quarterstaff Steeple; From th' unlimited Sov'reign Pow'r of the People; From a Kingdom that crawls on its Knees hke a Cripple,

Libera nos, &c.

From a Vinegar Priest on a Crabtree Stock; From a fodd'ring of Pray'rs 4 hours by the Clock; From a holy Sister with a pitiful Smock,

Libera nos, &c.

From

From a hunger-starv'd Sequestrator's Maw;
From Revelations & Visions that never Man saw;
From Religion without either Gospel or Law,

Libera nos, &c.

From the Nick and Froth of a Penny-pot House; From the Fiddle and Cross, & a great Scots Lowse; From Committees that chop up a Man like a Mouse, Libera nos, &c.

From broken Shins, and the Blood of a Martyr; From the Titles of Lords, & Knights of the Garter, From the Teeth of mad Dogs, and a Country Man's Quarter,

From the Publick Faith, and an Egg and Butter;
From the Irish Purchases, and all their clutter;
From Omega's Nose when he settles to sputter,
Libera nos, &c.

From the Zeal of old Harry lockt up with a Whore; From waiting with Plaints at the Parliament door; From the death of a King without why or wherfore, Libera nos, &c.

From the French Disease, and the Puritan Fry; From such as ne'er swear, but devoutly can lie; From cutting of Capers full three stories high,

Libera nos, &c.

From painted Glass, and idolatrous Cringes;
From a Presbyter's Oath that turns upon Hinges;
From Westminster Jews with Levitical Fringes,
Libera nos, &c.

From all that is said, and a thousand times more;
From a Saint and his Charity unto the Poor;
From the Plagues that are kept for a Rebel in store,
Libera nos, &c.

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Long langer with a grand wind

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That it may please thee to assist Our Agitators, and their List, And hemp them with a gentle Twist,

Quasumus te, &c.

That it may please thee to suppose, Our Actions are as good as those That gull the People thro the Nose,

Quasumus te, &c.

That it may please thee here to enter, And fix the rumbling of our Center, For we live all at peradventure,

Quesumus te, &c.

That it may please thee to unite The Flesh and Bones unto the Sprite, Else Faith and Literature good-night,

Quasumus te. &c.

That it may please thee, O that we May each Man know his Pedigree, And save that Plague of Heraldry,

Quasumus te, &c.

That it may please thee, in each Shire, Cities of Refuge, Lord, to rear, That failing Brethren may know where,

Quasumus te, &c.

That it may please thee to abhor us, Or any such dear Favour for us, That thus has wrought thy Peoples Sorrows, Quesumus te, &c.

That it may please thee to embrace, Our Days of Thanks and Fasting Face, For robbing of thy Holy Place,

Quesumus te, &c.

That it may please thee to adjourn
The Day of Judgment, lest we burn;
For, lo! it is not for our turn,

Quasumus te, &c. That

That it may please thee, to admit A close Committee there to sit; No Devil to a Human Wit,

Quesumus te, &c.

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That it may please thee to dispense A little for convenience:
Or let us play upon the sense,

Quasumus te, &c.

That it may please thee to embalm The Saints in Robin Wisdom's Psalm, And make them musical and calm,

Quasumus te, &c.

That it may please thee, since there's doubt, Satan cannot throw Satan out, Unite us, and the Highland Rout,

Quasumus te, &c.

To the King.

On his Majesty's happy Restauration.

THE rifing Sun complies with our weak fight,
First guilds the Clouds, then shews his Globe
(of Light,

At such a distance from our Eyes, as tho
He knew what harm his hasty Beams would do:
But your sull Majesty at once breaks forth
In the Meridian of your Reign; your Worth,
Your Youth, and all the Splendor of your State
Wrapt up, till now, in adverse Clouds of Fate,
With such a flood of Light invade our Eyes,
And our spread Hearts with so great Joy surprize;
That if your Grace incline that we should live,
You must not, SIR, too hastily forgive.

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Our Guilt preserves us from th' Excess of Joy, Which scatters Spirits, or would else destroy. All are obnoxious, and this faulty Land, Like fainting Hester, does before you stand, Watching your Scepter; the revolted Sea Trembles to think she did your Foes obey.

Great Britain, like blind Polypheme, of late, In a wild rage, became the Scorn and Hate Of her proud Neighbours, who began to think, She with the weight of her own Force would fink. But You are come, and all their Hopes are vain, This Giant Isle has got her Eye again. Now she might spare the Ocean, and oppose Your Conduct to the fiercest of her Foes. Naked, the Graces guarded You from all Dangers abroad, and now your Thunder shall. Princes, that faw You, diff'rent Passions prove, For now they dread the Object of their Love ; Nor without Envy can behold his Height, Whose Conversation was their late Delight. So Semele contented with the Rape Of Jupiter, disguis'd in mortal shape, When she beheld his hands with Lightning fill'd, And his bright Rays, was with amazement kill'd.

And tho it be our Sorrow and our Crime,
To have accepted Life so long a time
Without you here, yet does this Absence gain
No small advantage to your present Reign:
For having view'd the Persons and the Things,
The Councils, State and Strength of Europe's Kings,
You know your Work, Ambition to restrain,
And set them Bounds, as Heav'n does to the Main.
We have you now with ruling Wisdom fraught,
Not such as Books, but such as Practice taught.
So the lost Sun, while least by us enjoy'd,
Is the whole Night for our Concern imploy'd:

He

He ripens Spices, Fruits, and precious Gums, Which from remotest Regions hither come.

(mov' This Seat of Yours, from th' other World re Had Archimedes known, he might have prov'd His Engines Force; fix'd here, Your Power & Skill Make the World's Motion wait upon your Will.

Much fuff'ring Monarch, the first English born, That has the Crown of these three Nations worn How has your Patience, with the barbarous Rage Of your own Soil, contended half an Age? Till (your try'd Vertue, and your facred Word. At last preventing your unwilling Sword) Armies and Fleets, which kept you out fo long, Own'd their great Sov'reign, and redress'd his (Wrong

When strait the People, by no Force compell'd, Nor longer from their Inclination held, Break forth at once, like Powder set on fire, And with a noble Rage their King require.

So th' injur'd Sea, which from her wonted Course To gain some Acres, Avarice did force; If the new Banks, neglected once, decay, No longer will from her old Channel ftay: Raging, the late-got Land she overflows, And all that's built upon't to ruin goes.

Offenders now, the chiefest, do begin To strive for Grace, and expiate their Sin. All Winds blow fair, that did the World imbroil, Your Vipers Treacle yield, and Scorpions Oil.

If then fuch Praise the Macedonian got, For having rudely cut the Gordian Knot; What Glory's due to him, that could divide Such ravel'd Int'rests, has the Knot unty'd, And without Stroke fo fmooth a Passage made, Where Craft and Malice fuch Impeachments laid?

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But while we praise you, you ascribe it all To his high Hand, which threw the untouch'd Wall Of self-demolish'd Jericho so low: His Angel 'twas that did before you go; Tam'd savage Hearts, and made Affections yield, Like Ears of Corn when Wind salutes the Field. (ble ends,

Thus Patience crown'd; like 70b's, your Trou-Having your Foes to pardon, and your Friends. For tho your Courage were fo firm a Rock, What private Vertue could endure the shock? Like your great Master, you the Storm withstood, And pity'd those who love with frailty shew'd.

Rude Indians, torturing all the Royal Race, Him with the Throne and dear-bought Scepter (grace,

That suffers best; What Region could be found, Where your Heroick Head had not been crown'd?

The next Experience of your mighty Mind Is how you combat Fortune, now she's kind. And this way too you are victorious found, She flatters with the same success she frown'd. While to your felf fevere, to others kind, With Power unbounded, and a Will confin'd. Of this vast Empire you possess the Care, The fofter part falls to the Peoples share. Safety and equal Government, are things Which make the Subjects happy as their Kings.

Faith, Law and Piety, that banish'd Train, Justice and Truth with you return again. The Cities Trade, and Countries easy Life Once more shall flourish without Fraud or Strife; Your Reign no less affures the Plowman's Peace, Than the warm Sun advances his Encrease: And does the Shepherds as fecurely keep From all their Fears, as they preserve their Sheep.

But

But above all, the Muse-inspir'd Train Triumph, and raise their drooping Heads again: Kind Heav'n at once has in your Person sent Their sacred Judg, their Guard, and Argument.

Satyr on the Scots.

Ome keen Iambicks with your Badgers Feet, And Badger-like, bite till your Teeth do meet: Help, ye tart Satyrists, to imp my Rage With all the Scorpions that should whip this Age. But that there's Charm in Verse, I would not quote The Name of Scot without an Antidote; Unless my Head were red, that I might brew Invention there that might be Poison too. Were I a drowzy Judg, whose dismal Note Difgorges Halters as a Jugglers Throat Does Ribbons: Could I in Sir Empirick's Tone Speak Pills in Phrase, and quack Destruction; Or roar like Marshal, that Geneva Bull, Hell and Damnation, a Pulpit full: Yet to express a Scot, to play that Prize, Not all those Mouth-Granadoes can suffice: Before a Scot can properly be curst, I must like Hocus, swallow Daggers first. Scots are like Witches; do but whet your Pen, Scratch till the Blood comes, they'll not hurt you (then.

Now as the Martyrs were compell'd to take The Shapes of Beasts, like Hypocrites at stake: I'll bait my Scot so, yet not cheat your Eyes; A Scot, within a Beast is no Disguise.

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No more let Ireland brag, her harmless Nation ofters no Venom fince that Scot's Plantation; Nor can our feign'd Antiquity obtain ince they came in, England has Wolves again. Vature her self does Scotch-men Beasts confess. laking their Country such a Wilderness; Land that brings in question and suspence God's Omnipresence, but that Charles came thence : But that Montrose and Crawford's Royal Band, ton'd their Sin, and christen'd half the Land. Nor is it all the Nation has these Spots, There is a Church as well as Kirk of Scots: As in a Picture, where the squinting Paint Shews Fiend on this fide, and on that fide Saint; He that faw Hell in's melancholy Dream, And in the Twilight of his Fancy's Theme, scar'd from his Sins, repented in a fright, Had he view'd Scotland, had turn'd Proselyte. A Land where one may pray with curst intent, O may they never fuffer Banishment! Had Cain been Scot, God would have chang'd his

Not forc'd him wander, but confin'd him home. Like Jews they spread, and as Infection fly, As if the Devil had Ubiquity. Hence 'tis they live at Rovers, and defy This or that Place, Rags of Geography. They're Citizens o'th'World, they're all in all, Scotland's a Nation Epidemical. And yet they ramble not to learn the Mode, How to be drest, or how to lisp abroad; To return knowing in the Spanish Shrug, Or which of the Dutch States a double Jug Resembles most in Belly, or in Beard, (The Card by which the Mariners are steer'd)

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No! the Scots-Errant fight, and fight to eat, Their Ostrich Stomachs make their Swords their

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Nature with Scots as Tooth-drawers has dealt, Who use to string their Teeth upon their Belt.

Not Gold, nor Acts of Grace, 'tis Steel must The stubborn Scot: a Prince that would reclaim Rebels by yielding, does like him, or worse, Who saddl'd his own Back to shame his Horse.

Was it for this you left your leaner Soil, Thus to lard Ifrael with Egypt's Spoil? Lord! what a goodly thing is want of Shirts? How a Scotch Stomach, and no Meat converts! They wanted Food and Rayment, fo they took Religion for their Seamstress and their Cook. Unmask them well, their Honours and Estate, As well as Conscience are sophisticate. Shrive but their Titles, and their Monies poife; A Laird and twenty Pence, pronounc'd with noise When constru'd, but for a plain Yeoman go, And a good fober Two-pence, and well fo. Hence then you proud Impostors, get you gone, You Pias in Gentry and Devotion; You fcandal to the Stock of Verse, a Race Able to bring the Gibbet in difgrace. Hyperbolus by suffering did traduce The Offracism, and sham'd it out of use. The Indian, that Heaven did for swear, Because he heard some Spaniards were there; Had he but known what Scots in Hell had been, He would, Erasmus-like, have hung between.

My Muse has done. A Voyder for the Nonce, I wrong the Devil, should I pick the Bones. That Dish is his; for when the Scots decease, Hell, like their Nation, feeds on Barnacles.

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A Scot, when from the Gallows-Tree got loofe, Drops into Stix, and turns a Soland Goofe.

Satyr upon the Dutch. Written by Mr. Dryden in the Year 1662.

S needy Gallants in the Scrivener's Hands, A Court the rich Knaves that gripe their (mortgag'd Lands, The first fat Buck of all the Season's fent, And Keeper takes no Fee in Compliment: The Dotage of some English men is such, To fawn on those who ruin them, the Dutch. They shall have all, rather than make a War With those, who of the same Religion are. The Straits, the Guiney Trade, the Herrings too; Nay, to keep Friendship, they shall pickle you. Some are refolv'd not to find out the Cheat. But, Cuckold-like, love them that do the Feat. What Injuries foe'er upon us fall, Yet still the same Religion answers all. Religion wheedled us to Civil War, Drew English Blood, and Dutch-mens now would (fpare.

Be gull'd no longer; for you'll find it true,
They have no more Religion, Faith, —than you.
Int'rest's the God they worship in their State,
And we, I take it, have not much of that.
Well Monarchies may own Religion's Name,
But States are Atheists in their very Frame.
They share a Sin; and such Proportions fall,
That, like a Stink, 'tis nothing to them all.

Think

Think on their Rapine, Falshood, Cruelty, And that what once they were, they still would be

To one well-born th'Affront is worse and more When he's abus'd and baffled by a Boar. With an ill Grace the Dutch their Mischies do; They've both ill Nature, and ill Manners too. Well may they boast themselves an antient Na

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For they were bred e'er Manners were in fashion.

And their new Commonwealth has set 'em free
Only from Honour and Civility.

Venetians do not more uncouthly ride,
Than did their Lubber State Mankind bestride.

Their Sway became 'em with as ill a Mien,
As their own Paunches swell above their Chin.

Yet is their Empire no true Growth but Humour,
And only two Kings Touch can cure the Tumour.

As Cato did his Africk Fruits display; Let us before our Eyes their Indies lay: All Loyal English will like him conclude; Let Cesar live, and Carthage be subdu'd.

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Vox & Lachrymæ Anglorum.

Or, The true English-man's Complaint, humbly offer'd to the serious Consideration of their Representatives in Parliament at their next sitting in the Year 1667.

To the Parliament.

THese Lines had kis'd your Hands October last But were suspended till the time was past; Because we hop'd you were about to do That which this just Complaint excites you to. It is our Duty to put you in mind Of that great Work which yet does lag behind. Our Griefs and Woes compel us loud to cry, And call on you for speedy Remedy. This was the moving Cause of these our Tears, That you might know our Suff'rings and our Fears. And Providence now having led the way To give it Birth, peruse it well we pray, And do not take it for an old Wives Story: Behold the Nation's Grievances before ye In these short hints; yet here, as in a Map, With ease you'll see the cause of our Mishap. There's not a free-born English Protestant

But fets both Hand and Heart to this Complaint.

Vox & Lachryma Anglorum.

Patriots Renown'd, open your Eyes, And lend an Ear to th' Justice of our Cries; As you are English men, our Blood and Bones, Know 'tis your Duty to regard our Groans. On you, next God, our Confidence relies, You are the Bulwarks of our Liberties. Within your Walls was voted in our King, For joy whereof our Shouts made England ring: And to make him a great and glorious Prince, Both you and we have been at great Expence. Full five and twenty hundred thousand Pound, By you enacted, fince has been paid down. Our Customs to a vast Revenue come. Our Fishing-Mony no inferiour Sum. The old Ale-spoiling Tax of the Excise Does yearly to a Mass of Mony rise; Besides th'Additional of the Royal Aid, And Chimny-Mony, which is yearly paid. Oft have our Heads by Polls been fadly fhorn, And from poor Servants Wages Mony's torn: Our Dunkisk yielded many a thousand Pound, ('Tis easier far to fell than gain a Town) With forc'd Benevolence, and other things, Enough t'enrich a dozen Danish Kings. Million on Million on the Nation's back : Yet we and all our Freedoms go to rack. We hop'd when first these heavy Taxes rose, Some should be us'd to scare away our Foes, Or beat them, till, like Gibeonites, they bring Their Grandees ready halter'd to our King;

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or make them buckle, and their Points untruss, As they who took for Motto, God with us. But O! instead of this our cruel Fate Has made us like a Widow, desolate. Our Houses sadly burnt about our Ears, Our Wives and Children senseless made with Fears. Our Wares, like Ships, in which our Safety lay. Unto our daring Foes are made a Prey: Our Forts and Castles, which should guard our (Land,

Tust like old Nunneries and Abbies stand. And long before our Inland Towns demur'd, That Sea and Land alike might be fecur'd. Our Magazines, which did abound with Store, Like us, fad English men, are very poor. Our Trade is loft, our Markets are undone; Yeomen and Farmers all to ruin run: Those that our fatal Battels fought neglected. And swearing damme cowardly Rogues protected. Our gallant Seamen, once the whole World's (Dread,

For want of Pay are metamorphofed: While the fad Widows, and poor Orphans weep, Whose dear Relations perish'd in the Deep; And to augment and aggravate their Grief. At the Pay-Office find but cold Relief: Many a Month are forc'd to wait and stay To feek the Price of Blood, dead Husbands Pay. The fober People who our Trade advanc'd, Throughout our Nation are discountenanc'd. It grieves our Hearts, that we should live to fee True Virtue punish'd, and foul Vice go free. Thousands alas! that would not hurt a Worm, Imprison'd are, 'cause they could not conform. Others exil'd, and from Relations fent, We know not why, but that they're innocent.

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While

While Rome's black Locusts menace us with (Storm

Like Egypt's Frogs about our Land in Swarms. Our Penal Laws are never executed, Against those Vermin, which our Land polluted. Only to blind and hoodwink us, alas! An Edict passes to prohibite Mass: With such a Latitude as most Men say, 'Tis like its Sire, the Oath Et catera.

But prais'd be God for Peace! that's very clear; But on what terms, th'Event will make appear. We dread lest it should prove more to our Cost, Than when Amboyna's Spicery was lost. They treat with Rod in hand our Buttocks bare, Judg what the Issues of such Treaties are.

Thus fick, ye Worthies, fick our Nation lies,
And none but God can cure her Maladies.
Those that should chear her in your Interval,
Like dull Quacksalvers, make her Spirits sail.
Turn she her wither'd Face to whom she will,
All that she gets is but a purging Pill.
If any of her Children for her cry,
Her cruel Empiricks use Phlebotomy:
That wholesom Physick that should cleanse her
(Blood

They do detain, inflaming what is good.
This for a long time has bad Humours bred;
Which fend up filthy Vapours to the Head.
All wife Men judg, if these Extremes endure,
They'll issue in a mad-brain'd Calenture.
Then O ye Worthies! now for Heaven's sake,
Some Pity on your gasping Country take.
Call to account those Leeches of the State,
Who from their Trust deeply prevaricate:
Who have of English Coin exhausted more
Than would ten Caur de Lions home restore:

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Who like perfidious and deceitful Elves, Ruin the Nation to enrich themselves: More ready are our Councils to disclose, Than to protect us from our Belgian Foes. The Fleet divided shews such Treachery. That Pagans, Turks and Infidels decry. The States Purse cannot but be indigent. When so much Mony over-Sea is fent. No wonder Dutchmen cry, Thank Clarend-That we're so roundly paid with English Coin. If George's Mouth be stopt, think they that we Have all our Eyes bor'd out, and cannot fee. Our Foes of English Coin have greater store, Since War's begun, than e'er they had before. Quaint Stratagem! for Rulers bufy'd be, To tie a raw Hyde to an Orange-tree; With Resolution, cause he's of that Blood, That lifts his Head above the Mogenbood. Then both the Keipe-Skins would be well bestow'd, One honour'd here, t'other as much abroad. These and like Projects have procur'd a War.

These and like Projects have procur'd a War, Where Mortals worry'd were like Dog and Bear. Then Mony works the Wonder, that is sure, The Price of Dunkirk here may much procure. Dunkirk was sold, but why we do not know, Unless t'erect a new Seraglio:

Or be a Receptacle unto those, Were once intended our invading Foes. Then let that treach'rous abject Lump of Pride, With all his joint Confederates beside,

Be brought to Justice, try'd by our good Laws, And so receive the Merits of their Cause; Who justly now are made the Peoples Hate,

That would not do them Justice in the Gate.

We pray your Honours chuse out a Committee,
To find the Instruments that burnt our City:

Can

Can one poor sensless Frenchman's Life repair
The Loss of Britain's great Imperial Chair?
Many there were in that vile Fact detected,
d those that should them punish, them protected
ien Nero did the like on samous Rome,
re all her Senators and People dumb?
It we be silent, when encompass'd round
ith black-mouth'd Dogs, that would us all con(found)

Most hellish Plot! 'T was Guido Faux in grain, Hatch'd by the Jesuits in France and Spain: For which your Honours wisely did remember To keep another Fifth day of November. When these Delinquents up and down the Nation You lifted for, then came your Prorogation. Mean while tho London in her Ashes lies, Yet out of her shall such a Phoenix rise, Shall be a Scourge and Terror unto those, Who for this hundred Years have been her Foes. Perfidious Papists! Shall your Treachery, Think ye, reduce us to Idolatry? Blood-thirsty Monsters! we know better things, Not all the pride of your black-Lanthorn Kings; Nor all your Counsels of Achitophel, Shall make us run your ready Road to Hell. Blind Blockheads! we abhor your rotten Whore, None but the God of Jacob we adore.

We beg your Honours to redeem our Trade, Which in your Intervals is much decay'd: Regaining that, we hope such Fruit 'twill yield, We on our Ruins chearfully may build. We pray, repeal the Laws unnatural, That Men in question for their Conscience call: 'Tis Cruelty for you to force Men to The thing, that they had rather die than do.

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his is Man's All : 'Tis Christ's Prerogative, herefore against it 'tis in vain to strive. istribute Justice with an equal Hand, oth to the Peer and Peafant of the Land. lany true Commoner murder'd of late, et Justice strikes not the Assassinate. Why should the rightful Cause of Clients be tterly loft, for want of double Fee? Why partial Judges on the Benches fit? Vhy Juries overaw'd? This is not fit. Why some corrupted, others wanting Wit? and why a Parliament should suffer it? Why great mens Will should be their only Law? And why they do not call to mind Jack Straw? Why they do let their Reputation rot? and why Carnarvan Edward is forgot? Why Bloodworth would not let the dreadful Fire Extinguish'd be, as good Men did desire? And why Life-Guardmen at each Gate were fet, Hind'ring the People thence their Goods to get? Why were our Houses level'd with the Ground. That fairly stood about the Tow'r round? When many thousand Families were left Without a House, then we must be bereft Of Habitations too, with all the rest, And share with those that greatly were distress'd. Why should our Mother-Queen exhaust our Store, Enriching France, and making England poor? Spending our Treasure in a Foreign Land, Can never with the Nation's Int'rest stand. Then timely stop the bleeding of this Vein, Lest it the Kingdom's vital Spirits drain. Why England now, as in the days of yore, Must have an Intercessor, Madam Shore? Why upon her is spent more in one Day, Than would fome Weeks the Publick Charge de-

Why second Resamond is made away? A thing remains unriddled to this Day. Why Papist put in Places of great Trust, And Protestants lay by their Arms to rost? Why Courtiers rant with Goods of other Men, And why Protections cheat the Citizen? Why drunken Justices are tolerated? And why the Gospel's almost abrogated? Why Clergymen do domineer so high, Who should be Patterns of Humility? Why they do Steeple upon Steeple fet, As if they meant that way to Heav'n to get? Who nothing have to prove themselves devout, Save only this, That Cromwel turn'd them out. Why Tippets, Copes, Lawn-fleeves, and fuch-like (Geer,

Confume above three Millions by the Year? Why Bell and Dragon Drones, like Boar in Sty, Eat more than all the painful Ministry? Which is one Cause the Nation is so poor. But when will Charles find out their Privy-door? When Daniel shews th' Impression of their Feet, And gives direction, then he'll come to fee't. Why England's Grand Religion now should be A stalking Horse to blind Idolatry? Why many thousands now bow down before it, That in their Consciences do much abhor it? Why Treachery is us'd by Complication? Deceit and Fraud, why th' A.la-mode in fashion? Why ranting Cowards in Buff-coats are put, And why they Robbers turn to fill their Gut? Why Fools in Corporations do command, Who know nor Justice, nor the Laws o'th' Land? Why he that brought our Necks into this Yoke, Dreads not the thoughts of Felton's fatal Stroke?

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sure they're bewitch'd to think we Englishmen Have no more Courage left us than a Hen. And why that Int'rest is become the least, In the year Sixty greater than the rest? We know no reason, but do all consent, These are the Fruits of an ill Government. Some think our Judgments do run parallel With David's in the Days of Israel: The difference is, he was a Man of God; But ours have been his fore afflicting Rod, To which we turn our naked Backs, and fay, During thy pleasure, Lord, Vive le Roy. We pray, restore our faithful Ministers, Whom we do own as Christ's Embassadors. Why are our Pulpits pester'd with a Crew, That took up Orders fince black Barthol'mem? Who Myst'ries of the Gospel know no more. Than the dumb Calf that Ifrael did adore. Too late for us to you to make our moan, When they have led us to destruction. Must all be Enemies of King and State, That from the Church of England separate? Must all the Meetings of the Innocent Be judg'd unlawful? they to Prison sent? Twere better all such Edicts you made void, And grant the Liberty they once enjoy'd; Confirming that unto 'em by a Law, Makes good the Royal Promise at Breda. Tread all Monopolies into the Earth, And make Provision that no more get Birth. In this a Prince's Danger chiefly lies, That he is forc'd to fee with others Eyes. From hence our Troubles rose in Forty One. When that Domestick War at first began. Relieve th' Oppress'd, and set all Pris'ners free, Who for their Consciences in durance be.

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Poor Debtors, who have not wherewith to pay, Break off their Shackles, let them go their way, Let no suborn'd false Witnesses appear In Courts, against the Innocent to swear : Let no more Juries, that are biaffed, Be pack'd to do whatever they are bid: Who to fulfil mens Lust and Cruelty, Have no regard altho the Guiltless die. Why should our righteous Laws like Cobwebs be, To catch small flies, and let the great go free? This turns true Judgment into Wormwood-gall, Does for the Vengeance of th'Avenger call; Then ease those Burdens under which we groan, Give Liberty its Resurrection. Let painful Husbandry, that Child of Peace, Be now encourag'd fince our Wars do ceafe. Let not the poor and inflav'd Peafant crave Redress from you, and yet no Succour have. 'Tis too much like a base French Stratagem, To make the People poor to govern them. More happy for a Prince, when Aid he craves, To have't from free-born Men, than injur'd Slaves We are free-born, we yet are English men: Let's not, like old Men, boaft what we have been; But make us happy by your gentle Rays, And you shall be the Tenour of our Praise. And our Posterity, with joint Consent, Shall call you England's Healing Parliament. But if you still will make our Bonds the stronger, If Pris ners must remain in Durance longer; If wand'ring Stars must still by Force detrude, Under Eclipse, those of first Magnitude; If Prelates still must o're our Conscience ride, And Papists Bonefires make on us beside: If he and they, whose Avarice and Pride So long have rid our Backs, and gaul'd our Side;

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Have got fo strong an Int'rest in the State, That their Commitment costs so long Debate. Till means be found to further their Escape To Foreign Parts, there to negotiate; The Edg of Justice furely's turn'd aside, To cut the poor Man's Flesh, and save the Hyde. If you mens Lusts and Avarice gratify, And yet our empty'd Purse-strings do unty: You are too free of what was ne'er your own, And now you only make us more to groan, As-like; and furely any mortal Man Will seek to ease his Burden if he can. There's not an English-man but well has learn'd, Your Privileges are alike concern'd With all our Liberties; that he who doth Infringe the one, usurps upon 'em both. And shall it on your Doors and Tombs be writ, This was the Parliament fo long did fit; While Conscience, Liberty, our Purse and Trade, The Country, City, Ships, and all's betray'd? To make an Act for building on the Urn, But no Inquest who did the City burn: To feed a Palmer-worm, who threw away The Publick Stock, which Seamen should defray. Since now you have an Opportunity, Redeem your felves and us from Slavery. If not, the Wheel goes round, there is no doubt, You'l also share with those you have turn'd out.

Vivat Lex Rex.

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TF e'er you'l leave us in a lasting Peace, You all our Grievances must first redress. When Rulers stop their Ears to th' Peoples Cries, 'Tis a fad Symptom of Catastrophies. In Watch or Clock things made irregular, Tho ne'er so small, cause all the Work to jar. And in the Body natural 'tis found, That if ill Humours do therein abound, Them the Physician must extenuate, And make 'em with the rest co-operate: So if in Bodies politick there be Not found, 'twixt all Estates, a Harmony; They cease not till, in tract of Time, they bring All to confusion, Peasant, Lord, and King. To make fome great, and ruin all the rest, In this a Commonwealth can ne'er be bleft. And does it follow hence, Great Sir, that we Must be undone to all Posterity? Let Equity and Justice plead our Cause, And then refer us to our Antient Laws. If Magna Charta must be wholly slighted, We must conclude our Rulers are benighted. But needs must we be poor, when it is known We've had a fecond Price of Gavestone. Your Pow'r is Sov'reign, else we durst not quote This poys'nous Name without an Antidote. Perfidious Clarend-! that Potent Thief, His Princes Blemish, and the Peoples Grief: Who once did fcorn to plunder by Retail, Who stretch'd the States Purse till the Strings did He es,

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He and his Fellow Jugglers found the knack
To plough deep Furrows on the Nation's Back.
Like Glaziers, who excite the roaring Crew,
Windows to break, that they may make them new.
To these Pick-Quarrels with our Neighbour Na(tions

Then bawl at you to peel us with Taxations; Which having got, still more and more they crave, Ev'n like the Horse-leech, or devouring Grave. For Avarice cannot be fatisfy'd, No more than Belzebub, and's Brother H-That Macchiavel we have not yet forgot, Who brew'd that wicked Hellish Northern Plot. Where many Gentlemen had ruin'd been, If Providence had not step'd in between. Who then among your felves fecure can be, If this be not check'd by Authority? He was one of the open-handed Tribe, Whose Avarice ne'er yet refus'd a Bribe. What Suit at Law foe'er before him came, He that produc'd most Angels won the Game: Be't right or wrong, or Plaintiff or Defendant Should win the day if Gold were at the end on't. How did he fend without Remorfe or Fear Thousands of English to that Grave Tangier? What Usage had the Scots thousands can tell, When the late Remonstrators did rebel. While Irish Rebels quit their old O Hone, Poor English Protestants take up the Tone. Empson's and Dudley's Fact compar'd with his, Were but Night's Darkness unto Hell's Abyss. The famous Spencers did in time pourtray What should be acted by this Beast of Pr y. Earth him, and you shall find within his Cell Those Mischiess which no Age can parallel;

E

War.

War, Fire and Blood, with vast expence of Trea.

Ruin of English-men, his chiefest Pleasure. In fine, for Mischief he was what you will, The perfect Epitome of all Ill. All good Men hate his Name; nay, what is worfe Three Nations dog him with their heavy Curfe. As he regarded not the Widow's Tears, So may just Heaven multiply his Fears. Let Cain's most dreadful Doom soon overtake him And his Companion Gout never for fake him. Let Heaven's Vengeance light upon his Pate, And all our Injuries retaliate. Till he himself to Justice does resign, Let all Men call him curfed Clarend -Most dextrous Artist! he with mighty Ease Transplanted Dunkirk from beyond the Seas, And dropt it near that fatal spot of Land, Where for him Tyburn now does weeping stand. The echoing Ax from out the Tower does call, To speed this Monster Epidemical: But he upon us having play'd his Prank, Follows his Brethren Finch and Wyndebank. Thus Hyde by Name, is Hide by Practice too, Yet cannot hide from Heav'n, tho hid from you. And being gone has left his Imps behind. Whose only Work is all our Eyes to blind; Lest tracing him you find their Villany, Known yet to few but the all-feeing Eye. If any thing of common Fame be true. He's only gone our Mischiess to renew: And if his Practice justify our Fears, He'll set's again together by the Ears. Ambition's of the nature of the Devil, Always to brood, and hatch, and bring forth Evil.

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f true the Maxim be, Kings cannot err: With Modesty we may from thence infer, Il thrives that hapless Nation then that shows A filent Prince, and Chancellor that crows Over his Equals, over all his Peers, Over Phanaticks, over Cavaliers. He was fo absolute, 'twas hard to fay, Dr him, or Charles, whether we must obey. Ris'n from a Gentleman too near the Throne, sought not the Nation's Int'rest, but his own. You are the Bridle in fuch Tyrants Jaws, Who would destroy us, and subvert the Laws. Now hold the Reins, now keep the Ballance true, ind those Bandittis that do lie purdieu. f you, like Cato, for your Country stand, Three noble Nations are at your Command: While Justice, Truth and Righteousness do guide

We'll be your Guard, whatever shall betide you. Difarm the Papists, and secure our Ports, Place Protestants in Garisons and Forts. Why should the French and Irish here bear sway, Who Enemies to England are this day? Let not our Magazines remain with those That burnt our City, and still are our Foes; Whose Hellish bloody Principles are such, To butcher English-men they think not much. What Safety, Peace, or Trade can we expect, When these Protection find, and you neglect Is to fecure against such Cut-throat Dogs, As fwarm now in our Land like Egypt's Frogs? What means the flocking of the French fo fast nto our Bowels thus with Arms to hafte? And must our Horses, which of Value be, vil. Be thus to France transported, as we see?

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Are not our Forts and Castles all betray'd,
When all their Stores and Guns aside are laid
Out of the reach of such as would oppose
Both Foreign En'mies, and Domestick Foes?
Did the dumb Child, when at his Father's Throat
He saw a Knise, immediately cry out?
Can we be silent when the Train is laid,
And Fire-works made ready, as 'tis said?
Look thro the Veil, and you will soon espy
That Romish Counsels close at work do lie
To undermine you, and Religion too:
Look well about you lest you do it rue.

Now is the time t'acquit your selves like Men, Now stand up for your Liberties, and then The Lawrel Wreath, and never-sading Bays Shall crown your Heads, and we will sing you

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11pon the Proroguing of the Parliament; or, The Club of Unanimous Voters.

Prorogue upon Prorogue. Damn'd Rogues and (Whores! First pick'd our Pockets, then turn'd us out of (Doors.)

Have we our Country plagu'd, and Trust betray'd.

Have we our Country plagu'd, and Trust betray'd, Giv'n Polls, and Subsidies, and Royal Aid, Hearth-Mony, Imposts on the Lawyers Fees, Ruin'd all Trades, tormented all Degrees, Crush'd the poor Phanaticks, broke thro all the (Laws

Of Magna Charta, and the good Old Cause, To be thus fool'd at last? Have Have we more Bullion giv'n in twelve years space, Than Norman's Bastard had, and all his Race; Hurry'd up our Mony Bills 'gainst Dutch and French, And feen it spent upon a Dunghil Wench? Did we confent the Kingdom to undo, T'enrich an over-ridden Whore or two,

And all for this?

(curs'd, With Plague, War, Fire was this poor Kingdom While of all Plagues we were our felves the worst. Were just Elections null'd, took we such Pain To make a Parliament-man a Rogue in Grain, Stood to be piss'd on by the House of Peers, Cut Coventry's Nose, and cropt his Ears? Unworthy Gentlemen, more like Servants Race, Run to our Master's Collar to Fox our Mace. Did we a hundred baser Acts than these, That we might not his Majesty displease,

To be thus ferv'd? Well-fare true Vaughan, Osborn, Howard, Carr, Lit-ton, Sey-r, our great Men of War, And Garraway, the Hector of the House, That always fetch'd his Blow to kill a Louse; These Patriots, Male-content, did plot Their Countries Good, till they had Places got; Bluster'd and huff'd till they were officer'd, And then of Country more the De'el a word.

Damn'd Buckingham! of a false Sire the Son! Did we for this dismount old Clarendon To fet thee up, thou mighty Man of State, And in thy hands put the whole Kingdom's Fate? Did we forget thy former Treachery, When safe, thou left'st our King in Misery? Turn'd fneaking Renegade to what was Trump, And fwor'st Allegiance to the rotten Rump?

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Did we free thee, when Chancellor thee mumbled. And when thou wert by him from Post to Pillar (tumbled?

Did we connive at taking Shrewsbury's Life, That with more freedom thou might'ft have his (Wife,

To be requited thus? Ungrateful Wretch! May Pox, and Plague, and Devil hence thee fetch! Or some Prorogu'd, incensed Felton rather Send this curs'd Son to find his guilty Father! No other way could'it find t'attain thy Ends, Than to disgust the King with his best Friends? Turn out a Parliament, that ne'er King before Had fuch a one, nor ever will have more? Did we give cause to fear we should not do Whate'er the King or thou command'st us to? If Standing-Army 'tis thou wouldst be at, We could as well as others have rais'd that. We could have made as well as any other, A Bastard Race, Legitimate as Brother: Confented to fend back the barren Queen, And a new Issue had, had that your Humour been. League Tripartite we could have broke, the Dance Chang'd to the Musick of the Pipe of France: Sneer, and look thro the Fingers to behold New London flaming, as you did the old. We freely could have rais'd a Citadel, As well the City as the Dutch to quell: We could make Plots, as Oliver on Hewet, And make fuch guilty of 'em as ne'er knew it. And must we after all this Service done. In Field for Father, and in House for Son, Be thus cashier'd to please a pocky Peer, Who neither Roundhead is, nor Cavalier? But of some medley cut, some ill-shap'd Brat, Would fain be fomething if he knew but what. For

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For Commowealth he vogues himself to be, And by and by for Abs'lute Monarchy: Then neither likes; but some new knick-knack (found,

Not Fish, not Flesh, not square, and yet not round. Venetian Model pleases him to night,
To morrow morning France is in the right.
Thus he, like Butterslies, much flutter makes;
Sleeps of one Judgment, of another wakes.
Zealous at morn, he will a Bishop make,
Yet before night all Bishops down he'll take.
He all things is, but yet to nothing true;
All old things hates, nor can endure the new.
But please your pocky Grace to give me leave
To ask why thus you do your King deceive?
Your first Prorogu'd sure might have stood, for

'I was time enough for to Prorogue agen;
And not all in a hurry, sev'n Mouths before
Our former not expir'd, to add six more.

Nell's in again we hear, tho we are out; Methinks we might have met to have giv'n a (Clout,

And then Prorogu'd again: our Wont has been Never to mis a Sessions 'gainst Lying in. For always 'gainst that time the French invade, 'Gainst whom we Mony raise to keep the Jade. And ten to one before the Spring be over, Our Cavalry must march again to Dover, To guard the Shore against the Dutch and French; When all this means but new Supplies for Wench. The curs'd Cabal saw 'twas in vain to move For Dissolution; we had too much Love To be dissolv'd; which put you to find out This damn side-wind to bring the end about.

For

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For now the facred Cod-piece must keep Lent, Unless Phanaticks lend, or Mony from France by (fent

Had we but hearken'd, and a fair Game play'd, We had prevented thus our being betray'd. For had we Observation made, we might Have known at Morn the Fate we found at Night For Casar never more Presages had Of salling Greatness, than to us were made.

Crow cross'd the Speaker's Coach as to the House On Crutches that day went the Cripple lame. The Thames at our Proroguing backward run; Moon shone at Noon day, and at Night the Sun A hollow earthly Voice i'th'House was heard, Which made the Speaker of Guy Faux asraid. Owen's Pease-Pottage unkindly boil'd that day; A foul Handkerchief in Pocket had Bab May. That day our Clock too was upon its Tricks, Would not go right; strikes five when 'twas near

But fince there's no relisting of our Fate, We hope we may have leave to invocate.

Ah! fweet Revenge! may we but live to see Such Rogues prorogued too as well as we. Indulge our Envy but to see that day, Tho we are ruin'd by it as well as they. We Tyrants love, if we can Tyrants be; If not, next wish is we may all be Free.

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New Ballad, call'd, The Chequer Inn.

I'LL tell thee, Dick, where I have been,
Where I the Parliament have feen,
The Choice of Ale and Beer:
But fuch a Choice as ne'er was found
In any Age on English Ground,
In Burrough or in Shire.

At Charing-Cross, hard by the way
Where all the Berties make their Hay,
There stands a House new painted:
Where I could see em crowding in;
But sure they often there had been,
They seem'd so well acquainted.

The Host that dwells in that same House, Is now a Man that was a Mouse,
Till he was Burgess chosen:
And for his Country first began,
But quickly turned Cat in Pan:
The way they all have rosen.

And ever fince he did fo vex,
That now he Mony tells by Pecks,
And heaps up all our Treasure.
Thou'lt ken him out by his White Wand
He dandles always in his Hand,
With which he strikes the Measure.

5.

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And tho he now does look fo big,
And bear himself on such a Twig,
'Twill fail him in a year.
Then O! how I could claw him off,
For all his slender Quarter-staff,
And have him here and there.

6.

He is as stiff as any Stake,
And leaner, Dick, than any Rake;
Envy is not so pale.
And tho by selling of us all,
He'as wrought himself into White-hall,
He.looks like Bird of Jail.

7

And where he might e'er now have laid,
Had not the Members most been made,
For some had been indicted.
For whosoe'er that peach him durst,
To clear him would have been the first,
Had they too been requited.

8.

But he had Men enough to spare,
Besides a good Friend in the Chair,
Tho all Men blush'd that heard it.
Therefore I needs must speak my mind,
They all deserv'd to have been kind
For such a shameful Verdict.

9:

And now they march'd all Tag and Rag,
Each of his handy-work to brag,
Over a gallant Supper.
On backfide of their Letter fome
For fureness cited were to come;
The rest were bid by Cooper.

10.

They stood, when enter'd in the Hall, Mannerly rear'd against the Wall, Till to sit down desir'd. And simper'd, justly to compare, Like Maidens at a Statute-Fair, None went away unhir'd.

II.

The Lady dress'd like any Bride,
Her Fore-head Cloth had laid aside,
And smiling through did sail.
Tho they had dirted so the Room,
That she was forc'd to call for Groom,
To carry up her Tail.

12

Wheeler at Board then next her set,
And if it had been nearer yet,
She might it well afford.
For ev'n at Bed the time has been,
When no one could see Sun between
His Lady and her Lord,

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13.

This Knight was fent t'America,
And was as foon fent for away,
Tho not for his good Deeds.
But 'twas, it feems, with this intent,
To plant with us that Government,
From thence he brought the Seeds.

14.

And next him sate George Mountague,
The Foreman of the British Crew,
His Cup he never fails.

Mansel and Morgan, and the rest,
All of them of the Grand Inquest,
A Jury right of Wales.

Wild with his Tongue did all out-run,
And popping like an Elder-Gun,
Both Words and Meat did utter.
The Pellets which his Chaps did dart,
Fed all his Neighbours overthwart,
That gap'd to hear him sputter.

16

But King, God fave him, the fo cramm'd,
The Cheer into his Breeches ramm'd,
Which Butt'ry were and Larder.
And of more Prov'nder to dispose,
Had sew'd on too his double Hose;
For times thou know'st grew harder.

17.

H-lt, out of Linen, as of Land,
Had mortgag'd of his two one Band,
To have the other wash'd:
And tho the Sweat the while he eat,
With his own Gravy fill'd the Plate,
That Band with Sauce too dash'd.

18.

His Brain and Face Tredenham wrung,
For words not to be faid but fung;
His Neck it turn'd on Wier.
And Berkenhead of all the Rout,
There was but one could be found out,
To be a greater Liar.

19.

Old Hobbes's Brother Cheyney there,
Throgmorton, Neville, Doleman were,
And Lawley, Knight of Shropshire.
Nay, Portman, tho all Men cry'd shame,
And Cholm'ley of Vale Royal came
For something more than Chop-cheer.

20.

The Western Glory Harry Ford
The Landlord Bailes outeat, outroar'd,
And did his Trencher lick.
What pity 'tis a Wit so great
Should live to fell himself for Meat:
But who can help it, Dick?

21.

Yet, wot'st thou, he was none of those,
But would as well as Meat have Clothes,
Before he'd sell the Nation:
And wisely lodging at next Door,
Was serv'd more often than the Poor,
With his whole Generation.

22.

Sir Courtney Poole and he contend,
Which should the other most commend
For what that day they spoke:
The Man that gave that woful Tax,
And sweeping all our Chimney-Stacks,
Excises us for Smoke.

The Hanmers, Herberts, Sandys, Musgr—s, Fathers and Sons, like coupled Slaves,
They were not to be sunder'd:
The Tale of all that there did sup,
On Chequer Tallies was scor'd up,
And made above a hundred.

Our greatest Barn could not have held
The Belly-Timber that they sell'd,
For Mess was rick'd on Mess:
'Twas such a Treat, that I'm asraid
The Reck'ning never will be paid,
Without another Cess.

They talk'd about, and made such din,
That scarce the Lady could hedg in
The Papishes and Frenches:

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On them she was allow'd to rail, But, and thereby does hang a Tale, Not one word of the Wenches.

26.

The Host, who sat at lower end,
The Healths in order up did send,
Nor of his own took care:
But down the Visick Bottle threw,
And took his Wine, when 'twas his due,
In spight of Pothecare.

27.

They drank, I know not who had most,
Till King both Hostess kiss'd and Host,
And clap'd 'em on the Back.
And prithee why so pale? then swore
Should they indict him o'er and o'er,
He'd bring him off isack.

28.

Then all faid Ay, who had faid No,
And now, who would, 'twas time to go,
For Grace they did not ftay:
And for to fave the ferving-Men
The Pains of coming in agen,
The Guefts took all away.

Candlesticks, Forks, Salts, Plates, Spoons, Knives, Like Sweetmeats for their Girls and Wives,
And Table-Linen went;
I saw no more, but hither ran,
Lest some should take me for the Man,
And I sor them be shent.

The Answer.

Curse on such Representatives,
They sell us all, our Barns and Wives,
Quoth Dick, with Indignation.
They are but Engines to raise Tax,
And the whole Bus'ness of their Acts
Is to undo the Nation.

Just like our rotten Pump at home,
We pour in Water when 'two'nt come,
And that way get more out.
So when mine Host does Mony lack,
He Mony gives among the Pack,
And then it runs full spout.

By wife Volk I have oft been told,
Parliaments grow naught as they grow old,
We groan'd under the Rump:
But fure this is a heavier Curfe,
That fucks and dreins thus ev'ry Purfe,
By this old Whitehall Pump.

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n King Charles the First's Statue. Why 'tis so long before 'tis put up at Charing-Cross.

Hat can the Myst'ry be, why Charing-Cross These two Months continues still blind-(ed with Boards?

Dear Wheeler impart, we are all at a loss, Unless Punchianello is to be restor'd.

were to Scaramouchi too much difrespect, To limit his Troop to this Theater small, esides the Injustice it were to eject o That Mimick, fo legally feiz'd of Whitehall,

or a Dial the place is too unfecure, Since a Guard & a Garden could not one defend or so near to the Court they will not endure, Any more to know how their time they mispend.

(Fleet, Were these Deals then in store for sheltring our When the King in Armada to Portsmouth did fail? or the Bishops and Treasurer did they agree't, To repair with fuch Riff-raff the Churches old (Pale?

5. Now

Now to comfort the Heart of the old Cavalier, The late King on Horseback is here to be shew What ado with the Kings and Statues is here? Have we not had enough already of one?

Does the Treas'rer think Men so legally tame, When the Pensions are stopt to be fool'd with (fight

No: 'tis forty to one, if he play on his Game, But he'll shortly reduce it to Forty and eight.

The Trojan Courser, tho not of Brass, but of Woo Had within him an Army that burnt downth However 'tis ominous, if understood, (Town For the old King on Horseback is but half (Crow

But his Brother-in-laws Horse had got much reput That the Treasurer thought fit to try it agen; And instead of a Market of Herbs and of Fruit, He will here keep a Market of Parliamentmen

But why is the Work fo long at a stand? Such things you should never, or suddenly do. As the Parliament twice was prorogu'd to you (hand

Will you venture so long to prorogue the King (too!

Let us have a King, be he new, be he old, Not Vyner delay'd us fo, tho he was broken; Tho

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Tho the King be of Copper, and Danby of Gold, Shall the Treas'rer of Guineas grudg us fuch a (Token?

II.

The Huswifery Treasuress sure's grown very wife,
Who so lib'rally treated the Members at Supper;
he thinks not convenient to go to the price,
That we lose both our King, our Horse, and our
(Crupper.

12.

When for so many Parties we are to provide,
To buy a King is not so wise as to sell;
But however, she said, it can't be deny'd,
But a Monarch of Gingerbread will do as well.

13.

The Treasurer told her, he thought she was mad,
And his Parliament-Roll withal did produce,
Where he shew'd her that so many Votes he then
(had,
As would the next Sessions reimburse him with
(Use.

14.

othe Statute will up after all this delay;
But to turn the Face to ards Whitehall you must
(shun:

Tho of Brass, yet for grief, it will melt soon away, To behold ev'ry day such a Court, such a Son.

F 2

A Ballad, call'd the Hay-market Hectors

I Sing a woful Ditty,
Of a Wound that long will smart-a;
Giv'n, the more's the pity,
In the Realm of Magna Charta.
Youth, Youth, thou'dst better bin slain by thy Fos.
Than live to be hang'd for cutting a Nose.

Our good King C —— the Second,
Too flippant of Treasure and Moisture,
Stoop'd from the Queen infecund,
To a Wench of Orange and Oyster.
Consulting his Catzo, he found it expedient,
To engender Don Johns on Nell the Comedian.

The leach'rous Vain-glory,
Of being lim'd with Majesty,
Mounts up to such a Story,
This Bitchington Travesty;
That to equal her Lover, the Baggage must dare
To be Helen the Second, and Cause of a War.

And he our am'rous Jove,
While she lay dry-bobb'd under,
To repair the Defect of his Love,
Must lend her his Lightning and Thunder.

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and for one Night prostitutes to her Commands His Monmouth, Life-Guards, O Brian and Sands.

And now all fear of the French,
And the pressing need of Navy,
Are dwindled into a falt Wench,
And Amo, Amas, Amavi.
Now he'll venture his Subsidy so he Cloven may see,
In Female Revenge, the Nose of Coventry.

O ye Hay-Market Hectors,
How came you thus charm'd,
To be the Diffectors
Of one poor Nose unarm'd?
Unsit to wear Sword, or follow a Trumpet,
That would brandish your Knives at the word of a
(Strumpet.

But was't not ungrateful,
In Monmouth, Ap Sidney, Ap Carlo,
To contrive an Act so hateful,
O Prince of Wales by Barlow?
For fince the kind World had dispens'd with his
(Mother,
Might he not well have spar'd the Nose of John
(Brother?

8.

Beware all ye Parliamenteers,
How each of his Voice disposes:
Bab May in the Commons, C.Rex in the Peers,
Sit telling your Fates on your Noses;
And decree, at the mention of every Slut,
Whose Nose shall continue, and whose shall be cut.

And

are

If the Sifter of Rose

Be a Whore so anointed;

That the Parliament's Nose

Must for her be disjointed?

Then should you but name the Prerogative Whore,
How the Bullets would whistle, the Cannon (would roar)

A new Ballad, to an old Tune, calld, I am the Duke of Norfolk, &c.

Am a fenseless thing, with a Hey, with a Hey,
Men call me a King, with a Ho:
To my Luxury and Ease,
They brought me o're the Seas,
With a Hey Tronny Nonny Nonny no.

I melt away their Treasure, with a Hey, &c.

And swive at my Pleasure, with a Ho;

Their Women, and their Coin,

Are now become all mine,

With a Hey Tronny, &c.

With a Court, and a Stage, with a Hey, &c.
I corrupted the Age, with a Ho:
The Nation once were Men,
But now are Slaves agen,
With a Hey Tronny, &c.

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et the Bankers break, with a Hey, &c. And the City fneak, with a Ho; I've got a pack of Knaves, Who will ride the dull Slaves, With a Hey Tronny, &c.

et the Commons fearch for Plots, with a Hey, &c. And the Lords fit like Sots, with a Ho: If my Brother, and my Whore, Say the word, they're no more, With a Hey Tronny, &c.

6. They pull'd my Army down, with a Hey, &c. And so they would my Crown, with a Ho: But to prevent that Chance, I've fold it all to France, With a Hey Tronny, &c. Wash a Treasure Sec.

and while they all give ear, with a Hey, &c. To what Oats and Bedlowe Iwear, with a Ho; With Mirth I burst my Gall, To fee the Rascals sham 'em all, With a Hey Tronny, &c.

Twas a Blast of Royal Breath, with a Hey. &c. Gave Godfrey his Death, with a Ho: 'Twas contriv'd by the Elf, My Brother, and my felf, With a Hey Tronny, &c.

F 4

9. My

My Ministers of State, with a hey, &c.

Whom I damn to make 'em great, with a ho;

Let 'em use their wisest skill,

I'm true Sir Martin still,

With a Tronny, &c.

And now to let you fee, with a hey, &c.
What Miracles there can be, with a ho;
The Head of the Church
Left the Body in the lurch,
With a Tronny, &c.

Damn the Good Old Cause, with a hey, &c.
Religion and its Laws, with a ho:
I scorn to bear the Sway
By an English way,
With a Tronny, &c.

Let the Gentry groan, with a hey, &c.

With the Weight of my Throne, with a ho:

I care not a straw

For the old Fop Law,

With a Tronny, &c.

While the French take Towns, with a hey, &c.

And the Seamen get Wounds, with a ho;

I have a French Arfe

For my unruly Tarfe,

With a Tronny, &c.

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Ind

nd tho my Father, like a Fool, with a hey, &c. Lost his Life, to fave his Soul, with a ho; I'll not quit my present Love, For a Martyr's place above, With a hey Tronny nonny nonny no.

SATIR.

"Hus long the wife Commons have been in de-(bate, Bout Mony and Conscience, those Trifles of State, While dang'rous Grievances daily encrease, And the Subject can't riot in Safety and Peace: Unless, as against Irish Cattel before, You now make an Act against Irish Whore. The Colts black and white, Clanbrazie and Cox, Invade us with Impudence, Beauty and Pox: Each carries a Fate no Man can oppose, Without Loss of his Heart, or Fall of his Nose. Is it just that with Love cruel Death should conspire, And our Tarses beburnt by our Hearts taking fire? There's no end of Communion, if humble Be-(lievers Must be damn'd in the Cup like unworthy Re-(ceivers.

The

The Queen's Ball.

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Q. A. Q.

R Eform, Great Queen, the Errors of your Youth And hear a thing you never heard, call'd Trul Poor private Balls content the Fairy Queen; You must dance, and dance damnably to be seen. Ill-natur'd little Goblin, and defign'd For nothing but to dance and vex Mankind. What wifer thing could our great Monarch do, Than root Ambition out by shewing you? You can the most aspiring Thoughts pull down: For who would have his Wife to have his Crown? With a white Vizor you may cheat our Eyes; You know a black one would be no difguife. See in her Mouth a sparling Diamond shine, The first good thing that e'er came from that Mine, Heav'n some great Curfe upon that Hand dispense, That for th'encrease of Nonsense takes it thence. How gracefully she moves, and strives to lug A weight of Riches that may link the Pug! Such Fruit ne'er loaded fo deform'd a Tree; Her Jewels may be match'd, but never she. If bold Afteon in the Waves had feen In fair Diana's room our Puppet Queen, He would have fled; and in his full career, For greater hafte, have wish'd himself a Deer Prefer'd the Bellies of his Dogs to hers, And thought 'em the more cleanly Sepulchers. What flupid Madman would not chuse to have The fettled Rest and Silence of a Grave, Rather than such a Hell, which always burns, And from whom Nature forbids all Returns? Ormouth

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m—d looks paler now than when he rid;
our Visit frights him more than Tyburn did.
ar of your coming does not only make
for—r's wife Marquis, but his House too shake.
That will be next, unless you please to go
and dance among your Fellow-friends below?
here as upon the Stygian Lake you float,
ou may o'erset and sink the laden Boat;
Thile we the Fun'ral Rites devoutly pay,
and dance for joy that you are danc'd away.

ueries and Answers from Garraway's Coffee-house.

Hether Father Patrick be not Muckle John's natural Son?

A. As certain as Harry Bennet is Marquis Hamil-

2. How many Maids of Honour has the Queen?

A. One and a half.

Q. Whether 'twas not politickly done to banish Hyde, and put a Blue Garter on Harry Bennet?

A. The Matter is well amended by it.

Q. Whether shall Maynard be best pleas'd with the Duke of Monmouth, or to play at Flats with the Lady Betty Howard?

A. Don Carlos is pleas'd with neither of their A-

mours.

Q. Whether the Dutch be not an ingenious People?

A. O yes; and in time will learn to fight at Sea.

2. Whether the House of Commons be not Monfrum borrendum, notwithstanding Ld Clifford has given up his white Staff?

A. A

A. A Time shall try when they sit again.

Q. Whether Mris. Churchill or Lady Bellassife he the greater Beauty?

A. A Turd's as good for a Sow as a Pancake.

Q. Whether a Nation can thrive that's govern by de Whore, de Pimp, and de Bastard?

A. The King's Jester's Wife swears, 'tis impos

ble.

Q. What fort of Projector is the greatest Fop?

A. He that shews the King how he's cheated in his Revenue, and how to remedy it.

Q. How came Mountague to gain the Widow from

Savill?

A. The one was witty in going to bed; the other wiser in cutting the Bell-rope.

2. How often has Mrs. Kirk fold her Daughter Dyes Maidenhead, before the Lord of Oxford marry'd her?

A. Ask the Prince, and Harry Jermin.

Whether it be equal Justice, that Harry Sydnowho stole the Mare, should be restor'd to Court, and Harry Killigrew continue banish'd, who did but hold the Stable-door while the other put the Bit in her Mouth?

A. This is refer'd to the Duke to decide.

Q. Whether it be an Office of Trust or Profit to be Treasurer to the Indigent Officers?

A. Sir John Bennet made a Supper last Shrove-Tuesday cost seven hundred Pounds.

Q. When shall Don Carlos be made a Lord?

A. About two a Clock in the Morning when the Duke of Buckingham has din'd.

Q. Who deserves best to be made a Lord, Bab May, or Lory Hyde?

A. Prince Maurice.

Q. Whe-

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. Whether it be scandalous to be made a Whore, or not?

Not after Creation.

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What made our late Admiral more couragious than ever?

He has been always so since his Head was open'd.

Advertisement of a Sale of choice Goods.

n Tuesday the 9th of January, will be sold by Inch of Candle, at the Royal Coffeehouse near Charing-Cross, these several Goods in Parcels, viz.

ot. ONE whole Piece of the Dutchess of Cleveland's Honesty, Willow-green, at a Crown per Yard, to advance 2 d. per Yard each bidding.

2. Twenty four Ells of Nell Guin's Virginity, in three Pieces, 1 yellow, 2 black, full yard broad, and a little better, at 3 s. per Yard,

to advance 2 d. each bidding.

3. Two rich Royal Camlet Clokes, faced with the Protestant Religion, very little the worse for wearing, valued at 4 l. to advance half a Crown each bidding.

4. Three Remnants of the same at the like price,

to advance in like manner.

5. Two whole Pieces of the Duke of Buckingham's Religion, 7 Quarters wide, the one of white, the other of black, at 50 Shillings

per

Lot.

per Piece, to advance a Penny each bi

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6. Fourteen Yards and three Quarters of the Chancellors Loyalty, in five Remnants; the first of his late Majesty's Colour; the second Orange-Tawney; the third of Praise-Gare-Bone's; the sourth of the Protector's; the fifth of his present Majesties Colours, print at a Noble per Yard, to advance 2 s. p. Yard.

7. Some Remnants more ready mixt, and fit for the Loan, if the Chancellor live, and have the good luck to be permitted to exercise.

8. A Box of curious Legerdemains, with the Art of stealing a Chancellor's Head from the Block, and laying a Treasurer's in the room. A new Invention of the Lord Chancellor's and the Lord St. Johns, valued at 10000 l. to advance 50 l. each bidding.

9. A rare Cardinal's Cap, brought from Rome by Merchant Patrick, at the rate of three Crowns, to advance with indifcretion. Note, No body must bid any thing till the Royal Fa-

mily has had the refusal.

best sweet-scented cut and dry'd Loyalty, at 17.

2 s. per Pound, 2 d. or thereabouts, to advance each bidding.

fame, at 7 d. per pound, to advance a Half-

penny.

colour'd Ell-broad Bribes of the Lord Treafurer's, valu'd, while the Parliament fat, at fix hundred thousand Pounds, to advance 2000 l. each bidding. Lot.

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3. Four Dozen of French new-fashion'd Writs, for the choice of so many Members in Parliament, in the places of those that are dead, all as good as new, never the worse for using, at 10 Groats per Dozen, to advance a

penny per Dozen.

4. Five or fix new Burgesses in Parliament, among which are Alderman Backwell for Wendover, and Sir William Egerton for Wickham, and nevern worn above one month by the Owners; cost at first above 2000 l. a Place, now to be sold for two dozen Bottles of Canary advance.

5. Thirty four refin'd Postpon'd Bills, which are to be honestly paid when the Devil's blind; amounts in the whole to 78.360 l. at 10 d. a Pound, to advance a Penny each bid-

ding.

and about a dozen Pair more of cast Jades, as good as ever Leg was laid over, tho by over-riding they have got a trick to throw and foil their Riders; bought of their Fathers for 1000 l. a piece, now to be sold for half the Mony.

17. A very fine Cabal-Cage, with five or fix Canary-Birds in it; all of different Notes to

make the better Confort.

18. A very rich Cabinet, containing several rich Knick-knacks; among which is the last Royal-Clap of his Highness by Carnege; and many Rarities of inestimable Value, which cost the Kingdom many thousands of Pounds, but now may be bought at an easy rate, by any that have a mind to such Commodities.

19. Two

Lot.

and the other of making the Duke of Mon mouth Legitimate, both secundum artem, of the Chancellor's own drawing, to be profented to the Parliament next Sessions, valuat his Neck, to advance at discretion.

20. Seven thousand seven hundred fixty four Li cences to Phanatick Preachers, valued at three Farthings, to advance proportionably.

21. Two Pieces of Superfine French A-la-mode the one of Popery, the other of Slavery, by longing to his Grace the Duke of Bucks; at present in Pawn, with his Sword and Belt in Lombard-street, valu'd at three Crowns; to be advanc'd and abated as the Bidding of both sides may be.

22. Containing feveral Riding-Coats of the right true Blue Scottish Fidelity, laced with the Covenant, and lined with Popery, made by the Lord Landerdale's own Taylor, may be won either side outmost, as occasion shall serve; at 10 d. Scottish apiece, to advance a Farthing

Sterling each bidding.

23. Containing the Prizes taken by us in the late War, tho it cost many thousands, besides the Blood of ten thousand Men; yet altogether valu'd at 800 Guineas, to advance two Grains each bidding: Whereas the Dutch have taken from us already the worth of three Millions in Merchandize and Shipping; which may serve as a good Demonstration how notably we shall tame and humble them, or our selves, if the War continue.

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Seventy five Royal Bastards Boys and Girls, several more in the Paunch, valu'd at 50 Guineas, to advance a Guinea each Bidding.

Of the Papists.

Command, turn'd out of Imployment by Land and Sea, which tho they were all worth 3000 l. per An. yet the quitted Imployments are scarce worth 300 l. per An. and those to be abated at Discretion.

Containing Bril and Flushing, and the whole Province of Zealand, worth ten Millions, above two Millions our share, yet put up at nine Nobles, nor that neither if France say no: to be advanc'd ten Groats a bidding.

An excellent spick and span new Act of Grace, pardoning the Cabals and Coiners of Farthings, valu'd according to its worth, and

to advance at Pleasure.

Three Pieces of rich Royal Sodomy and Incest, curiously wrought by Madam Care-well's own hand, valu'd at 8000 l. per An. to

advance 800 l. each bidding.

Two whole Pieces of new-fashion'd Paradoxes, the one to suppress Popery by the Destruction of the Protestant Interest abroad, and the other to maintain Liberty by raising a Standing-Army at home, valu'd at 5000 l. to advance with Discretion.

Three Viols of rich-drawn Essence: the first Leigh's, Garraway's and Meere's Love

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Anglesey's Love to Presbytery: The last, his Majesty's Love to Fanaticks; all valu'd their intrinsick Worth.

mons; the first a Fool, the second a Kna valu'd at scarce worth the hanging, to

vance a Halter each Bidding.

Protestants, among whom are Sir Edw. S—
Sir Rob. Hol—s, the Marquis of W—
Col. Firz-Ger—d, Col. L—g, and most the Officers by Sea and Land, at 15 s. per Poto advance 5 s. each Bidding.

venant, his Majesty's Declaration from Brue with that of the 15th of March 1671, he Royal Proclamation against the Papists, a his raising the Bankers, with the presents crament, valu'd together at five Groats.

near Leg before, but, abate that, found Win and Limb, bought of my Lord Berk — y, an back'd by Bab. May, at 1000 l to advan

100 l. each Bidding.

half made by his Majesty, to keep him right to the Protestant Religion, the other to in cline him to the Catholicks, manag'd by two Factions of the Cabal, valu'd at 7000 per Dozen, to advance 1000 l. each Bidding.

of Three good-natur'd, honest, plain Plend potentiaries, that were never guilty of the horrible Art of Magick or Conjuring, sent to convince the World, chiefly the French, that

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we are all well-meaning People, and have no Plots nor Defigns in our Undertakings, valu'd at five Farts and a half, to advance a Fart each Bidding.

The Trade and Manufacture of the Kingdom, twice as good as the Land thereof, valu'd at a lumping Pennyworth, at 29 Millions, now to be fold for the tenth Penny, with confiderable Abatement for each Bidding.

Post-script of Books to be sold by Mr. Ogilby in White-Friers.

Eventy four Articles of War, in large Imperial Paper, translated out of French by Sir Nefluy Jenkins, and by him presented to his Majesty,
be supply the Desect of the impotent impanated
Magna Charta, and for the more expeditious Imrovement of the Royal Art of hanging, drawng and quartering, without the help of Juries.

The Life and Death of the ever renowned and ot to be forgotten John Felton, written by maliious Mat. Clifford, and dedicated to his Grace the

Duke of Bucks.

A learned and profound Treatife of the Black art, with a plain and easy method how to conjure; written by Monsieur the extravagant Shepherd of t. Clou, for the particular Information of the Duke of Y - k, and for as many of the Royal amily as love to conjure.

The Art of making Brick without Straw; writen by Stephen Primate, the Lord Craven's Secretary

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of the burnt Buildings: wherein is shewn a ches onth easy and expeditious way for building any part arch' the City whenever it shall be burnt again; i me tended for the Queen-Mother, but since dedicake ted to his Catholick Highness the Duke of r_ ise y

Articles of Agreement between Scaramon way and the French Embassador, the Earl of Sund ____ay b publish'd to convince the World he has not moum pent his time: Whereunto is added his Apolo My for his giving place to the Princes of the Bloomith and for his losing 22000 l. at Play, which was to strue reason of his Sickness, and of his neglection fe the Treaty of Cologne.

The Travels of King C-s the Second, will yo the witty Pranks of making Knights of the L gends: Written by Toby Rustan, Historiograph

Royal.

A strict Treaty between France and England being a factious Novel; written by his Gracet Duke of Bucks at the French Camp at Herefry July the 16th 1672. fince turn'd into Heroick Ver by John Dryden, Poet Laureat, and now know by the Name of the Conquest of England.

His M___y's most Gracious Speech to bot Houses of P-t.

My Lords and Gentlemen:

Told you at our last Meeting, the Winter was the ou fittest time for Business, and truly I thought ou till my Lord Treasurer assur'd me the Spring was lated the best Season for Sallads and Subsidies: I hop

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erefore that April will not prove so unnatural a the onth as not to afford some kind Showers on my rch'd Exchequer, which gapes for want of them.

i; i me of you perhaps will think it dangerous to ake me too rich; but I do not fear it, for I proife you faithfully, whatever you give me, I will ways want; and altho in other things my Word ay be thought a slender Authority, yet in that u may rely upon me, I will never break it.

My Lords and Gentlemen, I can bear my Straits

th Patience; but my Lord-Treasurer does pro-fit to me, that the Revenue, as it now stands, will estimate the ferve him and me too; one of us must pinch r it if you do not help me. I must speak freely wie you, I am under Circumstances, for besides le Ly Harlots in Service, my Reformado Concubines confess, but (Guds-fish) I have a great Charge pon't. Here's my Lord-Treasurer can tell, that let a like Mony design'd for next Summer's Guards of necessity be apply'd to the next year's radles and Swaddling-Clothes. What shall we of for Ships then? I hint this only to you, it being our business not mine. I know by experience I an live without Ships; I liv'd ten years abroad ithout, and never had my Health better in my Life: ut how you will be without I leave to your bothe by, I do not insist upon it. There's another ing I must press more earnestly, and that is this. feems a good part of my Revenue will expire two or three years, except you will be pleas'd o continue it. I have to say for't, Pray why did rasth ou give me so much as you have done, unless ght ou resolve to give on as fast as I call for it? The g was lation hates you already for giving so much, and

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will hate you too if you do not give me more to that if you flick not to me, you must not ha a Friend in England. On the other hand, if w will give me the Revenue I defire, I shall be able do those things for your Religion and Libert that I have had long in my thoughts, but came effect them without a little more Mony to car me through: Therefore look to't, and take m tice, that if you do not make me rich enough undo you, it shall lie at your doors; for my pa I wash my hands on't. But that I may gain you good Opinion, the best way is to acquaint vo what I have done to deferve it out of my Roy Care for your Religion and your Property. In the first, my Proclamation is a true Picture of m Mind: He that cannot, as in a Glass, see my Ze for the Church of England, does not deserve at farther Satisfaction, for I declare him wilful, ab minable, and not good. Some may perhaps b startled and cry --- How comes this sudde Change? To which I answer, I am a Changeling and that's fufficient I think. But to convince Me farther that I mean what I fay, there are the

First, I tell you so, and you know I never break

my Word.

Secondly, My Lord Treasurer says so, and h

never told Lie in his Life.

Thirdly, My Lord Land—le will undertakent for me, and I should be loth by any Act of mine the should forfeit the Credit he has with you. It you desire more Instances of my Zeal, I have 'em for you.' For Example, I have converted my Natural Sons from Popery; and I may say without Vanity, it was my own Work, so much the more peculiarly mine than the begetting them. 'Twould peculiarly mine than the begetting them.' Twould

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ones Heart good to hear how prettily George n read already in the Psalter. They are all e Children, God bles 'em, and so like me in eir Understandings .- But, as I was saying, I ve to please you given a Pension to your Fapert rite my Lord Land-le; not fo much that I ought he wanted it, as that you would take it indly. I have made Carwell Dutchess of Portsouth, and marry'd her Sister to the Earl of -ke. I have at my Brother's request fent my ord Inchequin into Barbary, to settle the Proteant Religion among the Moors, and an English hterest at Tangier. I have made C -- w Bishop of Durbam, and, at the first word of my Lady Portsouth, Prideaux Bishop of Chichester. I know not or my part what factious Men would have; but his I am fure of, my Predecessors never did any hing like this to gain the good-will of their Subects. So much for your Religion, and now for our Property.

My Behaviour to the Bankers is a publick Intance, and the Proceedings between Mrs. Hyde ind Mrs. Sutton, for private ones, are fuch convincing Evidences, that 'twill be needless to say

any more to't.

I must now acquaint you, that by my Lord Treasurer's Advice I have made a considerable Retrenchment upon my Expences in Candles and charcoal, and do not intend to stop there; but will, with your help, look into the late Embezelments of my Dripping-pans and Kitchin-stuff; of which, by the way, upon my Conscience, neither my Lord Treasurer, nor my Lord Land—le are which would find them dabling in that business, I tell you plaintly, I leave 'em to you; for I would have the G 4

World to know I am not a Man to be cheated.

My Lords and Gentlemen, I desire you to be lieve me as you have found me; and I do solemn promise you, that whatsoever you give me shall specially manag'd with the same Conduct, True Sincerity and Prudence that I have ever practic since my happy Restoration.

The Character.

HE Lords and Commons having had the (Doom The banish'd Romans now supply their room; And in full Herds they publickly appear, Bearding both Protestant and Presbyter. Yet do not so resent the foul Affront, To take up Arms, and make Rebellion on't: Nor do not fleep, but by the Drum and Fife, To keep thy Throat from bloody Jesuits Knife: Tho Murder be in us a bloody Fact. In holy Priefts it is a holy Act. If Priest and Knife be consecrated then, By Blood and Massacre they Heaven win; While we poor Souls! are damn'd for the fameSin. Who would not be a facred Priest to Rome, Since they can fave or give eternal Doom? Make Virtue damn'd, and meritorious Vice They Inatch'd from Hell, and sent to Paradise. And more to confirm their farther Glory, They call and take a touch in Purgatory. Now that the Bugbear Parliament is fled, Bold were the Man durft fay that Godfrey's dead:

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That i'th'Queen's Slaughter-house his Blood was (fhed.

or the confent to have him murdered. or who dares fay the Temple was on fire, By the contrivance of some Priest or Fry'r? To burn Commissions hid in Langhorn's Room, To blind the Plot, and clear the Lords of Rome. D Parliament most weak, that could'st not see, Thy felf dissolv'd by thy own Treachery! Contending with thy King, his Laws and Pow'r, Intrenching on's Prerogative each hour; Flying i'th'Face of his Supremacy, With fawcy Privilege and Liberty. Had ever Men such reason to comply, When ev'n the Nation's Ruin is so nigh? Had you been wife, and given the King a Sum, You might have had your fwinge at bloody Rome. Finding no Coin, we cannot find the Plot; The Jesuits have the Bag, and so 'tis not. The Priest quick-sighted wisely did the Feat, Made thee thus little, and himself thus great; And well he might, when York was in the Cheat.) The Serpent's Seed is now abroad agen, Great Hell's Long Parliament is rais'd from's Den, To teach young Colt his black Rebellion, form'd and begot by the old damn'd Stallion, Sin. Whose pregnant Issue's quick and nimble Sence Exactly copies the Sire's Impudence; Treading his Steps with full and violent Force, Flies in the Face of Majesty in course: The young out-throws the old at least a Bar, For he but only 'gainst the King made War. This start-up Bold in big and thund'ring Words, Beards both the King, his Bishops, and his Lords, ead: And would assume at once, and at one hour,

The Royal Office, and the Sovereign Pow'r.

D-by's

D-by's the first shall to the Slaughter go,
'Tis we, the Commons, do command it so.
As King and Peers were Shepherds in the State,
And they the only Figures of Debate.
Traitor and Parliament do seem two Things,
But equal is the venom of their Stings.
Against Prerogative they plead Privilege,
That fatal By-blow with a double Edg,
The Pride o'th' Parliament, the Countrys Pledg;
By which they'r jilted, and ne'er thought a Curse,
The Commons and the Countries tender Nurse;
And for their Health they let 'em Blood i'th'
(Purse.)

You call t'account what Men with Mony have done:

Let me ask you where all your Wisdom's gone? 'Tis plain to Foreign Monarchs you have none. Where is it then? with you'twas left in truft; Come you to th' Bar, and prove if you are just. The Court has fworn it ne're shall harbour there, Wisdom's a Burden fit for Beasts to bear: The City does not value it i'th' least, Because it does not bring them Interest. The Clergy are so full, so stuff'd with Grace, There is no room for Wisdom in that Place. The Lawyers have such knavish Quirks & Tricks, That Wisdom scorns with such base Dross to mix: By fearch we've found what Person let it pass, It was exhausted as the Treasure was. The Chancellor has confess'd, with much ado, It was embezel'd in a Speech or two. Th' infatuated fews, their Sense being gone, Make War among themselves, and still fought on, Till they were conquer'd by Vespasian.

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Joyou fall out like senseless Stones and Stocks, slying at each other ev'n like Dogs at Cocks:
To satisfy your Pride you split on Rocks.
You've made a Vote, the Land will arm the Sea, Because the King and Peers will not obey;
Your Engine Chiv'rell, has set forth in brief, Reasons why you ought to command in chief.
Your Pride obstructs your Great Affair each Hour, By your too sawcy Privilege and Power.
In short, your renown'd Character is this:
A Curse you're to the Nation, not a Bliss.
The House of Commons is the Rabble's God,
The Courtiers Scourge, the Bishops Iron Rod;
The Lords Vexation, and the King's by—.

The D. of B's Litany.

From a proud sensual Atheistical Life; From arming our Lackeys with Pistol & Knife; From murd'ring the Husband, & whoring the Wife, Libera nos Domine.

From going Ambassador only as Panders;
From re-killing dead Kings by monstrous Slanders,
And betraying the Living in Scotland and Flanders,
Libera nos, &c.

From a wild rambling no-where Abode, Without Day or Night, not at Home nor Abroad; From a Prince to unhorse us in Dover Road,

Libera nos, &c. From crowning the Herse of our Babe of Adultery, Interr'd among Kings by a Lord of the Prelacy, Whom we got cashier'd for carnal Arsery,

Libera nos, &c. From From selling Land, twice ten Thousand a Year; All spent, no Mortal can tell how, or where; From reforming of Kingdoms like a sanctify'd Peer, Libera nos, &c

From monstrous sucking, till both Tongues have (blister'd)

From making our Boast of giving three Glysters;
By giving our Claps to three cheated Sisters,

Libera nos, &c.

From transposing Nature on our Bongars, On Kynaston acting both Venus and Mars, From owning twenty other mens Farce,

From wretched Pasquils 'gainst Shadwel & Dryden; From casting Nativities with Learned Heyden, And casting of Dollars at Antwerp and Leyden, Libera nos, &c.

From trembling at Sea, when not a Gun roar'd, And then stealing on Shore by breaking our Word, With D—— if ever you catch me on Board,

Libera nos, &c.

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From being still cheated by the same Undertakers, By Levellers, Bawds, Saints, Chymists, and Quakers, Who make us Gold-sinders, and themselves Gold-

Libera nos, &c.

From damning whatever we don't understand;
From purchasing at Dowgate, and selling the Strand;
From calling Streets by our Name, when we have fold the Land,

Libera nos, &c. From borrowing our ownHouse to feast Scholars ill, And then be unchancellor'd against our Will, Nought left of a College, but our College-hill, Libera nos, &c.

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rom judging the Judges in a senseless Speech; From following Sh -- y that wriggling Leech, Because by turns both — the same Bitch,

Libera nos, &c. from mortally hating all those that love us; From mimical acting all those above us,

Till our Master at last is forc'd to remove us,

Libera nos, &c.

From cringing to those we fcorn and contemn, In hopes to be made the Citizens Gem, Who now fcorn us more than we e'er did them. Libera nos, &c.

From beginning an execrable trayt'rous Health. To destroy the Parliament, King, and himself, To be made Ducal Peer of a new Commonwealth. Libera nos, &cc.

From changing old Friends for rascally new ones; From taking Wildman and Marvel for true ones: From wearing green Ribbans 'gainst him gave us blue ones,

Libera nos, &cc.

From lodging at Court before we are fent for; From felling fix Palaces for less than they rent for. And buying of three Hillocks for the three Kings of Brentford,

Libera nos, &c. From learning new Morals from Bedlam Sir Payton. And Truth and Modesty from Sir Ellis Layton; From making our Heirs to be Morrice and Clayton, Libera nos Domine.

+ Sion-Hill, College-Hill, and Clifton-Hill.

Controversial Letters between a supposite Atheist, and J. D. Minister of ——in Surrey.

SIR John, for so in times preceding
All Priests were call'd, I find by reading: I wonder what a Plague's the Reason, That you are given fo to Lealing; For when at Tavern you for fook me, You faid, you'd come agen to look me; And yet you never made appearance, According to my old Experience. I trusted you, because a Parson, But fuch a one, I fay, my A-on; Neither to bring thy Snout nor Purse in, G -, you are hardly worth the curfing. 'Tis strange that you, whose Zeal's so hot, Should break your Word for I know not what; When I, in whom but small Zeal known is, Still keep my Word cum viris bonis. Such whose Throats whole Bumpers swallow, As if they were made glib with Tallow: And could thy Glass so soon be empty, Thou need'it not preach while I tell twenty: For you by Measure tell your Tale, As well as Tapfter fells his Ale: But he, fly Rogue! has got a trick, To cheat Mankind with Froth and Nick. And why mayn't you, now he has taught ye, By half the Glass instruct the Naughty?

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Tis Pride that to so many swells you;
Tis Pride that to so many swells you:
And there's a word, be sure you scape it,
Tiz. Loquitur qui panca sapit.

But nowwould relate some pleasant Passages, Could I but mix my Lines like Saufages; And hang 'em fo to one another, That one might be drawn in by t'other. Yet come, I'll venture at 'em bolder, And bring'em in by head and shoulder. As Debtor often is by Bayly, Because he does of Payment fail you. And thus have at it: Mrs. Mary, Who us'd to be so coy and wary, Is marry'd, mauger her Ambition, To one whose best Name is Musician. But Truth to tell, and solve the Riddle, Tis one that lives, Jack, by his Fiddle. Which when I heard, I went to visit her, About old Stories to folicit her : And offer'd her a Gown, or fo Sir, To manage her; but she cry'd, No Sir. Tho in few days, when Gold was tender'd, Kind Rogue! The quietly furrender'd. Almighty Gold! that has no Equal, As you will find, Jack, by the Sequel, I forc'd the Fidler to administer His Wife to me, by means most sinister: Nay more, to make our Joys sublime, He play'd, while we in Bed kept Time. And when we had enough o'th' Fiddle, He came to Bed, which feems a Riddle, And still his Wife lay in the middle. Was not this rare Life, void of Sorrow? Give it me, tho I die to morrow.

3

But

But you for length of days make Pray'r Tho they be fill'd with Grief and Care. When I in one Week, Jack, do live More than thy Life-time can retrieve. Is't not a tiresom piece of Nonsense To talk of Heav'n, of Hell and Conscience, Words only feign'd to help the Law To keep the Multitude in aw. Would it not make one mad to fee How damnably you disagree? To think how much you Priests do vary? The Catholick fays Ave-Mary. The English Churchman does refuse it. And the damn'd Puritan abuse it. Thus you have differently display'd Religion in Masquerade, And live by it as by a Trade. This Talk perhaps you strange will think, But now I'm call'd away to drink, And have no leifure to excuse it, Therefore I pray once more peruse it. And if you find a Thought too bold is, Tell it your Friend

Second LETTER.

The Parson's Answer.

Alex. FOR your ungodly Letter
I must confess I am your Debtor;
Which I've oblig'd my self to answer,
To keep you from the Devil your Grandsire.
Then be not angry I beseech you,
If better I pretend to teach you.

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nd now to turn you Arfi-versie, or which I scarce expect Gramercy, ou know much better than you mention of Priests the damnable Dissension; Which I perceive fo much affects you, That to meer Atheism it directs you. But know, thou Man of Maggot gentle, Thy Time and Humours are both spent ill; With Wheedles ftriving to cajole Thy Reason, and to damn thy Soul. for tho fo much we difagree, Vet all believe a Deity: 19. Nor doubt we of Heav'n, Hell or Conscience. All which you treat as downright Nonfense. And you would force your felf to credit, Meerly because your self has said it. Or may be you have been too bold in Pleasures, you're loth to be controul'd in; And so are willing to be thinking There is no Heav'n but Punch and Drinking: Which if you thought a Hell attending, You would no doubt full foon be mending. This will, because 'tis void of ranting, Appear to you a fort of Canting; And by your Maggot Instigation, To scorn us give you fresh Occasion; since I better do defend Those Truths which I to teach pretend. But let it pass; Judg what you will on't, 'm still resolv'd not to be silent. Think then, dear Friend, if you to morrow Were to return the Breath you borrow, Could you with Resolution mighty leave all those Follies that delight you, Without a thought that might affright you?

Then

Then when your Soul goes to inherit Rewards, your Actions justly merit: And has a Prospect, tho too late, Of what must ever be its Fate; Condemn'd in the same Flesh to find Pains for the Pleasures left behind: Justly they're both alike tormented. 'Cause both on Earth alike consented. Dear Rogue, believe now I'm ferious In what I fay, there's nothing various. But grant it were not fo, yet furely It were but dying more fecurely. Believe it then, left you should know By fad Experience it is fo. And now to shew you I'll not spare you. I will proceed to Mrs. Mary; Whose easy Conquest you repeated, As if you had all Hell defeated. A pleasant Victory to brag on! Did she engage you like a Dragon, With Sting in Tail, prepar'd with Poison? Why this you might have made a noise on: But fince she was no more than Woman, The Victory methinks is common. But first of me you are complaining, Because I was from you abstaining; And urge my Promise to come to you, Which you could ne'er expect. -Since you were fatisfy'd I knew you. For had I come, -My Nose had ne'er been made a Bridg on, And then be fure good night Religion. Restless we'ad roul'd from Crown to Mitre, Till Paunch had made our Purse the lighter; And till we had in Circulation Been drunk with all the Wines in fashion.

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nd thus more in one Week you live, han all my Life-time shall receive: et be advis'd,nd let no more your Follies guide you, ut trust your Friend and Servant,

Third LETTER.

To the Parson.

Parfon ;

7Hat makes thee thus like filly Widgeon Debauch Burlefque with dull Religion? oft think, thou Coxcomb with a murrain, was made for thee to keep a stir in? hat 'twas defign'd for thee to prate on, nd tell us Tales of dirty Satan? ow P-upon thee, paultry Parson, hou'st writ me word of true sence scarce one. ut not to turn you topfy turvy, s my Epistle you do scurvy; have beyond what you expected, o you in this my Thanks directed : he care you take to fave my Spirit, o less acknowledgment does merit. ut O thou Man in Gospel skilful, hou talk'st to me as bold and wilful, s to the godly Wife of Farmer, hen with thy noise thou mean'st to charm her. it know, thou Heav'nly Pettifogger, hese will not fink into my Logger-

And

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nd thus more in one Week you live, han all my Life-time shall receive: et be advis'd,nd let no more your Follies guide you,

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And

You know my meaning by my mumping, For good Wits ever willing be jumping, And Parfons Pulpit-Cushions thumping. It lays more weight upon the Sentence, And hectors Folks into Repentance. And truth is, Thumps are much more weighty Than any thing that they can fay to you; And I believe turn many Sinners, Especially it young beginners. But Priest, thou know'st it, I'm an old one In Vice, as thou fay'ft, and a bold one. Why should'st thou hope then to abuse me, And to meer Godliness seduce me? Lord! what a Question too wert starting! You bid me think my felf departing. Then ask me if no thought would fright me: Yes faith! it plaguily would spight me To leave this Life that does delight me. My Moll would think it much uneven, Should I relinquish her for Heaven, Since the for me has that neglected: You fee how much, Jack, I'm respected; But why did'it wish her Tail insected? Thou dost because I have her cock-fure, Defire that she may get the Pox sure. But let that pass, and hear how neatly You preach to me a Devilish great Lie. Thy Soul, dear Friend, O have a care on't, Will feel strange Pains in Hell I warrant, Because she lets thy Flesh controll her, And on a bawdy Wench cajole her: For which thy Flesh too shall know Sorrows, And bear a part in th'Hellish Chorus. This is your Hell, you tell me whining; Now hear how 'tis of my defining:

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here shall some little huffing Demon, Thom you, 'tis like, did never dream on, Itho you were the greatest Bully, at falle Dice on you, as on Cully. here if you go a Wench to pick up. ou shall be plagu'd with such a Hickup, hat for your Blood you shall not utter neword of Sense to make her fourre. ut if by chance you be fo happy, v facred D'avenant's Nose she'l clap you; nd for your Wine, drink little or much on't, he devilish Quality is such on't, hat 'twill recal those Pleasures past, f which you ne'er again shall taste; I will make you talk of Friend and Mistress, nd lead you into plaguy Diffres: is full of Brimstone, Tartar, Lime, is always rack'd, and never fine; nd tho it still provoke your loathing, his either you must drink, or nothing. hus I have told you my Opinion, f footy Belzebub's Dominion: ut you would stretch my Faith's Dimension, o credit Hell of your Invention, nd counsel me to live demurely, hat I may die the more fecurely. tt dost thou think I'll balk the Humour, cause of thirsty hellish Rumour? omore, good John, for all your lying, here is no Hell but that of dying: nless-

Men, and fuch I hope but few are, hat do believe thy Stories true are: ch may indeed be strangely pond'ring n some sad place to which they're wand'ring,

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And

And faith, methinks, thou shouldst not sleep well. For thus distracting silly People. I know this Letter will inspire Your Thoughts with a most zealous Fire, And you will still at Rhyme be nibling, And plague me daily with your Scribling, 'Till I am forc'd to say, controul'd lies, Your Servant A. O.

The Fourth LETTER.

In Answer to the former.

Dear Friend, YOUR Letter I with grief perused, Finding therein Heav'n and your self abused Which yet I hope is rather the Effect Of Humour, than of either a Neglect. However, lest it may too aptly find A real Entertainment in your Mind, I have once more endeavour'd to revive Reason, that may incite you to believe. But first your timely Caution I'll commend, I'll stile you less a Satyrist than Friend. For 'tis preposterous to dress, and say Matters so serious, in a stile so gay: It robs them of their Weight and their Esteem, Men waking fcorn the Terrors of a Dream. So because I did great Concerns express In too light Measures, they to you seem'd less. But now an apter Style I chuse to show, How little you to your great Reason owe.

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teason, that's lent you for a better end, Than thus its Sacred Author to offend. eason that did against it felf dispute, or which my Reason I would yours confute. Reason, that like a base and cunning Enemy. Does Faith in th' Art, not strength of Mind defy : Why generous Faith, in parley much too weak. Stands fair to all the Blows its Force can make. These mighty Rivals for thy Soul dispute, Be valiant and reject bold Reason's Suit; That but an earthly Pleasure does propose. This heav'nly Joys which you shall never lose. Say, if you can, who was't before your Birth That gave you Life, or who 'twas made the Earth? If all things, as you say, of Nature be, Then you of Nature make a Deity. Ah! miserable wilful Ignorance, Thus to a God a Notion to advance. Is Holy Writ fo mean in your esteem, That you no more regard it than a Dream? Can you contemn its just Authority, Rejecting all its Offers as a Lie? Why should you think an honest harmless Priest Should thus defign to lead you in a Mift? Were there no God, why should not he, like you, Indulge himself in finful Pleasures too? You think, perhaps, his dull Capacity, Inflight of Reason, cannot foar so high, As to confirm him in his Sophistry. Does all the Learned World, but your good Sect, Wander in Paths to Truth most indirect? I'm of opinion, you as probably May err, as those that own a Deity. Does your proud Maggot fo abuse your Sense, To make you think ours but a weak Pretence?

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And only yours the mighty Argument? For shame, of so unjust a Pride repent. If dull Religion, as you call it, be A Chear, what need the Actors disagree? What need they different Opinions frame, When they by one alone might reach the fame? nd b You'd not care how, fo you did win the Game, Strange Light of Nature, which your Will dired Nothing to fee, but what your Light affects. But now I'm thinking of the Hell you made; Ah! to what future Grief you are betray'd? To this, I fancy, with fome small amends, You, as to Heav'n, will recommend your Friends Let but the Wine be good, and Gaming square, You'd not repine to live for ever there. And let the Miss be found, and 'tis compleat, These would to you be Joys divinely sweet. You'd with those fensual Pleasures ever last, And fear Eternity made too much hafte. The old Elisium would be too severe. There drinking is not A la-mode I fear; But Mahomet's Paradise comes very near. Howe'er it be, pray God you be so wise, To keep your felf out of Fools Paradife; There, I'm afraid, your felf at last you'll find, Lead on by Reason, that blind Guide o'th' Mind. Thro Labyrinths of Thought, and envious Ways It will conduct you to the fatal Place, And leave youthere-Naked to Shame, to Horror, and Amaze. O then, from such Idolatry refrain, To worship the Chimeras of your Brain. Make not your Faith your Reason's Sacrifice, Which only does prevail in Fallacies. Thus you the Deity the Victim make, And for the God the Sacrifice mistake.

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s by Rebellion Subjects oft become ords of their Monarch, and pronounce his Doom : Reason, to your wicked Nature join'd, ebels gainst Faith, whose Slave it was design'd. or your own sake these satal Errors mend, and by your Penitence make glad your Friend, J. D.

The Fifth LETTER.

N compliance to you, dull ferious Maggot,
Another kind of Stile you fee I ha' got:
For I have chang'd my Measure, learned Stoick,
From plain Burlesque, into Burlesque Heroick:
And all I gather can from thy Discourse
s, prithee Friend be sober, and wear Whiskers;
For something to that purpose not worth minding,
No more than Straw or Cherry-stones worth find(ing.)

You first begin to tell me how you're pester'd,
To think my Soul should with such Skin be sester'd.
And truly, Parson John, I take't unkindly
That you would have me led about so blindly;
Denying me the blessed use of Reason,
Tis on this Ground you build this pious Treason.
And could you once deprive me of that Engine,
quickly might believe all said by Sir John;
Therefore, I think, you'ad e'en best take it from me,
Or I much doubt you'll never overcome me.
But how that must be done I can't imagine;
No Faith, I know no way that you may sudg in,
Unless by means unlawful and uncivil,
By sending me too early to the Devil.
But,

But, prithee, what ith' Name of - urges Thee, thus to huff at Reason like a Burgess? And to no more effect than brutish Zealot. Led on by Faith-Reviles the Stage and Taverns that we reel at. Alas, poor Reason! he has banish'd thee; So thou, and not in vain, repairs't to me. For I'll in thy defence be very furious, But first of thy Disgrace the Cause assure us. Did'ft thou rebel 'gainst Faith, and jeer the Squir Or did'ft thou tell him plainly, that he was a Lia Or did'ft thou else his Nakedness expose, Both to the fight of Eye, and scent of Nose? Or, prithee, tell me, let me know all truly, And I'll redress thy Grievances as duly. He tells Mr. Parson, that in good faith and sooth, Reason and himself were at it Nail and Tooth. And that at last the Squire Faith arose, And kick'd him; fo they went from words to blom Reason too quick -Laid Faith upon his Back, and in the fall Tore his long Garment, and discover'd all Between his Legs, that on it was before on; The first thing Reason saw was Mah'mers Alcora On his left Leg Aaron, like Corps embalmed; In Robes of Parchment hung the Jewish Talmud; And next within the right fide of his Vestment, In a large fair Print was a Greek Test'ment. Many and various were the Glosses on it; And some to this, and some to that vail Bonnet. And bout this Book, like Fools, hung to be dry

(there Millions of Oaphs whom Faith had flily ty'd there, Who by fo small a Thred were link'd to Saviour, That you would think them bound to good beha (viour Which they ne'er had nor knew.—

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vious Thes Thefe flew'd the Paint which they were dreft forich ike Hen and Chicken hanging in a Kitchin. eason was going to look on one more nearly; ut Faith repuls'd him with his Foot severely: and presently roar'd out for you t'assist him; You came, and faw Faith down :so would not Reason hear, but strait dismiss'd him. Now the Discourse on which began the Quarrel, Was this: Faith Sworethe Tun of Heidelberg was but a Barrel. Reason had often seen't, and help'd to make it; Now Faith did only upon hearfay take it. Then had not Reason cause to contradict him, As he declar'd he did, for which Faith kick'd him? Reason abus'd by you, me Guardian chose, Refolv'd no longer to be led by th' Nose, By Fables of Faith's making. t feems before they'ad had another bout, Cause Reason could not make Faith's Story out: For Faith was telling of one Sampson, who A Thousand with an Asses Jaw-bone slew; Which Reason vow'd he ne'r could think was true. Thus you may fee they've many bickerings had, Enough to make my Friend, good Reason, mad; But that he now no more with Faith will dwell, Who kept him long in awe with Tales of Hell. But from those needless fears, and him releas'd, Reason for sakes him quite, makes him a Jest; So that of Consequence he must turn Beast, Or fomething Monstrous, as he was before. Reason refin'd his Sense; and now no more Will ought but pious Fools irrational Faith adore. With fenfless Vulgar now he must take up his Quar-They will do him the honour to be torn his Martyrs.

As

As heretofore in Smithfield People perish'd, For a mere darling Whimsey, which they cherish'd

The Vision.

Had an easy Dose of Wine o'er Night, Neither too heavy, nor too light, But just enough to make me sleep; Without which I too certain Vigils keep.

Strange Force of Custom that can tame The Rash, or set the Wise on slame! But long I did not rest.

E'er Fumes dispel'd gave place
To painful Thoughts which were by them sup-

And which too foon at last
Death's kind Resemblance did deface,
Making Night's quiet Minutes anxious as the Days
And with more Terror pass.

I dreamt, O Horror to repeat!

And yet I waking fee't;

The miserable Image of Mankind

Still haunts my Mind,

E'er since that fatal Night it sirst appear'd; When with a Visage pale and thin, Joints loose and Nerves remis,

Eyes fixt and dull, and ev'ry Member out of frame,

To my Bed-side it came, And did begin Sadly to utter this

With low and hollow Voice scarce to be heard.

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Lest of my Care, give ear, And tremble at the the words you hear; Alas! I faint, I'll come more near. w Words too much do on my Spirits prey;

I must obey My Weakness, and sit down, Till I recover Breath. He faid no more,

ut flowly bending with an uneafy Frown loan'd, while my Fears had almost brought my

ut that with them a superstitious Zeal increas'd, To Heaven I my felf address'd; fill be began a little louder than before.

resnow rise his 4: the initiation in the

I am, faid he, The Genius of Mankind, Humanity. or that to the deplorable Estate, By a fad Fate,

By the Rebellion of each part, My erring Feet pretending to give Laws Ev'n to their King my Head,

Each Member is by Contradiction led.

My Tongue does dictate to my Heart, My Eyes are in vaft Prospects lost, My wand'ring Thoughts are toft

from this to that, yet cannot find the Caufe.

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Discord does ev'ry where preside,
And giddy factious Pride
Usurps the Government of all.
This his Opinion would on that impose,
A third the contrary erects,
Hence such Missortune grows,
That each intends his own, and publick God (neglets)

Thus I at last must miserably fall,

But no longer can discourse

On things so painful to my thought:

My Griefs are of too great a force,

These Truths thou shalt another way be taught:

Look round about thee from this Hill,

6.

And see the World grow madder still.

I look'd methought, and did with wonder gaze
To find my felf on such a lofty Place,
Where all the World did seem
Lower than Valleys do appear,
To Men that stand on the usurping Ground.
Then I began afresh to fear
Lest he would throw me headlong down.
But then again I thought 'twas but a Dream.
Then strait he thus began;
Fear not, O Man,
But with a piteous Eye,
Behold Mankind's unhappy Tragedy,
Behold thy own as well as others Misery.

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Vn.

Then looking down, I faw the Earth turn round, nd giddy Man reeling from Doubt to Doubt. if the Motion of the Globe infected him. But Oh!

Drunk with Opinion of himself, His Vessel on the Ocean toft. He split upon the fatal Shelf his own Pride, whence all his Sorrows grow: else to Sea by Ignorance set out

Is miserably lost,

And funk in vent'ring to fwim. O Ignorance profound!

eper than are the Seas in which the Veffel (drown'd.

But now a horrid and confused Cry Strikes my Ear and draws my Eye Another way, and there alas ! alice above all other Passions does prevail,

Men by each other dy: The bloody Grass

Bears witness of the foolish Guilt.

How weak, how frail

Is Man, that meerly for another's Fame, Or his own ambitious Aim, Proftrates his Blood thus to be fpilt!

Forgotten in the Grave, With a cold Epitaph,

O valiant! or O brave! Now whether shall I weep or laugh? Here by his Brother one is kill'd; A Father here to his own Son does yield, Kneels, and intreats a Life for that he gave.

The Viper does refuse; And O eternal Shame!

And neither will his Parent, nor his Virtue fave But deaf to both, does both abuse,

And in that monstrous Act does all Mankind

And now at last a Peace is made,
A little Gold for all that Blood and Guilth

Thus, meerly thus for Gold

Man is bought and fold,

His Life expos'd for that, for that betray'd

10.

And now the fighting Fools retire,
Their Rage confum'd in its own Fire;
Now on both fides are given
Prayers and Thanks for Victory to Heaven.
Heav'n that favour'd neither fide,
But did them both deride,
Made both its Sport;

As Men to see the Bulls and Bears, and other Creations (tures fight, reson

Poor wretched Man! from whom are his
The things he most does court:
Desire of Knowledg is his Punishment,
Never content,
Still searching after hidden Light,
And lost in darkest shades of Night!

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Crea reformere hid II.

Thus I reflected, till at last
Turning my Head, I saw a Throng
Of zealous and religious Fools;
Some on the Ground were prostrate cast,
Speaking more with Looks than Tongue,
And Gestures learnt from godly Schools.
Here one with Arms expanded, on his Knees
Strives t'embrace th'Ideas of his Faith;
Courting in hope the better Life, his Death,
And greedily of hope th'imperfect Pleasures sees,
Till heat of Zeal and Fancy fails, and lets him
(freeze.

Others to dress Religion would confine, And think the plainest Men the most Divine. ome are with Faith so blind, and so much void of (sense,

Ty'd to their own Opinion, that with Joy they
(give

Themselves to hasty Death, disdaining then to

When living, they to Heav'n must give (offence.

O fond Belief! O Death to be desir'd efore the Joys of Life, or ought that's here ad-

I

On

On the Marriage of the Prince and Prince of Orange.

The fairest Jewel in the English Crown. Happy in th'horrid Dangers of the Field; Happy in Courts, which Fightest Beauties yield O Prince, whose Soul is known so truly great! Whom Heav'n did seem to take time to create: First the rich Ore refin'd, then did allay, Stamp'd thee his own, not shuffled thee away. With wonder thus we thy cool Temper prize, Not but thou art as brave and bold as wise. Like the true English, who approach their Fate With Awe, and gravely first with Death debate. They kindle slowly, but when once on fire, Burn on, and in the blaze of Fame expire.

Hail Princes! Hail thou fairest of thy kind!
Thou shape of Angels with an Angel's Mind!
Whose Virtues shine, but so as to be born;
Clear as the Sun, and gentle as the Morn.
Whose radiant Eyes like lambent Glory move;
And ev'ry Glance wounds like a Dart of Love.
How well, O Prince, how nobly hast thou sought,
Since to thy Arms such Charms the Fates has
(brough

Methinks I hear thee in the Nuptial Bed, When o'er the Royal Maid thy Arms were spread (ploy'd

Enough, kind Heav'n! well was my Sword en Since all the Blis Earth holds shall be enjoy'd.

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ains I remember now with vast Delight. Vell have I brav'd the thundring French in Fight: y Hazards now are Gains; and if my Blood must Battel mix, and swell the vulgar Flood, er Tears, for fure the'll be fo good to mourn; ike Balm, shall heal the Wounds when I return. But hark! 'tis rumour'd that this happy Pair > uft go: the Prince for Holland does declare, all'd to the dreadful Business of the War. othen: if thy Departure is decreed, hy Friends must weep, thy Enemies shall bleed: nd if in Poets Minds, their vaster Souls. there all at once the whole Creation rouls : o whom the Warrior is as much oblig'd. s to Relievers, Towns that are belieg'd: or Death would to their Acts an end afford. id not immortal Verse out-do the Sword. ought of Prophecy their Thoughts inspire; d if their Fury give a folid Fire; ft shall your Waftage be; the Seas and Wind alm as the Prince, and as the Princess kind: he World why should not Dreams of Poets take well as Prophets, who but dream awake? aw the Ship the Prince and Princess bore, hile the fad Court stood crowding on the Shore: he Prince still bowing on the Deck did stand; nd held his weeping Princess by the Hand: which waving oft the bid them all farewel; ad wept as if she would the Ocean swell. trewel the best of Fathers, best of Friends, hile the mov'd Duke with a hurl'd Sigh comloy'd Heav'n his Care; in Tears his Eyes would

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at manly Virtue binds 'em in the brim.

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Farewel she cry'd, my Sister, thou dear Part,
Thou sweetest part of my divided Heart:
To whom I all my Secrets did unfold;
Dear Casket, who dost all my Treasure hold.
My Sister O! her Sighs did then renew,
Once more, O Heav'n, a long and last Adieu!

The Lord Chancellor's Speech to the Paliament.

WOuld you fend Kate to Partugal,
Great James to be a Cardinal,
And make Prince Rupert Admiral?
This is the time

Would you turn D—y out of Doors,
Banish Italian and French Whores,
That worser sort of Common-Shores?
This is the time

Would you unravel Popish Plots, Send Land——le among the Scots, And rid the Court of Irish Sots?

This is the time Would you exalt the mighty Name Of Shafishury and Buckingham, And not forget Judg Scrogg's Fame?

This is the time

Would you our Sov'reign disabuse,
And make his Parliament of use,
Not to be chang'd like dirty Shoes?
This is the time

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ould you extirpate Pimps and Panders, shand the rest of our Commanders, nd Mulg - ve after Teague to Flanders? This is the time.

ould you give Bellasis his due,

nd hang him if his Crime proves true, nd Petre to his Name-sake Hugh?

This is the time.

fould you fend Confessors to tell, mys, Stafford, Arundel,

ney must prepare their Souls for Hell? This is the time.

fould you remove our Ministers. he cursed Causes of our Fears. lithout forgetting Turn-coat Meers?

This is the time.

fould you hang those who take Example Clar-n and Timber Temple, r all fuch Rascals merit Hemp well?

This is the time.

Tould you once bless the English Nation, changing of Queen Kate's Vocation, d find one fit for Procreation?

This is the time:

Tould you let Portsmouth try her Chance, lieve Oates, Bedlow, Dugdale, Prance, nd send Barillon home to France?

This is the time.

fould you turn Papists from the Queen, oister up fulsom Mazarine, nd once more make Charles King agen?

This is the time.

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The Answer.

I Should be glad to see Kate going, And Great James to our Church returning, And Prince Rupere Admiralling,

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But to turn D-y out of Doors, Or join his Name to Common-Shores, None will say but Sons of Whores,

At any time

I'd beg t'unravel Popish Plots,
To send Laud——le to rule the Scots,
And rid all Places of all Sots,

At any time

But for exalting of the Name Of Shaftsbury and Buckingham, Let him who knows'em be the Man, And do't how and when he can

At any time

But to remember Scroggs's Name, And to proclaim his real Fame, I could most gladly be the Man

At all times

There's none our Sov'reign will abuse, Or say the Parliament's of no use, But Rogues who're bred in filthy Stews, And smell more rank than dirty Shoes

At this time

I'm for disbanding Pimps and Panders,
As fast as Country kills old Glanders,
Prove Mulgrave, Teague, send him to Flanders,
But to encourage good Commanders

At all times

g,

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ers,

Satyr on old Rowley.

HOW our good King does Papists hate
At ev'ry coming Sessions!
Then of his Laws he'll nothing bate,
But make perhaps some fresh ones.
At other times he's rul'd by's Brother,
As was his Father by his Mother.

Silly and fauntering he goes
From French Whore to Italian,
Unlucky in whate'er he does,
An old ill-favour'd Stallion.
Fain the good Man would live at ease,
And ev'ry Punk and Party please.

Now he by Hyde, then Clifford rules,
Osborne and up-start Fellows,
When the Whores want they're Knaves and Fook
As he himself can tell us.
Till then the Parliaments complain,
He says they're rude, and hate his Reign.

A pretty Set he has at hand
Of flimy Portsmouth's Creatures,
G—n, Lory, Sund—d,
French Gamesters and deep Betters.

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Who would reform this brutal Nation, and bring French Slavery in fashion.

King of three mighty Kingdoms he,
Thinks Beggars only Loyal,
Knaves wife, French true, and Popery
Quite clear'd at Wakeman's Trial.
Nay, what feem'd never to be done,
The Chits have made him hate his Son.

Rise drowsy Prince, like Sampson shake
These green Wyths from about thee,
Banish their Dalilab, and make
Thy People no more doubt thee.

In vain they fright thee with a War, Thou art not hated, tho they are.

Rogue, Knave and Bigot all love thee,
Because they sear thy Brother,
Queen Mary's Days they would not see,
And can expect no other.
No Misery a Land can want,
Rul'd by a Fool, Goat, Tyrant, Saint.

Men fay we act like Forty Two,
Yet none tells thee the Reason:
Yet when the same Diseases grow,
Like Medicines come in season.
Twice we thy Armies have o'erthrown,
And without Blood voted them down.

Wh

Fools

Dukes thou creat'st, yet want'st an Heir,
Thy Portuguese is barren;
Marry again, and ne'er despair
In this lewd Age we are in.
Some Harry Farmyn will be found,
To get an Heir sit to be crown'd.

10

Thy Brother York would come to Blows,
While thou art yet in Being;
He shall not rule as now he does,
While thou art yet foreseeing.
But if thou'rt wise, deceive his Hope,
Leave him to Irish, French, and Pope.

II.

Thou dost not use the Pow'r in hand,
Yet for the Ills that are done,
When Rogues pretend thy own Command,
Thou'rt ready with a Pardon;
As if 'twere thy Prerogative,
That Murd'rers, Knaves, and Traytors live.

12.

For shame give o'er; new Counsels chuse,
If with the Eyes of others
Thou needst must see, thy Nation's use,
And not thy Popish Brother's.
Brother to Brother should be kind,
Yet bear thee Littleton in mind.

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SATYR.

Quem Natura negat dabit Indignatio Versum.

Who from drinking ne're could spare an hour, But what I gave to some obedient Whore, Who hate all Satyr, whether sharp or dull, rom Dryden to the Governor of Hull; rovok'd at length to a Poetick Rage, Resolve to share in railing at the Age. cannot Poet turn with worse Success, Than thousand Fools who now infest the Press; Whose senseles Works proclaim'd in ev'ry Street, like fawcy Beggars, worry all they meet. Atev'ry Shop, while Shakespear's lofty Stile Neglected lies, to Mice and Worms a Spoil; Gilton the Back, just smoaking from the Pres, Th' Apprentice shews you Durfey's Hudibras, Crown's Mask, bound up with Settle's choicest La-And promises some new Estay of Babors. If you go off, as who the Devil would stay, He cries, Sir, Mr. Otway's last new Play, With th' Epilogue, which for the Duke he writ, so lik'd at Court by all the Men of Wit. heard an Enfign of the Guards declare, That with him Shadwell was not to compare; He lik'd that Scene of Nicky Nacky more, Than all that Shadwell ever writ before. Was't not enough, that at his tedious Play, lavish'd half a Crown, and half a Day;

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But must I find, patch'd up at ev'ry Wall, Such Stuff that none can bear, who starves not a (Whiteball)

As Rafcals changing Rags for Scarlet Coats, Cudgel'd before fet up to cut Whigs Throats: So ev'ry Blockhead, that can please the Court. Plucks up a Spirir, and turns Poet for't. They know not that a senseless fawning Praise Does both their Heroes and themselves disgrace, Praising York's Loyalty's like praising his Face. Charles only his base Treason could forgive. And Tork alone so good a Brother leave. An Infamy so mean no Age has known, To feek from Rebels hands a Brother's Crown. From his confiding Friends he falfly ran, And was a full-grown Knave e'er yet a Man. The Quiet which on England he has brought, Appears in his still carrying on the Plot: Of which his Weakness the Foundation laid, And Obstinacy fince has perfect made. In Scotland we a well-drawn Model fee Of what he purposes we once shall be. By Coleman's Speech at Tyburn too we find, He has a Heart that ne'er forgets his Friend. Conningsmark did not use a baser way, His wretched hireling Ruffians to betray; This Diff'rence only is betwixt them known, This murders for a Wife, that for a Throne. His Lady's a good Woman, God defend her! By why are we so fond of her Hans en Kelder? The Slave that thought he or his Seed should reign, As furely wish'd the King untimely flain. The one with Pox has long corrupted been, The other visited with his Father's Sin. Poor harmless Babe! that lab'ring in the Womb, To hated Light all o'er diseas'd wilt come.

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A wretched innocent Pledg to all the Nation,
That Parents Crimes afflict their Generation.
But while I thus on others Faults run on,
make the same which those I blame have done;
Omit the Praises of our Gracious King,
Which ev'ry Pen should trace, and ev'ry Tongue
(should fing,

ey'n God himself grew jealous of his Pow'r, And curs'd all those who Creatures durst adore. By God allow'd, by his People freely given, Our Charles's Empire is like that of Heaven. Those Praises to Idolatry declare, That make a Subject with a Monarch share. Let fuch as live by't then his Brother praise, Anobler Theme my loyal Stile shall raise. Let Dryden's Pen indulgent David blame, And brand his Friends with hated Rebels Name. He that could once call Charles a faunt'ring Cully, By Portsmouth fold, and jilted by Bitch Nelly; He that could once the Prince of Rebels praise, With the same Hand the Tories Cause may raise. Aslaving Muse no Int'rest can advance. He writes, as Parsons preach, for Sustenance. A pamper'd Hero for the Duke's Applause, Acudgel'd Martyr to the Whiggish Cause. A Cur that fawns on him that gave him Bread, And growls and fnarls at all the World beside. Ungrateful, mercenary, fearful, mean, The best of Rhymers, and the worst of Men. While Charles reigns here, no Cloud can shade our

Those who slight James's Frown, adore thy Smile. The threat'ng Storms that with thy Brother come, Dissolve like Clouds before thy pow'rful Sun. Spight of their Enemies, and of thy own, Thy Peoples duteous Love will e're be shown.

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Happy thy Reign, and Nestor's be thy Years, Vain Popish Hopes, and vain be all our Fears. May some brave Youth spring from thy Prince

Like thee forgiving, prudent, great, and good; Succeed thee late to this thy glorious Crown, And tumble all prefumptive Hopers down. While England from her threaten'd Ills got free, In ferving him, may still give thanks to thee.

But to go on with my Satyrick Tale; (Who thinks on him will foon forget to rail) What Age like ours did e'er with Vice abound? A Protestant Officer may as soon be found, A Cuckold jealous, or a Countess found, As one whose Honesty 'gainst all things proof, No Fear can shake, nor no Preferment move: Lost Reputations shall forget to meet, To Club for nasty Verse in Fermin-street. And, ceafing Envy, th' Innocent and Fair, Shall hate the Siff-neck'd Prieft, & love the Pray's Fools shall be wanting to disperse their Rhymes, And Shopkeepers no more complain of Times. The Scots and Irish homeward shall refort, And fwarm no more about the English Court; The one industrious, t'other rich shall prove, Both shall grow honest, both shall English love; E'er I give o'er to lash the fulsome Slaves, To laugh at Coxcombs, and to rail at Knaves: Who are the Men who most Mankind disgrace, They in my Verse shall have the leading place. The Knave of State, will all the fneaking Throng Of under Raskals which to Court belong. Or should I of the hot-brain'd Clergy treat, Whose very Trade is naturally a Cheat; All over Lux'ry they at Vice declaim, Chide at ill Lives, and at good Livings aim.

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Male-converted still suspected proves; Lady Convert 'tis the B --- loves. on Down they sleep, and upon Carpets tread; Their Ancestors, the Apostles, wanted Bread. Each lustful D - free licence has to whore, But the grave wary B --- may do more. At home they lie with Pride, Spleen, Plenty ftor'd, And hire some poor dull Rogue to serve the Lord. Where'er thou call'st, loud Scandal, will I fly, from the proud Statesman to the snivelling Spy; rom Hallifax, whose Crimes now furnish Fame, Down to Fleet Shepherd's false and abject Name. The first, that he all Villains might exceed, His Honour fold for what he did not need. An Atheist once; now Popery has profess'd, inding that fuit with his good Morals best. He'as fold his Country, and his King abus'd, oin'd with fcorn'd Chits, he'as Innocence accus'd And is at last ev'n by those Chits refus'd. from Crime to Crime, he by degrees runs on, Not fafe from one till he has a greater done. But he so false, and so contemn'd does grow, His fellow Rogues trust him no longer now. let use him still, and have found out a fit imployment for my Lord's prodigious Wit. for join'd with Roger, he with like applause, Does write dull railing Libels for the Cause. But he so often lies to every Fool, That on that Theme his Son could scarce be dull. Seymour in every Quality does surpass, Which may a senseles, sawcy Turncoat grace. By's breeding he for Cottrel's Place is fit, And may the Bantam courtly Envoy meet, And for his Learning may on Woolfack fit. for Eloquence he may grave Finch succeed, And for his Courage Tory Forces lead. Thefe

These with his Knav'ry, Pride, & Country's Hand Accomplish him for Minister of State. As Schoolboys heat their Gigs to make 'em calve, And from their old one a small Offspring have: So our diminutive Statesman Falkland looks. As if from Seymour fall'n at Arran's Strokes, Mony, we know, him to Preferment brought; He ought to hide how he the Mony got. Let Albemarle no more Desert pretend, That from the worthy Monk he does descend. His Titles all that by his Birth he gains, While his base Life the noble Fountain stains, The General's is loft, the Sempstress Blood remains The Father England's Freedom did regain, The Son conspires t'enslave it once again. Him a true Soldier of the Age we fee, He has nor Courage, Sense, nor Honesty. A Needless Foil to th'Hero he succeeds, That dares not justify the Guards he leads. Lord! how the Tories will the City rout, While he the Horse, and Grafton leads the Foot. In their Sires steps the H -s have better grown Wh' entail'd it on his Line to cheat the Crown. Their Father was the Founder of that Ill, Which his two Sons are lab'ring to fulfil, Their Lordships stink of the old Lawyer still. The first to 7-s his prostrate Daughter wed, Then brought a barren Imp to C-his Bed. To equal him his pious Sons, at strife, One cheats the Husband, t'other robs the Wife. The first for Mu-ve's famous Cuckold known, Does the King's Bastards starve to keep his own.

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D-by's Farewel.

Arewel my Tom D—by, my Pimp & my Cheat, 'Twas for my own Ends I made you so great. he Plot is discover'd, our Mony's all spent, I leave you to hang, and my self to repent. ur Masters, the Commons, begin now to war, and swear they will either have you or my Whore, hen D—by forgive me, if I am forsworn, addleave you to die like a Traitor forlorn.

An Allufion.

When I frael first provok'd the living Lord,
He scourg'd their Sin with Famine, Plague
(and Sword;
ill they rebell'd; the God in's Wrath did fling
to Thunderbolt among them, but a King.
James-like King was Heav'ns severest Rod,
he utmost Vengeance of an angry God.
fod in his Wrath sent Saul to punish Jewry,
and James to England in a greater Fury:
or Saul in Sin was no more like our James,
than little Jordan can compare to Thames:

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The Prodigal.

THE Prodigal's return'd from Husks & Swin 1 Such was the first, and fo, great Ch-es, is think Who to his Sov'reign's Favour did aspire, From's wall'wing in the Town, and Wapping Mire. The fatted Calf! this for a Convert flew, But e'er this Prodigal does prove so too, Oats shall turn honest, Armstrong shall prove true. The House then fign'd his Pardon: Death attends Seal'd to ten thousand of thy dearest Friends. Swoln Afps and Adders on his Tongue do neft, E're long thou'lt find 'em crawl into thy Breaft. And that fly Snake which stung thy Brother's Heel, Him gnawing next within thy Heart thou'lt feel. Thy Counsellors shall fall, thy Judges bleed, And fefferys, doom'd before, shall now be flea'd By the num'rous Croud, & Monmonth at the Head. These were the noble Acts proclaim'd him Great, At ev'ry Hedg-Cabal, and City Treat. Well he deserves it: Let him be prefer'd The Captain of your Horse, and of your Guard. And he who 'gainst your Life with Knaves con-(fpir'd,

Be for your better Angel now admir'd.

(Reason, You once proclaim'd him Traytor! where's the If Traytors meet not the Reward of Treason? What fonduess to a Prodigal lost Fool, Should both your Justice, and the Laws o'er-rule! Declare what mighty Wonders he has done, That of a Rebel you adopt a Son. What

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What fignal Service has deferv'd this Grace?
What Narratives, what Legends ring his Praise?
This would to th' astonish'd World make some a-

Tho he declare the contrary to his Friends.
You tell of Wonders that he did confess:
Tell us what 'tis, we'll pay you in Address.
Address upon Address deserves one more,
And damn the Plot, and let the Whigs adore.
Then honest Men shall be in Plots insnar'd,
And Rumbold's Blunderbuss shall be your Guard.
You generously told us once before,
He was the Son of an anointed Whore.
This Truth you once were willing to declare,
And will you now exalt him in the Chair?
Make him your Son,he'll make himself your Heir.
This will record how sit you are to rule,
Great, Good, Wise Charles, outbanter'd by a Fool.

And what's become of all the Noise and Pother of Justice, Conscience, and our dearest Brother; of all the Loyal Youths his Int'rest own'd, If Heirs must be depos'd, and Rebels crown'd?

Augustus Treasons lov'd, and so do you; Will you with Julius hug the Traytor too? Once was he such; pray Heav'n he be'nt so still, Where Mischief's nurs'd to do some glorious Ill, Give him the Pow'r, he'll never want the Will.

Sooner expect the Tyger will be tam'd, Than once a Traytor ever be reclaim'd.

To

To be written under the Dutchess of Portsmouth's Picture.

H AD she but liv'd in Cleopatra's Age,
When Beauty did the Earth's great Lon
(engage;
Britain, not Egypt, had been glorious made,
Augustus then, like Julius, had obey'd.
A nobler Theme had been this Poet's Boast,
That all the World for Love had well been lost.

ANSWER.

OH that sh'had liv'd in Cleopatra's Age,
And not in Ours, to fill us all with Rage!
To see Great Britain thus by her betray'd,
And Ch—es, who once was great, a Beggar
(made.)

Of fuch a Theme no Poet fure will boaft, That would have stole the Pearl that then was lost

ANOTHER.

She of Septimius had nothing made,
Pompey alone had been by her betray'd.
Were she a Poet she would surely boast,
That all the World for Pearls had well been lost.

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SATIR.

Nhappy Island! what hard Fate ordains, That thou should'st change thy Liberty for Thou who to stubborn Nations once gav'st Law, And kept the jarring World in peaceful Awe; Holding that Ballance in thy steady Hand, By which the weaker does the strong withstand; From Goths and Vandals long in vain fet free, And now thy felf become a Colony, The Scots and Irish are reprized in thee. Starv'd Fugitives scatter'd by want abroad, Great Travellers for want of an Abode, All meet in Swarms in this unlucky Place. To lead our Armies, and our Counfels grace. While croaking Priests, and greedy Troops devour The faithful Land with facrilegious Pow'r. Prevailing Nonsense Reason over-rules, And Providence has giv'n us up to Fools. Fools did th' excluding of a Fool prevent, By a Rebellion Fools have Slav'ry fent, And Fools confirm it still in Parliament. Talbot supplies of Fools from Ireland sends, And Cla-don's return'd to make amends. The Fav'rite Brother wears th' Almighty Rod, Courted and prais'd by each created Toad, The Sorcerer repines to be a God. Pharaob and he these Plagues of Egypt bring, And fuch our Fate must be, while such our King. Conspiring Sun-land still saves the Tide, A Knave most useful to th' unjustest Side; And

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Ard does as fit an Instrument now prove
Of lawless Pow'r, as once adult'rous Love.
The little Chit does scarce deserve Rebuke,
That looks behind the Chair as if 'twould puke;
Beats time with Politick Head, and all approves,
Pleas'd with the Charge of the Queen's Must and
(Glove

Much fam'd in Youth for Poetry and Sense, By Jack Berkeley's early Correspondence. But who can our great Chancellor describe? The noisy Oracle of the Scarlet Tribe. Of James's Instruments the keenest Tool, The hettest, pertest, and the boldest Fool: Chose early, by himself design'd for Glory, Since Whig-Law yielded first to conqu'ring Tory: A mortal Enemy to fawcy Charters, Now less in fashion than the Book of Martyrs, Than sharp L'Estrange, a more admir'd Prater, Wittier on Bench than he in Observator. O for some skilful Painter now to draw The Western Triumph of avenging Law! When angry Justice with refistless Force, Not like a Stream, but Torrent stopt its course; Nor poorly bore a fingle Rebel down, In shoals the Wretches fell beneath his Frown. Kirk the poor Beaft did but for Hunger prey, And only hang'd a Rogue that could not pay : For Luxury the Wolf and Lion kill, And scarce take time to tafte the Blood they spill. Now, Fame, thy Trumpet found, thy Man of War/ Great Fever sham appears with his trium phant Star, To the Clouds bear him in thy Airy Chair. Let Oglethorp be pinion'd to his Wing, And as he tells the Tale, fo do thou fing His Courage, such as needs not Conduct's Aid, Conduct makes Generals but feem afraid. Thereke;

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Therefore he scorns much to be found prepar'd, And sent his Men to rest without a Guard. O but for that unluky Knock he gat By Block, too sympathetick to his Pate, When he his Brother Craven did aspire To equalize in vain in quenching Fire, Where might not James his conqu'ring Army lead? But Brains are some want in a General's Head.

Now Muse, let thy just Indignation cease,
Touch not the lowsy Vermin after these.
When such a Quarry does thy Vigor claim,
Scorn to descend to an ignoble Game.
Thus while the Huntsman eagerly in view
A soaming Boar of Lion does pursue,
Safe to their Holes the Fox and Badger creep,
And dare not look abroad, but stink and sleep.

Let honest Laureat now, whose pliant Rhymes With his Religion wait upon the Times, Rail at the Man who these bold Truths has told, And call him dull Phanatick, Whig and Scold; Franklyn, Lloyd, Sackville, and the meaner rout. Of little Underlings, that sit about, Pretend they know the Author by his Stile; I've eas'd my Mind, and will securely smile.

Follow'd now by Court and City I conferred with my firenge Diti Rethere Learned and the Witty

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A true and full Account of a late Conferent between the wonderful speaking Head and Father Godwyn, as 'twas relate by the Head's own Mouth to Dr. Fra zier.

That was once a humble Log, The pilling Post of ev'ry Rogue, And could hope for nothing high'r, Than to grace a Christmas Fire; From that Element did scape hard, By the favour of Fleet Shephard; Who being a Friend to th'Mathematicks, Does for Virtuoso's lay Tricks, And procur'd a Man of Art That gave me Voice articulate; Taught me Tongues the most difficile, To fing Sawney, laugh and whiftle. Follow'd now by Court and City, I confound with my strange Ditty Both the Learned and the Witty: And make all the Talk at Betty's, By the help of my Friend Peteis. For you Wits were always good, To all the Family of Wood; And before kept such a pother, With the groaning Board my Brother, Some Men think you knew our Mother. And I hope both you and they, Sir, Will favour me, sweet Dr. Frazier:

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but help me for one Jest, t me alone for all the reft. r my wondrous Voices found much admir'd by the Bean Monde, Tho to me pay more Devotion han to pretty Punches Motion. any a Lady, bright and fine, lys her Cherry Lips to mine, nd without offence I fmack her, ill we rub off all our Lacker. Vith that Sex I more prevail, han any Head that wants a Tail; he King fent for me by Coz Timber, s kind as if I'ad been a Member; nd found me an obedient Head, hat did agree with all he faid: Which being strange pleas'd him so much, le wish'd that all the House were such; nd that 'twould much advance the Caufe, fuch Noddles could make Laws. his indeed is mighty Comfort; ut alas! I am paid home for't. uly Priests with their disputing, eas'ning, arguing and confuting, Vho with Charms Ecclefiastick an make good Catholick of a Stick, torment and plague me more han without Ears I ever bore. lay I be a Block again, To avoid this noify Train, odnyn th'other night did come, If I lie, may I be dumb, r may a Plague I wish my Foes, Vil Richard's Breath into my Nose) and brought a Letter figned S. P. hat he might privately confer with me: Do

But bid him fit down on my Bench:
And fince he had so good a Warrant,
Blow in my Mouth, and tell his Errant.
Says he, I Missionary come,

I at the Challenge did not flinch,

Ad Partes Infidelium.

And for your Faith it can't be good That springs from Shephard and hard Wood I to all Blockheads am the Legate, And do gain some in spite of Clegate. They alone our Bus'ness must do, Who 've not a grain of sense to trust to. 'Tis not my Province to confute Those that think, and can dispute. And here we need not fuch Expences. Since our Notions suit our Senses: Nothing is so apt and fit For our Doctrine as your Wit: And he is most our Enemy, Who is most remov'd from thee. O happy Offspring of the Maple! To praise thee enough I am not able. Ah! what Comfort doft thou flew Men, In this lucky Faces Omen! Times will come again I fee, When England shall adore a Tree; When Oracles old Jests shall utter, Wafers bleed, and Flints sweat Butter. If in Mother Church you flood, You'd do Wonders like the Rood; In her facred Bosom foster'd, What might we hope from fuch a Cofterd? You might alone convert the Nation, Since you speak by Inspiration. While thus he foam'd with holy Rage, Bradbury with pale Vifage

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bring my late Conveyance home,
me by chance into the Room:
d look'd on him as well as me,
e Ghost of little Shaftshury.
e frighted Priest let fall the Matter,
d headlong down the Stairs did clatter;
r could sustain in any Place,
e Terrors of that hated Face.
n this Deliv'rance bless'd
t in my Box, and went to rest.

A New Ballad.

To the Tune of Trenchmore.

What do Members now ail,
To the King to turn Tail,
or in Loyalty more to persevere?
With them lies the blame,
For he's still the same,
and as he is like to be ever.

'Tis a kind of gainfaying
To Passive Obeying,
to be govern'd by your own Senses:
The King does no more
Than you did before,
When with the use of those he dispenses.

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With a new turn'd Devotion
They quit their Promotion;
They flighted Laws, now they adore 'em;
'Cause the Test makes' em swear
The Bread is still there,
Since they think they see it before 'em.

The religiously wise
With the Church should advise,
Not with Canterbury, or with Pauls:
For no Trick can stir 'em,
Since Chester and Durham
Are standing Councils for Souls.

For Temporal Grudges
Repair to the Judges,
There's nothing to them a hard Motion:
Could they have been scar'd
With a Question too hard,
Their Lordships had lost their Promotion.

6.

But why should John Moor
See more than before?
Strange Scruples! at which he grows troubled:
And what does bewitch
Our Loyal Sh'riff Rich,
By Conscience now to be bubbled?

led :

But yet by good hap
There's Moses in Gap,
to has compass'd that which may please you:
Smart Craven's Address
Has found strange success,
d the Protestants they shall have ease too.

Naval shall be free
As Nature should be;
ere is granted a large Commission,
With a full good Intent,
It comes beyond Trent
om the Generous Inquisition.

To Mr. Julian.

Not mov'd by Envy, Malice, or by Spite; tpleas'd with th' empty Names of Wit or Sense, to merely to supply thy want of Pence. his did inspire my Muse, when out at Heel, as her needy Secretary reel; riev'd that a Man so useful to the Age, would foot it in so mean an Equipage. crying Scandal! that the Fees of Sense, would not be able to support th' Expence a poor Scribe, who never thought of Wants, when able to procure a Cup of Nants. It Dulness sits at Helm, and in this Age overns our Pulpits, Councils, and the Stage.

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Here a dull Counsellor ador'd we see : And there a Poet duller yet than he, With beardless Bishop, dullest of the three. 'Tis dangerous to think .-For who by thinking tempts his jealous Fate, Is strait arraign'd as Traytor to the State. And none that come within the Verge of Senfe Have to Preferment now the least pretence. Nay Poets, guilty of that Treason prov'd. Are by a general His from Court remov'd. Shake spear himself revived, finds no success. And living Authors fure must hope for less. Since Dullness then finds more success than Wit This Poem, Julian, cannot chuse but hit. But for thy Profit Julian, have a care Of prying Poulteny, and of Bully Carr: In them there's Danger, for the one does write With the same Prowess, th' other us'd to fight

Next florid Huntingdon and civil Grey,
Who knew his Grace was gone, but not which we'Twere needless here, and tedious too to name All that are envious of poor Poets Fame:
Consult thy facred Volume, and thou 'It find, Some who to Reverend Dulness have been kind:
To those obsequious cringe with humble Bow,
With Court-like Scrapes, and with submissive Browsince from their num'rous Party thou mayst hope More than Prance, Oates or Bedlow from the Pope Thirsis has gain'd Preferment by a Song,
While Hudibras does starve among the Throng,
Nav. minion Shadwell cannot hold out long.

There lives a Lord, a Noble Peer is he, Whose Conscience is as pliant as his Knee; Whose easy Temper, by good Nature mov'd,

Does make him univerfally belov'd.

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once pretended to a share of sense; for that Infolence and bold Offence, e Council wifely banish'd him from thence. finding those Pretences ominous, rown at length as duil as one of us. make thy Friend, and if that Method fail, pare thee in these following Terms to rail. May Hewer's Billets-deux fuccessful prove, empting of her little Grace to Love: Anglesey think Bribery a Sin; Countess pull it out when 't's once put in: y Arlington his little Brat despise, the no more the Name of Dutchess prize, y puzzling Howard live by Poetry, d Cleaveland die for want of Leachery: Monmouth quit his Int'rest in the Crown. "Howard never grin, and Nelly never frown: Betty Mackrel cease to be a Whore, d Villain Frank kiss Mazarin no more.

To the Tune of Joan Sander son.

e Cushion Dance at White-Hall by way of Masquerade.—

er Godfrey Aldworth, follow'd by the King and Duke Hand in Hand.

THE Trick of Trimming is a fine Trick,
And shall we go try it once again?
The Plot will it no farther go.

I pray thee wife Brother, why fay you so?

Duke.

Duke. Because the Bastard will not come to.

King. He must come to, and he shall come to, And he must come whether he will or no.

Chorus. Enter the Duke of Monmouth out at he Welcome thou Rebel's Son, Welcome,

Enter the Duke of Grafton looking wifely, to Duke of Richmond with the Keys of the Muse, Grace of Albermarle with his Commission, Sidwith his Pardon, they dance the Hay;—Alberma falls asleep, Richmond gets to's Book, Grafton looking a fool, and Sidney lets a fart.

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Satyr.

Mong the Race of England's modern Peers, There's one whose Looks betray his lend Whom early Nature for all Ill did frame, (Year And time encreas'd not faster than his Fame: Unheard of Vices were his study'd Care, Th' effects of which his rotten Ruins were. (drud His fight's a Terror to the boldest Punk, Who shuns him more than Pembroke when k But tho to Pox and Impotence confin'd, His Body's less corrupted than his Mind. Both Politick and Hero he'd be thought, By James's Ruin he has Judgment bought, And Epsom-Hedge can witness how he fought. To a Soul so mean ev'n Shadwell is a Stranger; Nay, little Sid, it seems, less values danger. The most hen-hearted Wretches of the Age, Who ne'er durst give offence, but on the Stage to,

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But on fuch Trash my time were ill bestow'd. hose Hackney Cowards in the Common Road. he Man, whose Character I would relate, om Infamy defin'd divines his Fate. is France can tell where he the Broil began, ngag'd his Friend, and then away he ran. his is that worship'd Idol, who with's Pen etracts the best of Monarchs, best of Men: Those Libels wholly tend to move Sedition, ike those good Men, who now adays petition? alshood and Knavery his Morals guide. Stain to Honour, and a Slave to Pride: et courts and flatters you in ev'ry place, nd all the while designing your Disgrace; he most fantastick of all Fools i'th' Nation. dustrious only to be out of Fashion, Which he affects from tawny A -- Ahat tawdry, impudent, infipid Baron, Who to be Fop Supream does drudge and labour. nd whom on Earth nothing can match but Baber le of the Two's the more Authentick Ass. s witness his translating Hudibras; and prating still of Poetry and Writing. a which he just succeeds as in his Fighting. But besides these there is another fort. afects the Coffee-House, as these haunt the Court fort of Raskals, in whose tainted veins the Blood of their rebellious Fathers reigns: And Broods of creeping Rogues of mungril Races Whose Principles are fatal as their Faces. uch abject Animals! one would forefwear Iv'n witty Men to find fuch Vermin there: Villains that Faction daily do foment, And practife to defame the Government: Assembling their Cabal, at whose discretion The Royal Line must prostrate the Succession. What

What Times we live in, when such Beasts as Ch The Whartons, Jepson, and that Blockhead Won The Ashes, Bradbury, and mad Sir John, Blunt, Mar (hal, St. John, Spicer, Ireton, Merry, and Cuckold Smithsby, Harris, Cope. The Patron of the Faction-burning Pope: Chase, Lower, Negus, Tizard, all the Shrubs Of Kings-head, Dragon, and of Afhley Clubs When Infects, fuch as thefe, from Filth begun, Thy Peace diffurb, and flight thy milder Sun; Shine out great Cafar, let thy glorious Heat Declare thee pow'rful, as thou'rt truly Great. Disperse those sawcy Flies, that tempt thy Flame At nothing less than thy Destruction aim. To Mon_th, Sh __ry, and Maxfield bring The just Resentments of an injur'd King. Call homethy banish'd Brother, by whose Hand, Being Lord o'th' Sea, thou'rt King again at Land Let that wrong'd Prince enjoy his antient Right, The Sailor's Genius, and their God in Fight. Then shall the Navy stretch its joyful Wings, While ev'ry Muse of Britain's Triumph sings. The French no more shall dare our Ships despite, But Homage pay where e'er thy Standard flies. All honest Men with Signs of Joy shall greet This prosp'rous Leader, and thy matchles Fleet Whose happy Conduct shall again restore Those Wreaths of Glory which our Fathers work Then Knaves and Plotters shall be publick made, And we no more of Perjuries afraid. The Nations all throughout will then proclaim Th'Injustice done to his Illustrious Name. And thou, great King, rejoice above the rest, With fuch a Subject, and a Brother bleft.

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The Answer.

Mong the writing Race of Modern Wits: Blest be his Pen, whoe'er it be, that with Numbers fost the Politick Petition, Name of all the honest Men o'th' Nation. hing for Parliaments deserves rebuke. good Men now a-days wish for the Duke. The first, whose Character I would relate, want of Wit and Fashion finds his Fate; ere's not so false, so infamous a thing, leud a Wretch in Court, God bless the King. Pox and Impotence much more confin'd, gravely politick, and no more refin'd. Heart less Honesty, in's Bones more driness fuch another Hero as his Highness. dthis lewd Wretch but his deserved Fall, t then and Truth might flourish at Whieehall? Lauderdale's as honest, as well-featur'd. little treacherous as he's ill-natur'd. Igrave's a Pattern of Humility, sweet Deportment, and of Cavalry. epplotting Plymouth is the Nation's Glory; d sprightly Grafton deeply read in Story: eir Wit and pretty Morals speak 'em plain; ung from the best of Monarchs, best of Men. friffin's a dainty thing, would he but dance, d Sun-land's a very Scourge to France. Youthful St. Al-ns, fam'd for Piety, dhumble N .-- port for kind Courtefy. for Stratagems in War, there's Albemarle, mer's not fitter for a General. Yes

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Yet when all's done, there's no Man can compa For Carriage, Youth, and Beauty, with Sir Can But besides these there is another fort,

Adorns the Coffee-House, as these grace the Co A Race of high-born Heroes, in whose Veins The Blood of their illustrious Fathers reigns

There's great Sir George, who never cheats at Hates lying much, and scorns to run away; Abhors to flatter, and is shy to lend His healty Mistress to his wealthy Friend.

By his Discourse Lumley gives great Diverson. But he's most famous for his true Conversion.

Good-humour'd Sackville, once a Senator, With his Crevat-string keeps but little stir, Has a bewitching Face, and that's a Blessing, For those that have it need not mind their

'I were labour lost, after these three, to me Honest Frank Newport, & well-shap'd He'ningh Musician Pack, Fox, Lucy, Hastings, Frazier, Sarab's Charles Deering, saithful Barry's Park Matthews and Courtney, by whose Swords and Brour Cæsar wisely and discreetly reigns, Spite of those sawcy Flies, who tempt his Flat Daring their Cares and Liberties to name: Insamous Rascals, by a double Brand, For they all hate the Pope, and some have Land And Land was ever held the greatest Slander, By gentle Poet, and by small Commander.

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nce all the Actions of the far-fam'd Men Of Athens, Rome, and Sparta, by the Pen Learned Plutarch are distinctly known, which he is unequal'd in Renown : ny may not I, by his Success inspir'd, ad in his Steps, and be as much admir'd? Heroes are unquestionably brave, e Valour to o'ercome, and Mercy have to fave. Birth and Quality they yield to none, uld they from Jove descend to fill a Throne. who is ignorant throughout the Land famous Bedloe, or the more fam'd Southerland? eantient Britain's proud to own the one, d fertile Scotland from the Frozen Zone claims she's prouder of her Hero's birth, an were the Mistress of the whole known Earth. ele Heroes both did for the Wars prepare, France and Flanders both reap'd equal Share Glory and Renown .---But hold! before my Muse leads me too far, f their Education must declare. bey are alike in the Laconick Law, tdly bred up to want, and lie in Straw. hele hopeful Youths their breeding underwent ith Constancy, and fasted with Content. tas in Sparta by Lycurgus Rule, be Youths had nought to eat but what they stole, who was caught was punish'd for the Fool: Mey in unknown Paths their Lives did lead, nd for their bare Subfistance stole their Bread. In

In equal Ballance yet hung their Renown, But now the British Hero I must own; Must vale his Bonnet to the nobler Scot, And in a f Naskin mourn his fatal Lot. While Industry and want of Clothes conspir'd, To make our Northern Hero more admir'd. Whate'er he undertook, prov'd fortunate, He often stole, but never yet was caught. With Art he'd lift a Shop, could file a Cly, Or give a Coach the Ambiguity. And that his Vertues you may throughly know, By what unpractis'd Ways he stole, and how; Upon the lofty Walls of Lincolns-Inn, Coming from Holborn, I have often feen A Tongs, which closely lay at the command Of this our Hero's most unerring hand: And when a flutt'ring Spark did walk that way, It did its Master tenderly obey. And fnapt the Hat and Perriwig for a Prey. Or when a gentle Cully he did fpy, Equip me with a George, he strait wou'd cry, Or d-mee, Sir, I'll clap you thro the Thigh. Thus with a thousand ways that I could name, By which he earn'd his Bread, and purchas'd Fam He does at last most splendidly resort Unto his proper Sphere, the glorious Court; Where without Envy at the Helm he'll fit, Advanc'd as much for's Beauty, as his Wit: Yet can't forget his old delightful way, But must cry,-Jack, what have you stole to day?

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A Letter from the Duke of M_ to the King.

Ifgrac'd, undone, forlorn, made Fortune's (Sport. anish'd your Kingdom first, and then your Court; ut of my Places turn'd, and out of doors, nd made the meanest of your Sons of Whores; The Scene of Laughter, and the common Chats f your falt Bitches, and your other Brats; orc'd to a private Life, to whore and drink. o my post Grandeur, and my Follies think. Vould I had been the Brat of fome mean Drab. Whom Fear or Chance had caus'd to choak or fab. ather than be the Issue of a King, nd by him made fo wretched, fcorn'd a thing. low little cause has Mankind to be proud of Noble Birth, the Idol of the Crowd? lavel abroad in Battels Honour won, To be at home dishonourably undone? lark'd with a Star and Garter, and made fine With all those gawdy Trisles, once call'd mine; Your Hobby-Horses, and your Joys of State, And now become the Object of your Hate; But, d—ee, Sir, I'll be Legitimate. was your Darling, but against your Will; And know that I will be the Peoples still. and when you're dead, I and my Friends the Rout Will with my Popish Uncle try a Bout; and to my Trobles this one Comfort bring Next after you, by -, I will be King.

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The King's Answer.

INgrateful Boy! I will not call thee Son, Thou hast thy felf unhappily undone; And thy Complaints ferve but to show thee more How much thou haft enrag'd thy Father's Whore Refent it not, shake not thy addle Head, And be no more by Clubs and Rascals led. Have I made thee the Darling of my Joys, The prettieft and the luftieft of my Boys? Have I so oft fent thee with Cost to France, To take new Dreffes up, and learn to dance? Have I giv'n thee a Ribbond and a Star, And fent thee like a Meteor to the War? Have I done all that Royal Dad could do, And do you threaten now to be untrue? But fay I did with thy fond Mother sport, To the same Kindness others had resort; Twas my good Nature, and I meant her Fame, To shelter thee under my Royal Name. Alas! I never got one Brat alone, My Mistresses are by each Fop well known, And I still willing all their Brats to own. I made thee once, 'tis true, the Post of Grace, And fluck upon thee every mighty Place. Each glitt'ring Office, till thy heavy Brow Grew dull with Honour, and my Pow'r low. I spangled thee with Favours, hung thy Nose With Rings of Gold and Pearl, till all grew For By fecret Envy at thy growing State, I lost my Safety when I made thee Great.

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here's not the least Injustice to you shewn,
ou must be ruin'd to secure my Throne.

ffice is but a fickle Grace, the Badg
estow'd by fits, and snatch'd away in Rage.
Ind sure that Livery which I give my Slaves,
may take from 'em when my Portsmouth raves.
hou art a Creature of my own Creation,
hen swallow this without Capitulation.
you with feigned Wrongs still keep a clutter,
and make the People for your sake to mutter;
or my own Comfort, but your Trouble know,
—fish, I'll send you to the Shades below.

he Ghost of honest Tom Ross, to his
Pupil the Duke of M---mouth.

Hame of my Life! disturber of my Tomb! Base from thy Mother's prostituted Womb! luffing to Cowards, fawning to the Brave, To Knaves a Fool, to credulous Fools a Knave, The King's Betrayer, and the Popular Slave. ike Samuel at the Negromantick Call, rise to tell thee, God has left thee, Saul. strive in vain thy infected Blood to cure, treams will run muddy when the Spring's impure. nall your prosp'rous Life we plainly see old Taff's invincible Sobriety. The place of Master of the Horse, and Spy, ou, like Tom Howard, did at once supply. from Sydney's Blood your Loyalty did spring, ou shew us all your Fathers, but the King; rom whose too tender, and too bounteous Arms, Unhappy he whom such a Viper warms)

As dutiful a Subject as a Son, To your true Parents, the whole Town, you run Read, if you can, how th'old Apostate fell. Outdo his Pride, and merit more than Hell. Both he and you were gloriously bright, The first and fairest of the Sons of Light. But when, like you, he offer'd at the Crown, Like him, your angry Father kick'd you down.

A Poem on the Bishops throwing out the Bill of Exclusion.

HE grave House of Commons, by hook or by (crook Refolv'd to root out both the Pope and the Duke Let them Vote, let them Move, let them do what (they will The Bishops, the Bishops have thrown out the Bil

There was Hereford, Winnington, Hamden & Bird Did verily think to establish the Church : But now they do find it's past all their skill, For the Bishops, the Bishops have thrown out the Bishops

Sir William endeavour'd, as much as he could, To shew that the Bill was for the Duke's Good, For that difinherits the Man we would kill. The Bishops, &c.

Paul Wharton that stood behind Sir Richard Carp To confront, as he thought, the Plenipotentiary; Little thought, when he rudely had bawl'd out he That the Bishops, &c. There's

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There is little Reason the dull six and twenty shou'd oppose the whole Nemine Contradicente, And what they bring forth in its Insancy kill; For the Bishops, &c.

The wife Earl of Shafishury, Monmouth and Grey, Lord Essex, Lord Howard, Lords & catera, Tho they have drawn in the Lord Privy Seal, Yet the Bishops, &c.

Old Rowley was there to follicit the Cause, Against his own Life, the Church, and the Laws; Yet he might have liv'd safely against his own Will, Had the Bishops, the Bps, not thrown out the Bill.

His Highness for fear to Scotland is gone,
The Cov'nant to take, and be crowned at Scoon;
But now he may e'en come home if he will,
For the Bishops, &c.

Had he known this before, or some of the Gang, He had sav'd his Guineas to Sir John Whitwang, And might at St. James's have plotted his fill; For the Bishops, &c.

Had not Bishops been suffer'd in the H. for to sit, He had been like his Grandfather Jemmy beshit; But now he's as safe as a Thief in a Mill, For the Bishops, &c.

The best of Expedients the Law can propose, Our Church to preserve, and quiet our Foes, Is not to let Lawn-sleeves our Parliament fill, But throw out the Bishops that threw out the Bill.

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A Familiar Epistle to Mr. Julian, Secrecretary to the Muses.

Hou Common-shore of this Poetick Town, Where all our Excrements of Wit are thrown: For Sonnet, Satyr, Bawdry, Blasphemy Are empty'd and disburden'd all on thee. The cholerick Wight untrusting in a Rage, Finds thee, and leaves his Load upon thy Page. Thou Julian! O thou wife Vespasian rather, (ther. Dost from this Dung thy well-pick'd Guineas ga-All Mischief's thine; transcribing thou wilt stoop From lofty Middlefex to lowly Scroop. What times are these? when in that Hero's room Bow-bending Cupid does with Ballads come, And little Afton offers to the B ---. Can two fuch Pygmies fuch a Weight support? Two fuch Tom-Thumbs of Satyr in a Court? Poor George grows old, his Muse worn out of

Hoarsly she sings Ephelia's Lamentation.
Less art thou help'd from Dryden's Bedrid Age,
That Drone has lest his Sting upon the Stage.
Resolve me, poor Apostate, this main Doubt;
What hope hast thou to rub this Winter out?
Know and be thankful then, for Providence
By me has fent thee this Intelligence.

A Knight there is, if thou canst gain his Grace, Known by the Name of the hard-favour'd Face. For Prowess of his Pen renown'd is he, From Dan Quixore descended lineally:

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And tho, like him, unfortunate he prove, Undaunted in Attempts of Wit and Love; Of his unfinish'd Face what shall I fay, But that 'twas made of Adam's own red Clay? That much, much Ocre was on it bestow'd: God's Image 'tis not, but some Indian God. Our Christian Earth can no Resemblance bring But Ware of Portugal for such a thing. Such Carbuncles his fiery Cheeks confess, As no Hungarian Water can redress. A Face, which could he fee (but Heav'n was kind, And to indulge his Self-love made him blind) He durst not stir abroad for fear to meet Curses of teeming Women in the Street. The best could happen from that hideous fight, ? Is that they should miscarry with the Fright, Heav'n guard 'em from the Likeness of the Knight. Such is our charming Strephon's outward Man. His inward Parts let those describe who can: But by his Monthly Flow'rs discharg'd abroad; 'Tis full, brim full of Past'ral and Ode. One while he honour'd Birtha with his Flame, And now he chaunts no less Lovisa's Name. For when his Passion has been bubbling long, The Scum at last boils up into a Song. And fure no Mortal Creature at one time Was e'er fo far begon with Love and Rhyme. To his dear felf of Poetry he talks, His Hand and Feet are scanning as he walks. His squeezing Looks, his Pangs of Wit accuse The very Symptoms of a breeding Muse; And all to gain the great Lovisa Grace: But never Pen did pimp for tuch a Face. There's not a Nymph in City, Town or Court, But Strephon's Billets-deux have been her Sport.

And

Still he loves on, yet still as sure to miss. As he that was an Æthiop's Face or his. What Fate unhappy Strephon does attend, Never to get a Mistress or a Friend? Strephon both Wits and Fools alike detest, Because, like Æsop's Bat, half, Bird half Beast, For Fools to Poetry have no pretence, And common Wit supposes common Sense. Not quite so low as Fool, nor quite a Top, He hangs between 'em both and is a Fop. His Morals, like his Wit, are motley too, He keeps from Arrant Knave with much ado. But Vanity and Lying so prevail, That one Grain more of each would turn the

He would be more a Villain had he time;
But he's fo wholly taken up with Rhyme,
That he mistakes his Talent: All his care
Is to be thought a Poet fine and fair.
Small-Beer and Grewel are his Meat and Drink,
The Diet he prescribes himself to think.
Rhyme next his Heart he takes at Morning-peep,
Some Love-Epistle at the hour of Sleep.
So between Elegy and Ode we see,
Strephon is in a course of Poetry.

This is the Man ordain'd to do thee good, The Pelican to feed thee with his Blood. Thy Wit, thy Poet, nay, thy Friend; for he Is fit to be a Friend to none but thee. Make fure of him, and of his Muse betimes, For all his Study is hung round with Rhymes. Laugh at him, justle him, yet still he writes, In Rhyme he challenges, in Rhyme he sights. Charg'd with the last and basest Insamy, His bus'ness is to think what rhymes to Lee.

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Which found, in Fury he retorts again, trephon's a very Dragon at his Pen.

His Brother's murder'd, and his Mother whor'd, His Mistress lost, and yet his Pen's his Sword.

The Statesman's Almanack.

Being an excellent new Ballad, in which the Qualities of each Month are confider'd; whereby it appears that a Parliament cannot meet in any of the old Months: With a Proposal for mending the Calendar, humbly offer'd to the Packers of the next Parliament.

othe Tune of, Cold and Raw the Wind did blow.

THE Talk up and down
In Country and Town
Has been long of a Parliament's fitting;
But we'll make it clear
Ne'er a Month in the Year
Is proper for fuch a Meeting.

The Judges declare it,
The Ministers swear it,
But the Town as a Tale receives it;

Let

Let them fay what they can, There is ne'er a Man Except God's Vicegerent believes it.

If the Criticks in spite of Our Arguments slight,

And think them too light for the matter,

It has been often known

That Men on a Throne

Have arraign'd the whole Realm with no bette

For in times of old
When Kings were less bold,
And made for their Faults some Excuses;
Such Topicks as these
The Commons to please
Did serve for most excellent uses.

Either Christmas comes on,
Or Harvest's begun,
And all must repair to their Station,
'Twas too dry or too wet
For the Houses to set,
And Hey for a Prorogation.

Then Sir, if you please,
With such Reasons as these
Let's see how each Moon's appointed:
For sure it most strange is,
That in all her Changes
She savours not God's Anointed.

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The first is too cold For Popery to hold,

Since Southern Climes do improve it :

And therefore in Frost
'Tis odds but it's lost,
If they offer for to remove it.

February.

The next do's betide, Tho then the King died,

Ill luck, and they must not be tamp'ring:
For hadn't Providence quick
Cool'd his Head in the nick,
Fore Gad they were all a scamp'ring.

March.

The Month of old Rome
Has an Omen with some;
But the sleeping Wind then knows,
And trusts not the Croud
When Storms are so loud,
Lest th'Air infects the House.

April.

In this by mishap

Southesk had a Clap,
Which pepper'd our Gracious Master:
And therefore in Spring
He must physick his Thing,
And venture no new Disaster.

May.

This Month is too good,
And too lusty his Blood
To be for business at leisure.
With his Confessor's leave
Honest Bridget may give
The Fumbler Royal his Pleasure.

M

Tune.

The Brains of the State
Have been hot of late,

They have manag'd all business in Rapture:
And to call Us in June
Is to the same Tune,
To be mad to the end of the Chapter.

Fuly.

This Season was made
For the Camp and Parade,
When with the Expence of his Treasure,
With much Sweat and Pains
Discreetly he trains
Such Men as will break all his Measures.

August.

This Month did advance
Their Projects in France,
As Bartholomew remembers;
But alas they want Force
To take the same course
With our Heretical Members.

September.

They cannot now meet,
For the Progress was set,
And they find it a scurvy fashion,
To ride, and to ride,
To be snub'd and deny'd
By ev'ry good Man in the Nation.

October.

Now Hunting comes in,
That License to sin,
That do's with a Cloak befriend him.
But if the Queen knows
How at Grahams he blows,
His Divine Right cannot defend him.

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November.

November might do
For ought that we know,
But that the K. promis'd by Chancellor?
And his Word before
Was pawn'd for much more
Than e'er,'twill be able to answer.

December.

The last of the Year
Resemblance do's bear
To their Hopes and their Fortune declining:
Ne'er hope for Success,
Day grows less and less,
And the Sun once so high has done shining.

EPILOGUE.

YE Gyphes of Rome
That run up and down;
And with Miracles the People cozen;
By the help of some Saint
Get the Month which you want,
And make up a Baker's Dozen.

You fee the old Year
Won't help you 'tis clear;
And therefore to fave your Honour,
Get a new Sun and Moon,
And the Work may be done,
And 'fore George it will never be fooner.

The Dissolution.

Heav'ns! we now have Signs below, To let us our Destruction know. Eclipses, bearded Stars that range, Are needless to presage our Change. When Monarch frowns upon the Wife, And glibly swallows Romish Lies: When Demonstration can't convince A deaf and unbelieving Prince: When King, by evil Counsel led, Crushes the Trunk to rear the Head; And does the Members fiercely fever, To make 'em calmly come together: When Popery at Helm shall ride, And Ignorance our Counfels guide: When compounded of Ambition, And the Wrath of Inquisition; Whom by the heat of Heart and Tongue, You'd guess a Lump of Pigeons Dung; And by fierce Deeds rash and amis, You'd think his Blood the Spirit of Pis: When he, the stubborn Charioteer, Takes his full uncheck'd Carier; While Brother, thoughtless of his Crown, Upon fost Carcase lays him down; When he's Postilion to the Throne, And on the Royal Lumber drives, Protestants, defend your Lives. What can the Issue of this be, But loss of Subjects Liberty?

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When Presidents of Church and Steeple, ote for the Treasurer 'gainst the People: nd Holy Church, that should not savour f Carnal Fear, or Princes Favour, afely complies with Popish Leav'n, gainst their Consciences and Heav'n: worst of Fates! on our side. he Clergy now from State divide. Then Crown Revenues by Bribes are wasted. nd on vile Pensioners exhausted; Then honest Men receive Disgrace. urn'd out of Office, and of Place, nd Pow'r beckons from the Throne, o let the Nation stand alone; hinks of new Ways for new Supplies, nd damns the Parliament as Spies: rorogues, and then dissolves their Heats, nd gives no time to try Court-Cheats: that can we think of these Delusions. ut loss of Safety, and Confusions? Then King to Commons makes fine Speeches, nd draws his Reasons from his Breeches: Vhen Whores make Monarchs drunk, and rule yth'idle Grants of a dipp'd Fool: nd Dissolution may be said h' Effect of Staggers in the Head; nd Government is a Disease, ade up of Vice and sensual Ease: Then Bestial King, to's Heart's Content, icks Bordeaux from the Fundament: hen Cavalier in publick, wars gainst the bubbled Governors, nd fwears, he'll not Affistance bring o a lascivious lazy King, shom Whores to various Minds do draw, uling by Leachery, not Law; Who

When

Who does his Pimps, not Statesmen trust, Spending his Brains upon his Luft. When things are thus perverly fowing, Poor Ninive is furely going. When French runs thro the Prince's Veins, And he by theirs, not our Laws reigns : When French creeps into Royal Bed, First charming Codpiece, then the Head : When Female Buttocks dictate thus, Good Lord! what will become of us? Is there no end of Monarch's Itch, That lolls upon a fulfom Bitch? And fwears upon her nafty Skin, He'll let the Mass of French Troops in ; Assigns his Crown and Regal Pow'r To be dispos'd of by a Whore. Beware, unthinking Ch-es, beware, Consider, and begin to fear: For Pope and Lewis are untrue, Whatever James declares to you. He's warranted by Holy Mother, To fham and gull his elder Brother. When he's to work you to delign, At first he'll soak you well with Wine: And then to your incestuous Eyes He'll shew again her Highness Thighs; She may expose on Church-Occasion, Her Popish A — to the whole Nation. Zeal wipes away all Impudence, And greater Crimes are Innocence: When for the Churches Good intended, And thus her Highnels Faults are mended, And Catholick Modelty befriended. This was a good Attempt at first, Shews the ne'er bathfully was nurft;

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ut either liv'd 'mong Shamble-Crews, rought up in some Italian Stews, Dutchess in our Country known, common Strumpet in her own.

From Dukes that are but little better, rom a Whore by Nation and by Nature, rom Kings that reign by their direction, and Subjects guide by Devil's Protection, rom a sows'd Pilot at the Helm, soud Lord deliver this poor Realm.

In Ironical Encomium on the unparallel'd Proceedings of the Incomparable Couple of Whiggish Walloons.

O on brave Hero's, you whose Merits claim I Eternal Plaudit from the Trump of Fame, Beyond the daring Hector that aspir'd To leave a Name, when he the Temple fir'd, for after Ages; and let nothing paul Your well fixt Resolutions; not the all The Seas were heap'd on Seas, and Hills on Hills: mall are fecur'd by doing greater Ills. Go on, and may your tow'ring Deeds outshine The high Atchievements of blest Catiline. And let the Echo's of your Acts by all Be heard as loud as those were at Guildball. What shall a puny Patriot baulk your Flight, And formal Fops your dawning Days benight? shall Laws confine, or Lawyers you withstand, That have both Law and Lawyers in your Hand?

Shall

Shall guilded Chains befnackle you with Fears? Tear, tear their Gowns & Chains from off their Ears And hang their Worships in them: let the Curs Re swing'd in Scarlet, and go rot in Furs. Damn'em for Dogs to put fuch Worthys by, Just i'th' Nick of our Tranquillity; Just as the Saints with 40000 Men Were furnisht for a Holy War again, Rally once more, and cry them in the Croud. The Mobile's your own; give out aloud For Reformation, and the Town's your own. Else Liberty and Property are gone. Cefar's abroad, go feize the Senate, do; And if he comes, faith feize brave Cefar too. Let nothing be too facred for your Arms, (Love and Revenge are never fill'd by Charms:) By greatest Acts your greatest Glory gather, And he's no more Immortal than his Father. Serve him as Brutus did, and in his Room Put up young Perkin, now the time is come That Ten may chase a Thousand; now or never, Lose but this time and you are lost for ever. A Deed more bold than Blood's, more brave that That slily sneak'd to steal a Diadem. (them For fure that Soul deserves much more Renown, That kills a King, than he that takes his Crown The Ides of March are past, and Gadbury Proclaims a downfal of our Monarchy; Who faw the last Conjunction did portend, That Crowns and Kingdoms tumble to their End. A Commonwealth shall rife and splendid grow, As now predicted by the wife T. -- O. Who can foretel, forestal, forswear, foresee, Thro an Inch-Board, or thro an Oaken Tree; Whose Opticks o'er the Mighty Main have gone, And brought Destruction on the Great Don John.

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tus whose Skill in Swearing doth excel he monstrous Monarch Radamanth of Hell, nd fent more Souls to their untimely Grave, han the destroying Angels lately have: walking Plague, a breathing Pestilence, Cockatrice that kills a Mile from thence. on brave Sirs, the gaping Crouds attend, (fend. hey watch the Word, the Saints their Thimbles he Cushion's cuff'd, the Trumpet founds to War, ur dying Hopes in you revived are; he People's choice, with you they'l live and dy, he Guardian Angels of their Sanctuary. he Groans are grievous, and the Hauks and Hums. nd Pulpits rattle too like Kettle drums. he Sisters Inivel, and their Bodkins melt; hey're grop't in darkness, and in pleasure felt. lore than in Pharaob's time the Souls are fick. nd cry for Light; alass, the Candlestick quite remov'd; Oh! they're loft, they're gone, hey fee that Whore, the Baud of Babylon, just approaching; Oh! the Popish Jade Vill tear away their Teachers and their Trade. Call a Cabal for Resolution hearty. he bleffed Brethren of the fober Party. et Segla's Ghost inform you in the Fact, ouzehim to Earth; and in this glorious Act onfult with Pluto, let Old Noll ascend, nd if't be possible the new made Friend. ur much miss'd Oracle let Owen know, he Devil's here as well as those below; nd speed for Bethel, bid him not defer, fell him we want an Executioner: or Royal Blood's in chase, and none but he oact the Villain in a Tragedy. he Rogue will leap for Joy, such News admire, he Son's as fweet as was his facred Sire;

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For he's a raving Nimred will not start To bath his Hands in such a Royal Heart.

The Assembly of the Moderate Divines,

I

PRay pardon John Bays, for I beg your Excel If I make no Stranger of your belov'd Muse, It being your Talent Divines to abuse.

8 2

Divines that can scruple and cant with the Time As Settle and Shadwel for Bread belch their Rhims But St. Peter and St. Judas you know had the

3.

If amongst twelve Apostles we can produce two Did exceed any cruel and hard-hearted Jew, Why then should we wonder that we have a few

There's the Bishop of Bugdon, for Lincoln he need And there's naked Truth with his scrupulous Part And London pray beware of the Common Law.

5

There's the D—n of St. Paul's, admir'd by fom For his Works against England, Geneva and Rom, Idolatry, Separation, Irenicum. ines,

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here's a moderate Dean too that talks much of if a Phanatick was as meek as a Dove; tfor him and Ralph Cudworth, a G— let them (prove.

t B—net, where art thou, thou Man of the Lord!

The Mary Hill's loss you may take the Planck's word;

The betwixt you and I 'twas a Prophetick Board.

8.
Ith you Anthony Horneck the Pulpit difgraces,
Ith your whining, your four and Tublike Faces;
It the Rolls and the Savoy are priviledg'd Places.

int Laurence for Whichcot do's stifly dispute; thaps he might cant well if he was not mute: the preaches as Marr-All do's play on the Lute.

here's a moderate Doctor of Cornbil St. Miles,
hom the Clergy's Contemner per slip-Stocking
(stiles;
e's an eloquent Preacher, none hears him but
(smiles.

and there's Boanerges his Brother that thunders, ecants in Old Fish-street, and who I pray wonders? Or he has an excellent Voice to cry Flounders.

here's old Father Gifford in St. Dunstans i'th'East,
Who among the rude Vulgar's a Prophet at least;
Who e'er preach'd well when the People were
(pleas'd?

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There's a Reverend Doctor at Cr—gate dwell Who Sm—thy his Curat in trimming excels; But Bunyan the Quaker has tickled his Gills.

There's Pain of White-Chappel, a Simoniack the A Man that's cut out to be Vicar of Bray, If the Times do but change, as he wishes they may

There's Hospital Patrick, a Captain they call him For burlesquing the Psalms some highly extel him But Oh! L'Estrange & Sam's Cossee-house gall him

There's one Squire Ramsey a samous Divine, Who no less than ten Women did love at one time. But it might be call'd Lust in any but him.

There's Johnson th'Apostate, who deserves to be (hemp'd)

For he alone (were all others exempt)

Were occasion enough for the Clergy's Contempt

There's Colchester Hickeringil, the Fanaticks delight Who Gregory Gray-Beard and Meroz did write:
You may see who are Saints in a Pharisee's sight.

There's Titus the Witness, the Nation's trite Theme Who for Satan and Hell hath so great an Esteem That Damnation would be a Preferment to him.

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dwell here's Geering of Southwark, and Lewis o'th'Wall, the one hath a Sacrament at a White's r he made his Saviour St. John's Jackall.

here's B- B. there's Aldgate paid; bere's Messieurs Raggous wears no Shirt, as'tis faid. cause they resemble a Surplice indeed.

t Kid-r, thy trimming above Human Race. Il him r Faction turn'd out of the Rolls with Difgrace, nd Orthodox B—net succeeds in thy Place.

here's Scotch bawling Ander son proof against Pen; as a Voice that drowns a Cathedral Amen; t'tis thought he catches more Women than Men.

to be here's Durham of Bread-street has trim'd fifty years, old, so grave, so foolish appears, tonce he deserves both Laughter and Tears.

It trimming's the Subject of brave Roger's Pen. ho fcourges these Monsters call'd moderate Men; r Trimming the Scourge of Rebellion has been.

26.

ut who all Divinity-Trimmers can tell, ho ev'ry where teach, and no where dodwell? hate Knaves in it, but I love the Gown well.

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On Wi. Williams.

Miams, this tame Submission suits thee ma Than the mean Payment of thy Fine before Poor Wretch! who after taking down thy Am Has a Court-fmile fuch over-ruling Charms? Bankrupt in Honour, now art tumbled down Below the abjectst Creature of a Crown. Is this Man the wifer World did wait on, Unworthy now the very Spew of Payton? What will Sir Trevor Williams, Barnardifton, And Arnold fay, but that he should be piss'd on Is this Wi. Williams who made fuch a noise,!! Dreadful to all the lewd Abhorring Boys? Is this Wi. Williams, Spark of Resolution, Who was so fierce for Bill of damn'd Exclusion Is this Wi. Williams, spoke the thing so strange Great Sir, your Commons are not given to changet Is this Wi. Williams now at last fet right? Is't fo: Then Drawer light me down to fh-

On my Lord Lin----n's Brother turning Roman Catholick.

From the Embraces of a Harlot flown,
The Heavens have brought you to your N
(tive Hom
Now your once faded Laurels bloom again;

Thus Phabus rifes from the weeping Main.

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hat Guardian Angel wand'ring Ifrael fled, Vith happy Care has bleft your glorious Head. fe from th'involving Gulph you now may view he falling Precipice that threaten'd you. eligion's Truth will all your Care remove : our happy felf protected from above, ot by a Saint, or an intreating she, at by the sole, the blest Divinity. ainly let those their num'rous Converts boast; that they have got we wholly fancy loft. ining in Glory, and in number few: Ve are the flighted Asians, but the true. you alone our Triumphs greater be, ou ballance all the number'd Progeny. egion their Name, Legion their Nature too: he Truth can never yield altho it bow. e tho what Chaplets all our Nymphs prepare o grace your Head, and to adorn your Hair. awrels immortal and reviving Bay, he perfect Emblem of your chosen way, all crown the Virgin Beauties on their Brow. his pious Gratitude and Heaven allow: Mecca's Saint rose proudly from a Slave; smooth Religion led the Victor Knave. rom pious Weeds to virtuous Arms decreed, ho Monkish Pride impose on Monkish Breed, e gain'd the specious Fantom of a Throne, ad Blood and Murder did his Temples crown. revent the Omen, be the Finis good, is a dark Bog, and darkly understood. weet Looks are plac'd, and the deceiving Brow, rocodiles smile, and smiling murder too. he Doctor libell'd, 'tis a meer Lampoon; an Father Hall mate Father Tillot son? Hom in speaks, the World his Eloquence must prize, is School-Boy's Logick echo's Prejudice. He

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He talks against the Antichristian Pope: Thus Paul, tho beaten, unresisted spoke: A Bishop he, and such may still remain, Unenvied by the darling of the Crown: Let his dull miter'd Crosser vainly boast, Van-Leader of th'Apostatizing Host. This let him, nay and is there more, enjoy, They well deserve fuch Passive Joys to try, Who likely pay fo dearly for't as he. 'Twas Interest the false Apostle sway'd, How well his End his Int'rest obey'd? No Prophet I, tho here we all accord, Their Souls may well be fear'd, they fly their Lon Hence ye dull Earth, the Scandal to our Cause, Go fink your Souls as you have damn'd the Laws, Play with the Snakes that harbour in your Break, And when they bite, pray let them be at reft. And fince you play fo much with Destiny, Hear me, I'll wish, tho calmly, e'er I die; May that false Pen that did the Nonsense write, May that false Tongue that did the Lines indite Be damn'd till those who do the Shams admire, Shall curse the Writers and deplore the Fire.

On Sir Will. Jones, an Epitaph.

SIR William in Arcia custodia lies,
Committed by Death Sans Bail or Mainprim
For taking his King, a very good Client,
He turn'd Jack Presbyter, O sie on't!
And being thus from his Allegiance free,
Returned was by him for Anarchy.

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Gem call'd the Law in his Head there lay,
Toads hold Pearls in Capite they fay.

Ind ftor'd he was with Poison like those Creations of the Capite they fay.

In the capite they fay.

It is Eyes for full were with Infection fill'd,

In the capital capital

the E. of D----by's Impeachment by the House of Commons, 1678.

What a Devil ails the Parliament?
Sure they were drunk with Brandy,
When they did feek to circumvent
Thomas Earl of D—by.

at they ungrateful will appear,
As any thing that can be;
or they received Fidler's Fare
From Thomas Earl of D—by.

Int Shaftsbury does lie and lurk,
That little Jack a-Dandy,
and all his Engins set on work
'Gainst Thomas Earl of D—by.

Now whether he will stay or go, I think it handy-dandy; I he dare stay, he'll hang I trow Poor Thomas Earl of D-by.

Nor can one in this Land be, Deserves a Halter half so well As Thomas Earl of D—by.

Then Commons trust him not a bit, Unless you will trapan'd be; There's not so false a Jesuit As Thomas Earl of D—by.

Truth brought to Light:

Or,

Murder will out. By S. College.

Would the World know how Godfrey to his Breath
This tells the Tragick Story of his Death:
Not borrow'd from the feigned Ghost appears
Unto us Mortals, so the Story clearing;
Or taken from the Narrative of Prance,
Where he too modest does on Persons glance;
Tho there's enough for all with half an Eye
To scan some Villains in this Tragedy.
And Occipus there needs not to explain
The wretched Norfolk's House in Clements. Dans
Or how the Owner Godfrey did persuade
To eat his last, and basely him betray'd.
Hear but the Villain how he did ensnare
This gen'rous Soul into his bloody Fare,

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Pray, good Sir Edmund, Stay, I beg the Boon fome Discourse with you this Afternoon, a Rehearfal of this Hellish Plot. hich you by Oates's Depositions got a hall oblige me ever, and you will eferve our King and Kingdom from their Ill. of the Church of Rome you know I am, would be thought a Loyal English Man: if their damned Plot be as I hear, curse the Pope, and leave their Church I swear. d as to what you plead as your Excuse, have fome Friends at home you shall abuse your long stay, I will a Footman fend, hat shall acquaint your Servants and your Friend whave some Bus'ness that detains you here; d therefore they must not expect you there. Thus by a Siren's Tongue and Popish Guile, did persuade his stay, and sent mean while to his Ban-dogs, that they might way-lay him home he went, and barb'roufly flay him. ! here's the Project of a Popish Peer, murder Men in Love by Lordly Cheer: om which, till known, the Wise have no defence, or can escape Rome's treacherous Pretence. be best of Men by wretched means they kill, ferve their Church, and gain their cursed Will. but Rome's Vicar, Such a Man must die, hat's Crime enough, no matter how or why. Hounds of Blood and cruel Beafts of Prey, ? ho call it Merit to deceive, betray, order whole Nations standing in their way. fell the Noble Godfrey by the hand D's, E's, Ld's, and Q's of Royal Band, hose direful dirge they sung in Northern Tone; there York and Norfolk kept the time as one:

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And treach rous Tom made England's Treasurent Rewards to those that did his Life betray. That Osb—n Villain, raised by his skill Of pimping, and procuring to our Will; The worst of Slaves, that so he might be great Expos'd his Wife and Daughters to our Heat. Ah! blessed Tool at our most gracious need, That never sail'd us so to do the deed!

Next fail'd the Port fmouth Frigat with the El And as is faid, is steered by our selves; Blown by the blaft of Bellaf - curs'd Spleen: And yet it feems was Musick for a Queen; And so delighted England's harmless Chip, That made her dance, and bout the dead tost In Masquerade, by Faux his Lanthorn dreft, Where her dear Priests the holy Murder bles. Prejudg'd by them they this Conclusion draw, A Ducal Dinner's Death by Martial Law. By these Rome's Vassals did in order get, That Godfrey's Life might have a Somerset, And dye for daring to inspect the things Of Mother Church, of holy Pope and Kings; And the Retinue, Banditti of Hell, Welch Powis, Peters, Stafford, Arundel, And thousands more of that accurred Brood, Who would convert us by a Sea of Blood, And turn the Laws of England out of doors, By Standing-Army, Pensioners and Whores, Bastards Sans number, at the Nation's Charge For whom we have been taxed oft at large; And made to buy our Ruin with our Coin, Which went for Votes and Plots and Countern

Alas! poor Nation, how art thou undone By a bad Father, and now a worse, his Son! What have these Cubs of Sectland brought upon There's nothing left but Lord have Mercy on m. rep

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Made a miels Sheep and Gubborn Ox fice in Masquerade: Or, Scroggs upon Scroggs.

Butcher's Son's Judg Capital Poor Protestants for to enthral, And England to enflave Sirs: feboth our Laws and Lives we must, hen to do Justice we entrust So known an errant Knave Sirs

tost me hungry Priests he did once fell th mighty Strokes, and them to Hell Sent presently away Sirs. ould you know why? the Reason's plain, ey had no English nor French Coin To make a longer stay Sirs.

e Pope to Purgatory fends no neither Mony have nor Friends; In this he's not alone Sirs. our Judg to Mercy's not inclin'd, Gold change Conscience and his Mind, You are infallibly gone Sirs!

Father once exempted was t of all Turies: Why? because He was a Man of Blood Sirs. why the Butcherly Son (forfooth) u'd now be Jury and Judg both, Cannot be understood Sirs.

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The good old Man with Knise and Knocks
Made harmless Sheep and stubborn Ox
Stoop to him in his Fur
But the brib'd Son, like greasy Oaph,
Kneels down and worships Golden Cals,
And so do's all the Jur

Better thou'dst been at Father's Trade,
An honest Livelihood to have made
In lamp'ring Bulls with Colla
Than to thy Country prove unjust,
First fell, and then betray thy Trust
For so many hard Rix-Dolla

Priest and Physitian thou didst fave
From Gallows, Fire, and from the Grave,
For which we can't endure the
The one can ne're absolve thy Sins,
And th'other (tho he now begins)
Of Knav'ry ne'er can cure the

But lest we all shou'd end his Life,
And with a keen-whet Chopping-Knise
In a thousand pieces cleave hi
Let the Parliament first him undertake,
They'll make the Rascal stink at stake,
And so like a Knave let's leave him

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On the Same.

Ince Justice Scroggs Pepy's and Dean did bail,
Upon the good Cause did turn his Tale,
or two thousand Pounds to buy Tent and Ale.
Which nobody can deny.

the Jury and Judg, to sham the Plot,
reed the Traitors to prove that it was not, (pot,
at old England will stand when the Rogues go to
Which nobody can deny.

noggs was at first a Man of the blade, and with his Father follow'd the Butcherly Trade, at'twas the Peter Pence made him a Jade;

Which nobody can deny.

le'd stand by the Protestant Cause he said,

and lift up his Eyes, and cry'd, We're betray'd;

ut then the Pettifogger was in a Masquerade.

Which nobody can deny.
When D—by mention'd to the King his Name,
le said he had neither Honesty nor Shame,
and would play any fort of Roguish Game.

Which nobody can deny. He swears he'd confound Bedlow and Oats, and prove the Papists Sheep, and the Protestants (Goats,

and that he's a Fool that on Property dotes.

Which nobody can deny.

The Pope's Advice and Benediction to be Judge and Jury in Eutopia.

W Ell done my Sons, ye have redeem'd my Can Beyond my Expectation, from the Jaws Of my curst Foes, the Protestants their Laws.

For had you not thus timely stept between, They had endanger'd both my Cause and Queen, And then past all Redemption had it been.

For Tyburn then more Martyrs had me fent, Which I had rather quick to the Devil went, Than my deligns fo well contrived be shent.

Go on and prosper, never change your Notes, The Sign oth' Cross direct your open Throats, To cry not guilty, so you'l bassle Oates.

Forfworn? no matter if you perjur'd be, You are dispens'd with, and you ought go free, 'Tis mighty Service to the Court and Me;

Who will requite it, and for certain know My Pardons and Blessings on you I bestow, Besides the Gold you have receiv'd I owe.

Far greater Sums, than e're the Court yet gave To Pimp, or Cheat, or Traytor, Whore, or Knaw Might fatisfy our Lust, our sinking Credit save.

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Knav ave. nt that's not all, unless we do declare, nd set our Mark upon our Fav'rites fair, that Hereticks may know them who they are.

and first Dear Scroggs, with thee we shall begin, tho of late thou wert a Man of Sin, and didst abuse those for us put you in.

nom which we now absolve ye as we're Pope, and do allow that Butcher's by the Rope, egin, not end, for that would mar our hope.

Tis true at first 'twas prudent, witty, quaint, so counterfeit the Devil, act the Saint, With zealous Thunder 'gainst the Jesuits complaint.

This gain'd you credit with the Rabble Rout, Confirm'd the Choice of those that wish't you out, But now that's done 'tis time to tack about.

And dare to act to fet my Vassals free,
You shall receive from Holy James and Me
A Crimson Cap, at least my Legate be,
Provided you escape Tresilians Triple Tree.

Next hated Ralph, thou Leader of the Van, My Papal Power shall do all it can, To make thee next Election, Senate Man.

And reason good, for then my Gause will thrive, if all prove such, the Hereticks we'll drive Till not a Soul of them is left alive.

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Next follows altogether half a dozen, Whom neither Sheriff (by Order) for me chefen, Who like good Men did Law and Justice cozen.

They're all Right Roman, * Howley, Hodges, Down And drew together Backthurst, Hompon, Heydon Sworn to be true, but false as Jack of Leydon.

Next were two Jades, Ball, Lobbing never right In Rack and Manger lay these Beasts delight: Next were three Monsters, Avery, Whale, and Whi

These being collar'd all together, swore
To do such Justice ne'er was done before,
Prostrate their Wives to save the Common Who

For which good Service most did places gain, One made the Wheeler unto Charles's Wain, And Tapermaker Lightman did obtain.

Three more had places to their Hearts desire, Which York afforded, made them each Esquire, And all they were to do was set the Land on Fire

Informing Dob — that's Landlord to Sir Wake,
To fave his Tenant Golden Pills did take,
Whose blessed Guilt before did make him quake.

The rest had Gold (drop't by the Fairy Queen) Lest in their Shoo, that she might pass unseen, Which expel'd Poison as't had never been.

^{*} Sir George Wakeman's Jury.

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y this my Sons, ye left them in the Lurch, and fwept the Scandal off our holy Church, Which erft stood tottr'ing on a broken Crutch.

wangely reviv'd my Lordly Sons i'th' Tower,
Who now transported laugh to scorn the Power
of Lords and Commons, from whom they fear'd
a show'r.

And o're the Hereticks have advantage got, Who stopt the blest Proceeding of my Plot, No Oppositions lest but Fanatick Sot.

or which great Service Debtor we remain we get Britain in our Fist again, Then then be sure, we will requite your Pain.

Till then adieu, Hell have you in its Care, And ever dictate what you fay or fwear, May make you useful to St. Peter's Chair.

The Wolf Justice.

Being certain Verses fixt upon the L. C. J. Scroggs Chamberdoor.

He's a bold Persecutor contrary to Laws (save.)
Of all that dare write for the Protestant Cause.
Since these were his Actions, in vain were his Prate, and false Imprecations he printed of late.

'Twill

'Twill one day be prov'd (Old Clodpate) that you Were brib'd by the Court and Portugal too.
When * Par comes to Town, you'll receive such:
(check

Not your Speech nor your Pardon will fave your (Bull-Neck

Mean while go on and play England's Story,
You'l hang at the last as Tresilian before ye. (be,
For we'll have the Plot punisht come on it what can
In Spite of Clodpate, York, Lauderdale, D—by.
'Tis not Prorogations shall serve the Rogue's Turn,
We'l dy at our Doors e'er in Smithfield we'l burn.

* Parliament.

A Satyr.

H Is Holiness has three Grand Friends
On Great Britain's Shore,
That prosecutes his and their own Ends;
A Duke, a Judge, and a Whore.

The Duke is as true as Steel

To the Pope, that infallible Elf;
Therefore no Friend to the Commonweal,

Nor no Friend to himself.

The Judge is a Butcher's Son,
Yet hates to fhed innocent Blood,
But for ten thousand Pounds has done
The Pope a great deal of good.

He did that Villain Wakeman clear,
Who was to have poison'd the King,
As it most plainly did appear;
For which he deserves a Swing.

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An ugly deform'd Witch
Eaten up with the Mange and Scab.

This French Hag's Pockey Bum
So powerful is of late;
Altho it's both blind and dumb,
It rules both Church and State.

A Pun. balled

Assembly boulleds A Harman

Take a T—d
Upon my word,
And into five parts cut it,
And put it
Into a Pye,
To convince
Our good Prince,
What it can be,
To mince
Thomas Earl of D—by
Into five Commissioners and a Guy.

A Caution to King Charles the second from Forty One.

HOld fast thy Sword and Scepter Charles, Sad times are coming on,

The

The murm'ring of thy Senate House Smells rank of Forty One.

When Kings are call'd to give Account
What their Expences be,
It is a Sign we all are Kings,
Or that no King shall be.

And you will find as great

A Will in them to act anew,

From Forty One to Eight.

Hold cruel England, hold; in thee
Sure all Rebellion springs,
Consider but thy Infamy
To kill the best of Kings.

The World against thee will exclaim,
Thy Cruelty abhor,
That thus delights in killing Kings
And raising Civil War.

England's Court Strumpets.

Since Cleaveland is fled till she's brought to Bed,
And Nelly is quite forgotten,
And Maxarine is as old as the Queen,
And Portsmouth the young Whore is rotten.

Since Women at Helm, have ruin'd the Realm, And Statesmen have lost their Anchors, ace

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he Lords and the Commons know what will come (on us, But the Kingdom must break like the Bankers.

nce Ravenhouse is come let's send them all Home,
But still let's secure the Millions,
will serve for a Farce to clap a French Arse,
Or serve the next new-come Italian.

On the Monument upon Fish-street-Hill.

Then Hodge first spy'd the Labour in Vain, Grown fince he pass'd by Pudding-lahe; oreach his Chin up as he gaz'd, ill level'd with his Forehead rais'd, ith Face that Horizontal lyes, Vith gaping Mouth and Staring Eyes; pporting on his Staff his Jaw, took the Height of what he faw. sone that makes an Observation, ap-fall'n he stood with Admiration: edge was (altho to Cart confin'd) Virtuofo in his kind; nd long he stockt up in his Crown. hat e're he faw or heard in Town: lithin his musty Fancy mew'd, eated into Similitude: hat what foever Subject fell, e Bargains ready had to fell. ho the Similitude's most pat, ews that Men say they know not what.

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New Spout to quench the Fire, Or elfe to draw the Smoak up higher: A Model of a Pepper-Box, Or Microscope to view an Ox; Or else a Candlestick to place a Light For fuch as travel in the Night: Or Christmas Candle over-grown, Not to flew Light, but to be shown: Or else a Torch with gilded Flames, To steer the Boats that row on Thames: Or else a Piece of Art and Labour, Of Hook - out Architecting Baber. When long he thus himself had guest, Nor could the fwallow'd Sight digeft; He ask'd a Wag at the next Stall, To whom belongs this House so tall.

The Boy's Answer.

THE City Monument is this,
In token that our Mayor did piss.
It seems when London's Mayor does stale,
She by consent too lays her Tail.
Body's so great may bear the Expence
Of such a vast Sirreverence:
But 'tis a Heap which would have rent
All but the City's Fundament.

Rex & Grex.

EX and Grex are of one found, But Dux does Rex and Grex confound. Crux of Dux could have his fill, hen Rex of Grex might have his Will. ive Subsidies to ten would turn, nd Grex would laugh, that now does mourn. h Rex! thy Grex does still complain, hat Dux bears Crux, and Crux not Dux again.

Westminster Wedding : Or, The Town-Mouth; alias, the Recorder of London and his Lady. Feb. 17. 1679.

TIS faid when George did Dragon flay, He sav'd a Maid from cruel fray. otthis Sir George, whom Knaves do brag on, Aift of the Maid, and caught the Dragon; ince which the furious Beast so fell, ares, roars, and yawns like Mouth of Hell: le raves and tears; his bad Condition Distracts his Mind as late Petition. Peace Man, or Beast (or both) to please ye; Parliament will furely ease ye. farriage and Hanging both do go by Destiny: Sir George, if fo, ou stand as fairly both to have, As ever yet did Fool or Knave:

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The first your Wife hath help'd ye to, The other as a Rogue's your due: No other way is left to tame ye; And if you have it not, then blame me. But e're it comes and things are fitting, Judg of his Merits by his getting: He'as got a ven'mous Heart and Tongue, With Vipers, Snakes and Adders hung: By which in Courts he plays the Fury, Hectors Complainants, Law and Jury: His Impudence hath all Laws broken, (To th' Indges Honour be it spoken) For which he got a Name that stinks Worse than the common Jakes or Sinks. But to allay the Scent fo hot, George from the Court has Knighthood got Bestow'd upon him for his bawling, A Royal Mark for Caterwauling: But certain George must never boaft on't. Cause Traitors, Cheats and Pimps have most on

Now Rogue enough he got in favour,
To bind good Men to worse Behaviour;
And bark aloud they will deceive ye,
In that he matches Tribe of Levi;
Who now with Pope bear all before 'em,
Priests made Just—Asses of the Quorum.
Faith make 'em Judges too, most fine-o,
And then they'll preach it all Divino.
There's somewhat more that George has got,
(For * Trevor left him who knows what)
A Teeming Lady-Wise, nay more,
A Hansenkelder got before:

^{*} Sir John Trevor, faid to be his Lady's Gallant in the time of her Widowhood, &c.

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As true a Wench they fay for killing, As e'er her * Father was for piffing; Who thought his Tool could Fire quench, Because it oft had serv'd his Wench. O happy City! when the Brains, Sir, Of Elders-hangs in Furs and Chains, Sir.

But one thing more I can't let pass, When George with + Clodpate feasted last, Imust fay Clodpate was a Sinner, To jerk his Brother fo at Dinner;) He by his Almanack did discover, his Wife scarce thirty Weeks went over, er she (poor thing) in pieces fell, Which made Mouth stare and bawl like Hell; and Puppy-like there told him truly, first leap he had was but last July. What then, you Fool, some Wives miscarry, And reckon June for January. This Clodpate did affert as true, Which he by old Experience knew; But all his canting would not do. George put him to't upon denial, Which fet him hard as Wakeman's Trial: They rail'd and bawl'd, and kept a pother, and like two Curs did bite each other; Which brought some Sport, but no Repentance, off they went to Harris Sentence, Which foon they pass'd against all Laws, o glut their Rage and Popish Cause:

or which Injustice, Knaves, we hope ou'll end together in the Rope:

And

^{*} Sir Tho. Bloodworth Lord-Mayor in the time of the readful Fire of London, 1666. † Sir Wil. Scroggs Lord C. Justice. | Benj. Harris the Bookfeller.

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And when the Gallows shall you swallow, We'll throw up Caps, and once more hollow. If this we wish from private Grudg, Or as their Merit, England's Judg: Who seek the Nation to enthral, Are treach'rous Slaves and Villains all. And when Consusion such does follow, We'll throw up Caps, and once more hollow.

That's their Exit, Tho they Rex. it, We shall Grex-it.

The Fancy: Or, The D. of York's lag

As I a walking was the other day,
(Where do not ask me, for I will not fay)
I fancy'd 'mongst a Grove of Trees I spy'd
A Man stood musing by a Water-side:
I wish 'twas but a Fancy, but no doubt
You'll think it more when you have heard it out.

The Person was a very tall black Man, Above the common fize almost a Span; His Face was melted in most piteous sort, In all things else he was of Royal Port. But if ill Looks alone Majestick be, Commend me to that Face for Majesty, For't had enough I'll swear for two or three. To this tall Man instantly joyn'd another, Of just his Stature, whom he call'd his Brother Richly encircled with a numerous Ring, (King Which shew'd he wanted nought but th'Name Som

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ometime they filent flood, till all were gone, When tallest bid his Brother to go on. Which thus he did .-

Ishall, Great Sir, my last Discourse retrieve. pray you like Attention to it give: four Case peculiar is, peculiar too fust be your Care, or you'll your felf undo. or humble Stations, Industry or Wir, fecond way may find, if first don't hit: ut he that's mounted on a Sov'raign Throne, le'er had nor can have other ways than one ocurb the fawcy Vulgar, and pull down heir Cobweb Rights, that circumscribe the Crown; ake off their Shackles, let the Bumkins know, oother Almighty is than you below. ou spoil your Game, Sir, while you do thus dally, The follows him that stands on shall I, shall I? on cow the Bold, and keen the Coward's Heart, Whilf you divided aft the doubtful part. Had you when this damn'd City flam'd but run,

od cut their cursed Throats, your Work you'd

heir Blood you shou'd have made the Fire meet, With Bodys fed the Flames in ev'ry Street. odo and undo forts well forry things, ut is beneath the Majesty of Kings. for or nothing's writ on all they do, free Monarchs know no Medium 'tween thefe two. What is't you stick at, Sir, would you retreat? ou're now too far engag'd, and must them beat, rbeaten be; ride, or be ridden now: enever back must look who holds the Plow. ay be you would not Promise break, or Oath; in! all the World do's know you can do both. Vith great Advice but to'ther day you faid y Parliaments and Councils you'd be led:

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To day you think it fit to let us know, (What e'er you faid) you ne'er intended so. Fools to their Word! but Princes great like you, To nought but their Intentions must be true.

What is't, the Laws you tender are to break? It's known that's but a Scruple and too weak: For Laws are nothing, but the Ties and Bands Are made to shackle up your Subjects Hands. Your filly Clergy Sir, tho meer Jackdaws, Yet they do preach you up above all Laws, That Laws 'bove Subjects are, but that the King (God bless him) is 'bove Laws and ev'ry thing; And teach from sacred Leaves, not any thing Of Law or Promise can confine a King.

Or for meet Tools is't you fo doubtful are? If this be it, I'll ease you of that Care; Damn'd Villains of intrinfick Worth I have, And more obedient than a Turkish Slave: If you but bid 'em thrust their bloody Knives In Fathers Throat, in Childrens, or in Wives; In any but their own, they'll ready do't, And lay them sprawling at your facred Foot. I have my Teagues and Tories at my beck, Will wring their Necks off like a Chickens Neck: Try'd Rogues that never shall so much as start, To tear from Mother's Womb the Infant's Heart. First Rape, then rip her up in one half hour; Two Lusts they'll fatiate do but give 'em Power: Faint Rogues will melt and have their Qualms of (Fears

At Fathers Groans, or at a Mother's Tears.
But mine are Monsters fit for any Prince,
Not plagu'd with Conscience, no nor pain'd with
(Sense.

The Flames of Hell, Horror of endless Pain, (Those Clergy-cheats to propagate their Gain)
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hey ridicule, and fcorn to lend an Ear; et Knaves for Profit preach, and Fools go hear he Tales of future Blifs, not worth a Rush; ne Bird in hand with them's worth two i'th'Bufh. thers now ferve you but for constant Pay; ly Hounds will hunt, and live upon their Prey. Virgins Haunch, or well-bak'd Lady's Breast, o them is better than a Ven'son Feast : abes Pettitoes cut large in Arms and Legs. hey far prefer 'fore Pettitoes of Pigs: oor span long Infants, that like Carps are stew'd their own Blood, their Irish Chaps have chew'd; nd Fathers Cauls have Candles made to light hose damn'd inhuman Banquets of the Night. Vhate'er you'd have, whate'er your Fancy craves, ut nod, 'tis done by my obedient Slaves. hey know no scruple, no Commands dispute; tt do't as ready as a Turkish Mute. You fee, Sir, where you are, your Royal Date rows out if you don't foon support the State. o hake off Parliaments may be too great, nd put you in too violent a Sweat: obaffle therefore, but not cast them off; ohold them still, but hold them but in scoff, luft be your Work; for we are weaken'd fo, hat we must drive the Nail that first will go; nd this too we must do with gentle hand, hat tho they fee they may not understand. When Fanuary comes, Cold and ill Way Vill call it Love to put 'em off till May. May some odd Intelligence comes newly, Von't suffer you to hold them until July: nd July's so with Heat and Sickness vext, ty prorogues them to November next; nd time's ill manag'd if before that day Veable be'nt to throw all Masks away.

0 4

This

This far exceeds Dissolvings in my mind. And gives to your Designs a better blind, For if two Parliaments you flight, I doubt The Rogues will then begin to fcent us out. For watchful with erected Looks, the Herd Stands list'ning now, concerned and afeard. As Covy half o'erspread, half scap'd the Net. And ten times harder than at first to fet : So People slipt out of the Noose or Train, Are much more harder to be caught again. With Prorogation therefore short and fost, They must be treated: These repeated oft, Will chafe them fo, that either mad with Rage, They'll bring the old Rebellion on the Stage; Or fullen fit, and fleer on all you do, (The far more dang'rous Humour of the two.) Their dogged Nature now its Venom vents, In choosing damn'd and plaguy Parliaments. Poor Fools! their Rage do's far out-run their Wi For you must ne'er intend that they shall sit: But mock their Choice, and mock their Sessions to No other way we have our Work to do. One Plot is better than ten Parliaments; They give but Taxes, this shou'd give their Rent A thousand of the richest in we'll screw Into a Plot they never heard or knew. If three hundred thousand Pounds a year would I'll three times three by this Plot help you to.

This Sir's the bus'ness, how to get fit Stuff
Is all the care, and I have Rogues enough;
Do you but Judges get, I'll Juries find,
And Witnesses according to your Mind.
They're such pure Rogues, 'twill do you good!

How daring, bold, and bravely they will swear

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hey shan't, like Bedlow, Dugdale, Oates, and such' onsider first, for fear they speak too much; or let their Conscience maim their Evidence, have tender fear of hurting Innocence: lor do I care for a Fanatick Noose, shall Fanaticks be have ought to lose; and Jury, Witnesses, we'll all ensure, and Devil's in't if all be not secure. et shou'd this miss, don't you discourag'd be; so form a new, leave to my Priests and me. ike Pins, one Plot shall drive another out, sill we have brought our only Plot about. instruction work to save your Friends, that Point well (done Like Shirts) more Plots we've to our Backs than

They fain would foil your Plots, and fill your Ears With Regicide Intents, to raise your Fears. This fruitless Gun, that Dagger stabs your Belly, When you know all better than they can tell ye. Go on, Sir, never fear the heedless Head, They have no Courage but when you're afeard: On me lay all the fault of Crown and Age, Il safely screen you from the Peoples Rage: And when ill Accident a Plot does spoil; see they'll call Rogue, but you Most Gracious stile: for Loyalty awes them in ev'ry thing; Tho you destroy them, yet God save the King. Tho you them stab, and I but hold the Knife, set still they'll pray for's Majesty's long Life. Now I'll step in, mine shall be the next Fate;

But I'll do something shall deserve their Hate.
Thus greatest Sir, you're greatest Prince alive,
If Plot according to its Prospect thrive;
And thrive it shall, if you'll but do your part,
And from proposed Methods never start.

For

For Plots like Clockwork are, one Pin pull'd out, Do's all its Order and its Beauty rout. Steddy your Hand, keep Parliaments at Bay, Not on, nor off, nor working, nor at play. Clip ev'ry Tongue you find do's hang too long, It's taking Wind makes ev'ry thing scent strong.

This if you do, ill Fortune I'll defy, All other things pray leave to Fate and I. And now I'll dive again beneath the Show, And act my Puppets will by Art below.

He being gone, in steps a certain Lord, Who had feen all, and heard too ev'ry Word: Great Sir, faid he, Who can tell what to fay? If you by Popish Councils mean to sway, Curst be that Council, and the Men that do Perfuade you to your ruin, and ours too! A Thousand Sir, Ten Thousand let your Brother In's next Book write, if he dare write another. Ten Gentry envys now what one has got, For God's fake write us all in the next Plot; All but your Papists, Sir, all but a few (Oh shame to name it!) of our Clergy Crew. Bate but these two, and let them take the Pole, They'll hardly get another English Soul. For one's damn'd Envy, and the other's Pride, Have reconcil'd all England else beside. Higher Huffs than his could ne'er this Nation awe, On our fide stand the People and the Law. For don't mistake, Sir, it's by Law alone Your Right's derived to our English Throne. Set that aside, and make the Law a Sham; No Sov'reign you, nor I no Subject am. For felf-fame Laws give you your Dignity, Give me my Life, my Fortune, Liberty.

Pardon

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ardon if, Sir, less decent this is faid, n doth become a Member to his Head. this found Doctrine is, tho cully Brother Clergy Wights wou'd fain bring up another. hin this Circle of the Law, great Sir, nd, but out of it will never ftir: be King you'l be content, I will you Allegiance and Obedience still. Peoples Right and their brave English Laws make the strongest Side and justest Cause. not your keeping us from Parliaments further or advantage your Intents. greater are the Choosers than the Choice, and's Free-holders have a Mighty Voice. fewe'l unite, and those associate; if we can't defend our Lives and State, Ifairly fall, and Free-men to our Graves lrather go by far than to live Slaves. Ancestors shan't curse us in their Tombs. rhall our Children in their Mothers Wombs.) vleft us free, and We ours free will leave, Death our Hopes and us shall both deceive. hus said, with threatning Looks he went away, Itrudg'd too, as quite afraid to flay: as I went, I met with honest Nelly, when I more do hear, I more will tell ye.

Bill on the H. of Commons Door, April the 15th, 1680.

tlemen,

Hen last you were here th' House was to be (let, now to the Pope and the Frenchmen'tis set;

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If you'l club in amongst them, be quickly refolv'd. Or else you must home again—rogu'd or dissolv'd. We'l try for another may serve our Intention, That will England betray for a Place or a Pension, That's the Life of the Cause, and the end of la

We lost an old Sett wou'd have done it no down But Pox on ill Luck, for Rogue Tommy was out. Cou'd we get 'em again, we'd hug and colloque'en Nor D--by, nor Dutches's should ever prorogue'en An honest Endeavour to make us all Slaves: Pray which the worst evil, the Cause or the Knave Old Albion looks ill, she was heard to complain, Her Head, Oh! her Head was the Cause of the Pair It's all on a Lump, for it cannot discover 'Twixt its Catholick Foes and the Protestant Love

'Twixt its Catholick Foes and the Protestant Love Her Empricks, and Quacks, called Divine, and (some Civil)

Advise her to bleed again for the King's Evil;
But better theRogues were sent quick to the Devil.
What? Bleed an old Woman, Spring, Winter & Fa
Don't you know she's too old to be practis'd withat
But if you do venture once more to attempt it,
It's Forty to One you're the first that repent it.
For your Plots and your Murders and Treasons sha

Tho Monsieur and Torys and Devil stand by you Faxit Do

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The Respondent, or Litany for Litany.

Rom Kings that wou'd fell us to pay their old (Scores,

om faving of Traitors, and shutting the Doors
the Senators House by advice of the Whores,
Good Lord deliver us.

om tricking the People out of their just Rights,
om making Confusion and Plots our Delights,
ad from dubbing Rogues Justices, Judges and
Knights,
Good Lord deliver us.

om giving our Coin to uphold Subornation, om contriving the Death of the best i'th' Nation, id embracing the Doctrine of Equivocation.

Good &c.

om abusing Grand Jurys in Gazett's Sedition, (on, om publishing Lyes call'd the Country's Contritithen none but the Popeling abhor'd the Petition, Good &c.

ombeing so cheap, when we swear what we'll do, is believ'd of none should we chance to say true, then our Credit abroad is not worth an old Shoo,

Good &c.

com affifting the Papists and French all we're able, com calling their Murders and Plots but a Fable, and declaring our Heir but a By-blow at Table,

Good &c.

om shedding of Blood and the Innocents kill, om marching more Forces again to Edge-Hill, of set up a Dagon, or Pleasure and Will,

Good erc.

From

From Churches Tantivy who rail at Dissenters, From Pulpit Alarms, of War the Fomenters, Who of Godliness ever have been the Torment

From a plotting false Duke that delighteth in Blo Half Fool and half Knave, that never did Good But the welfare of England hath ever withstood Good

From his having the Crown, while it is his many Fire and Faggot to fet up the Pope, (for Whose Treasons deserve both a Hatchet and Romann Goods

From treating with Willoughby, Mordant, Cells
To carry on Plots against John Presbyter,
And then to come off like a Sow with one Ear,
Goods

From posting to Town to have headed the Boys, And the murd'ring Papists who were the Decoy To burn a few Rumps and some other such Toys, Goods

For coaching Le Marr, and his Mother Loveland, From the Tower to St. James's, to Croydon the Strat To instruct the poor Fool the next way to be damaged Good of

From paying Five Hundred Pounds to our Fops, And the perjur'd Rogues for Chimerical Traps, And at last to speed worse than we did of our Clay Good?

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om Mungril * Christians at the next bloody
(Trial,
There the Right Noble † Buck—at his Bay will
(defy all,

nd the Truth it must out it in spite of denial, Good, Go.

om printing the Matter without our Directions, which it's prefum'd there will be Reflections Knaves of all colours, the Kingdom's Infections, Good, Go.

om Buggary, Sodomy, Perjuries, Slanders, om the | Villains i'th' Tower, and all their By(ftanders,

hen all are as false as the saving of Flanders,

Good Lord deliver us.

Christian and Blood. † Duke of Buckingham. The five Popish Lords in the Tower.

Elegy on Coleman.

Heav'n be pleas'd when Sinners cease to sin:
If Hell be pleas'd when Souls are damn'd therein:
Earth be pleas'd when it's rid of a Knave,
en all are pleas'd, for Coleman's in his Grave.

News

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News from Westminster.

Strange News from Westminster, the like we (never hear A(1) Treasurer in Pantaloons, a (2) Bishop win (out Bean A(3) Judg with a Perriwig to his Waste has (ing down A(4) Speaker of the Commons that never we (a Gow (1) Osb—n. (2) Cr—w. (3) Atkyns. (4) Sey—

A Litany.

Rom the lawless Dominion of Mitre and Crown, Whose Tyrannies are so absolute grown, That Men become Slaves to the Altar and Thro And can call neither Bodies nor Souls their own, Libera nos, 8

From a Reverend py-bald Theologick Profesion, From a Protestant zealous for a Popish Successor Who for a great Bishoprick still leaves a lester And ne'er will die Martyr, nor make good Confesion.

Libera nos.

From Deans and from Chapters who live ath Whose Letchery lies in renewing Church-Leases Who live in Cathedrals like Maggots in Cheese And lie like Abby-Lubbers stew'd in their of Greases,

Libera nos,

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Fr

om Oxford and Cambridg Scholastical Fry, those Leachery's with their Landress to lie, f Church and State their Wants to supply, hat Religion and Learning may never die,

Libera nos, &c.

om a comfortable — Divine,
om a Crissingle Parson in Silk Cassock fine,
sho loves no Tobacco, no Women, nor Wine,
at any Religion, so of the right Line,

Libera nos, &c.

om a spruce Court-Chaplain, whose Pulpit rings ith Jure Divino of Bishops and Kings; and from true Scripture false Evidence brings, hat Kingship & Priesthood are two sacred things, Libera nos, &c.

om a Minister of the English Church Breed, other-Churches own Son by Episcopal Seed, sho turns to burlesque the Lords-Pray'r & Creed, and can the whole Bible ridicule for a need,

Libera nos, &c.

om a scandalous limping litigious * Vicar, f whom his Parish grows sicker and sicker, tho taught his dull Maid to grow quicker and (quicker,

id who stole the Tankard when he drunk out

the Liquor,

Libera nos, &c.

nom a Ceremony-Monger, who rails at Dissenters, and damns Non-conformists in the Pulpit he enters, et all the Week long his own Soul he ventures, y being so drunk, that he cutteth Indentures,

Libera nos, &c.

P

From

^{*} The Parson of Croydon.

From a young Boy ordain'd tho a—he has none From a Journyman Preacher to some dignife Who whatever Text he preaches upon, (Dron Still talks of Rebellion and Forty One,

Libera nos, &

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From the * Bishops Chaplain who scribbles ever (lasting

On whom once Cook bestow'd a dry basting, Who in his old Age young Flesh would be tasting And now writes for Bread to keep him from fasting Libera nos, &

From a Protestant Church where a Papist must reign From an Oxford Parliament call'd in vain, Who because Fitz-Harris the Plot would make plain Was dissolv'd in a sit, and sent home again,

From Fools and Knaves, Prerogative Tories, From a Church that for the Babylon Whore is, From a Prince like a Pear, who rotten at Core is, From a Court that has Millions, yet as Job poor Libera nos, &c

From a French Whore at Whitehat, and another a

From Dangersield's Plot outdone by Fitz-Harri,
Deliver us Lord from the self-same thing,
From the King of France, and from the French King

The

^{*} Sir Roger L'Estrange.

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The Downfal of the French Bitch,
England's Metropolitan Strumpet,
The three Nation's Grievance,
The pickled pocky Whore,
Rowley's Dalilah,
all in a word,
The damn'd dirty Dutchess.

What! down in the Dirt? By St. Leonard (her Grace aks vilely I'll warrant: That ominous place orks upward and downward, has giv'n her a (Glister, find her self tumble just over her Sister. ke haste to Newmarket to air the French Tool, lowley should smell her, 'twould give him a Stool e Wench of St. Martins who gave us the Clap, Nelly, drawn in Kennel, as 'twas her Mishap, the thing that beshit us having got the wild

nothing so noisom as Dutchess i'th' Dirt.
n saugh! Carwel, saugh! for a stinking French

Shore was more wholesom when dead in a

the fpoil of the Land o'erballanc'd her fo, the funk by the Weight her Whoredom had (gotten

be her support now her Carcase is rotten?

Never Whore fo mistaken! Faith, Romles, h

Is lame on all four, not fit for the Race.

Let Shoreditch be famous for the Fall and the Foil
It has given two Whores who funk in its Soil:
Had the last but lain by it as long as the first,
It had eas'd three Nations that in her are curs'd.
Howe'er we all thank you, you did your Endeave
To have laid her as fast, and unwilling to leavele
The Men of Art tell us the Stars do portend,
That her Fall in that place presages her End:
As Rowley grows stiff, and can leap her no mo
She'll rot in a Ditch as her Sister Jane Shore,
Pray Heaven it prove so! then Gadbury shall,
If he guess right in this, be pardon'd for all,

The Obscure Prince, Or,

The Black Box boxed.

Heavens! the weakness of my unkind Fath
Better some Peasant had begot me rather:
He wou'd not black himself, his Wise desame,
And after Marriage Bastard me proclaim;
Through panick Fear thus in Perillus roar,
To gratify a Brother, or a Whore,
Honour disclaim, by Fools and Knaves beguilt
Nay, wou'd it pass, deny me for his Child:
Destroy my Right 'gainst God and Nature's La
To prop the falling of their tott'ring Cause:

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fue a Chace more of the Goofe than Fox. I'd the shamm'd Story of the blackned Box; eny the Truth long in the Ashes hid, fowning now what Bishop Fuller did; ow he perform'd the Marriage Office, e'er n cou'd enjoy my wronged Mother dear. other Terms she scorned with her Soul, o means were us'd with her both fair and foul; itness your felf what Mother Queen did do, fides the Offers that were made by you. then mighty Passions brought you down so ill, our Grief befool'd the French Physician's Skill, nd at grim Death's approaches out did cry, let me marry with her, or I die : was then she yielded and became your Wife. rthis is truth, I'll prove it with my Life; tyou may fave the trouble if you please, rak like your felf, and all the Kingdom ease. ou are my Father, Sir, I'll Duty pay ato your felf until your dying-day. ut when that falls (which God foreslow) Sir, I Vill take the Name of Royal Majesty, Vithout offence to any, as my due, ir'n me by God, by Nature, Sir, and You: hen (if I live) the wronged World shall know, Wedlock I was got, and born in't too, hat I am Heir undoubted to the Crown, and will enjoy it when you lay it down, fipite of Papists, manger all their Hate, heir Hope shall find I am legitimate. ingland stand by me with your utmost Breaths, Truin Rome, or die ten thousand Deaths; nd make France tremble also e'er l've done, Peltroy those Plagues that murder Christendom, hat true Religion in the Land may flow, Not Forms and Int'rest which are called so:

P 3

And shou'd I ever alter what I say, Let God forsake me on my dying-day.

Enough brave Prince, we'll take your Roys
And will defend you by the dint of Sword
'Gainst all Opposers whosoe'er they are;
We'll stand or fall, and in your Fortunes share;
And after Charles, who wrongs you of your Crown
Shall cut a Million of true English down.

Honi soit qui mal your

Upon the Dispute in the Choice of Sheriffs this Paper following was spread abroad directed to the Worthy Citizens of London.

Respice & Cave.

Gentlemen;

Ow is the time, acquit your selves like Men, Else who can say you'll ever see't agen? Divide not for your Lives, their Work is done, Down must the Papists go, and * Mouth must run: Let not his Imprecations us befool, He's worse than mad that trusts a Yorkists Tool. Shou'd he now choose us Sherists, f Clodpate Jurist We fall as Victims to their Popish Furies. O! Heaven direct us to unite we pray, Old England's Fate depends upon this Day, And those unborn too bless or curse us may.

ol.

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01

^{*} Sir Geo. Jefferies.

⁺ Sir Will. Scroggs.

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Idem.

Ewis of France hath been the Protestants Scourge, And * Lewis of London is the Papists Drudg, one plays the Tyrant to uphold his Lust, and London's Villain doth betray his Trust. Tyrant and Traitor Lewis is no less, and Mouth and Clodpate do make up the mess: lose up the Poll, or Lewis by this Light, four own shall off to do the City right.

On Dr. Stil---- fleet Dean of St. Paul's.

So have I seen a Dean of St. Paul's, (Irenicum withdrawn)
Shisting about to blow the Coals
for Rome against dissenting Souls,
And all for Sleeves of Lawn.

An Advertisement to a Protestant Grand-Jury.

Slight not these following Lines,
Or count them idle things:
A Stander-by sees more sometimes
Than those that game with Kings.
Forewarn'd, fore-arm'd.

P 4

Mack-

Idem

^{*} Sir Simon Lewis then Sheriff of London.

Mack-Ninnies Case looks desperate,
The Papists Cause the same.
The Traitors struggle with their Fate:
Then Patriots now beware their Hate;
Look to your selves ere't be too late,
Or all is on a Flame.

A Country Hodg heard Torys fay,
As he was walking home,
Ottober's three and twentieth Day
Began the bloody Irish Fray,
And then to Edg-Hill took its way,
Remember Forty One.

This trusty Roger told for true,

'Tis odds he guesses right;

Mack—had prepar'd his murd'ring Crew

At unawares to murder you,

And by that Blow the Land subdue,

As ye sit late at Night.

Unless in time ye him prevent,

Be arm'd against those Fears.

Ne'er trust to Rowley's Compliment,

When Actions speak the ill intent,

Who never yet lov'd Parliament,

Whate'er he says or swears.

What if 'tis said that Mack—shall go,
The Fool the Knave may trust.

Stand on your Guard, prevent this Blow,
No matter whether he runs or no,
'Tis you must Papists overthrow,
Let Devil do his worst.

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Historia Tuta.

TEnry the Prince fell by his trembling Sire, Who by his Recreant Son did next expire. oud of his ill-got State, enthron'd he stands, nd on the People lays oppressive Hands. hey unaccustom'd to the heavy Yoke, unish his Rapines by a fatal stroke. Brother to the next creates much Strife. ims at his Crown, and daily feeks his Life: im eafy, vain, and weak Court-Pimps deceive. nd Brother's Crimes Priests bid him not believe : ence stupid grown, Sloth, Lust, and want of Care draw dismal Ruin on him unaware. his Truth the Roman Poets fang of old, nd in Majestick Satyr did unfold : ings without Wounds rarely refign their Breath. nd Tyrants never die a Civil Death.

Utrum horum mavis accipe.

It or fit not, by Law or Sword,

Mack falls as fiat as Council-board:

Maintain our Rights, stand fast together;

Mehangs, runs, fights, e'en choose him whether.

Iriennial Laws with Resolution

In cure that Plague of Dissolution.

Met Rowley know unto his Face,

I Law and Justice can't take place,

We'll quit the Land of Bothwell's Race.

3

The City's Advice to the King.

BUT tother day from Exile not by Force, With shouts of Joy, as Troy their Trojan Hosse We took thee in and plac'd thee on the Throne, Preser'd thy Happiness before our own; And shew'd the World there is no other thing Holds half the Plagues in't as a thankless King.

We full of Peace, of Honour, and of Trade, Were with foft Ease and Riches wanton made; And such a Surfeit took of Happiness, Twas only thou couldst cure our great Excess; And thy dear Dose hath done it in a minute, And cur'd us quite, or else the Devil's in it. We then cou'd go to Bed without the Fears Of having our Houses fir'd about our Ears. Secure we flept without the difmal fright Of Murders, Rapes and Massacres i'th'Night. But thou, great Prince, hast cur'd us of this East, When e'er we die 'twon't be of that Disease: Fow now our Sleep like those in Hell appears, We always wake with Flames about our Ears. Most graciously we once wholesale were burn'd, And more than all our City to Ashes turn'd: E'er fince with retail Fires, now here, now there, As pleas'd Rome's Rage, and as their Mark cou'd bear

And now the new Health'mongst the Tory Crew Is't our second Conflagration? strange but true! Yet these thy Darlings are, and only please thee, Not one that honest is, in England's easy:

Poor Prince! how hast thou lost thy Worthy Brave For such a cursed pack of Fools and Knaves.

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Consider Charles, was't we, or this vile Rout lade thy Return, and ev'ry Street to shout?
They drank thy Health, and damn'd themselves,

what Fund is this for either Peace or Wars?
In Angel's Art can't steer by such Pole-Stars.
Go poll each starved Courtezan and Whore, and Clergy Wight and Tory then give o'er, or all the Land won't yield thee one Man more. In English now again, thank God and thee.
Betimes consider then thy wandring State, the Wheel runs swift, it soon may be too late. Thy People yet would fain preserve thy Throne, bon't force 'em make thy Brother's Crimes thine

or tho they don't believe thee free from Guilt, et they'll ne'er spy thy Faults unless thou wilt. Close quickly then, let go thy Brother Elf, rnext remove of Rage may find thy felf. y Nature English People willing are lowhip their Princes Mates, but them to spare. at if to ruin them their Rulers go, and will protect their own and Peoples Foes, Man (or Men) their Fury then e'er knows. Take then Advice before the time be gone; ad Fate of Father shou'd instruct the Son: he felf-same Crew was his delight, are thine; he best he lowr'd on, and on the worst did shine. eagues, Tories, Ruffians pleas'd him to the Heart: utill-plac'd Pleasures ever end in smart. How will the Age unborn thy Conduct mock, thou shalt split upon the self-same Rock.

s th'ill-skill'd Pilot's blam'd, and not his Luck, hat runs same spot he saw his Lanthorn struck:

So

So write for Oracle, same Foes, same Friends, Bring them that follow them, to th' felf-fame Ends

On Mun Doyly and Fleet Shepherd Esquires.

At, ruddy, and dull, With an Inch thick of Skull; But false as the Bags of his Brother; Is that Caterer for News, In Tayerns and Stews, Mun Doyly the Son of his Mother.

The great Leg hearing this, Thought all was amiss; And to run his Intelligence higher, Refolv'd at a Jump, To leaven that Lump, With Shepherd that voluble Lyer.

What notable Tools Are a Brace of fuch Fools, In the hands of a young Politician; When the Colonel did chuse False Wit, and false News, Sure he needed much more a Physician.

Yet poor Shepherd may prove In time, by Legg's Love, As famous as Markham or Needham: Or Berkinbead the Great. Who employs all his Sweat In witty fmart Ballads (God speed him).

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Ends

Return to the Pot,
Thou damn'd drolling Sot,
In time, lest the Gallows attend thee;
For thou'lt ne'er make so good
A Spy as old Blood,
The Billing and Mead do befriend thee.

In Alchouses dipt,
From Oxford thou wert whipt,
For thy witty Deceits to the Tapster:
Thas e'er since been thy way,
Thy best Friends to betray;
Classey proceeded not faster.

A RIDDLE.

Whose Levees yet great Men attend;
Who in Retirement loves to sneak,
Yet for Domesticks oft does seek?
Folly and Innocence do him dread,
He's hated, yet he's followed,
And is interr'd before he's dead.
His Retinue's kept at others Cost,
And when he's curst, he prospers most.

ANOTHER.

I Stand but on one Leg, yet do sustain Much Weight, beside a noted Rogue in grain, And 'twere an ill Wind which blew him no gain. He

He gives me Clothes, when fast he'd have me run, But strips me naked, when his Work I've done. Then I, with Arms across, expos'd do stand, Forc'd to submit to ev'ry Turn of Hand, And to inconstant unseen Pow'rs command. I once encounter'd was by hardy Fool, Who'ad got my Namesake lodg'd within his Skull; He me attack'd in wild and frantick Mood, And I my Ground, tho in swift Motion, stood. He from my Arms receiv'd a stunning Blow, Yet what I was the Coxcomb did not know; And you're more wise, if you guess what I'm now.

Third Riddle.

I.ofe to my Owner I adher'd, I Till bloody Hands me from from him tear'd: In Warmth and Quietness we liv'd, And, while together, well we thriv'd. But naked now Men me expose, And I excite them too to Blows. Dumb was I born, still have no Voice, Yet Courts and Camps I fill with Noise. I liv'd in Peace, now serve in Wars, Was Innocent, but now at Bars Am try'd, where I move endless Jars. Great Rogues trade in me by whole-fale, In Parcels too they me retail: But when their greater use I fail, Small lowfy Thieves do in me deal, And serve their Ends of me piece-meal.

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ong. To the old Tune of, Taking of Snuff is the Mode of the Court.

THE Widows and Maids May now hold up their Heads; here are Men to be had for all uses: But who could prefage, That ever one Age hould be furnish'd with two Tom Lucys?

Since his Grace could prefer The Poulterer's Heir, o the great Match his Uncle had made him: 'Twere just if the King Took away his blue String, nd few'd him on two to lead him.

That the Lady was fent To a Convent at Ghent, las the Counsel of Kidnapping Grafton; And we may now foretel, That all will go well, me the rough Blockhead governs the foft one.

Moll Hinton best knows, Why Newburgh kept close; t it need never trouble her Conscience: 'Twas Duty to clap That impertinent Fop; or it sav'd us abundance of Nonsense.

5. For

For one that loves Peace,
And would live at his Ease,
Northampton the best way has chosen;
Leaves courting the Fair
To his Uncles Care,
And the combating Part to his Cousin.

In Shrewsbury we find
A gen'rous Mind,
So kindly to live with his Mother;
And never try yet
To revenge the fad Fate
Of his Father and only Brother.

Thus fighting we fee,
With fome Folks won't agree;
A Witness a much fafer Post is:
And tho my Lord Grey
In the Field ran away,
He could charge in a Court of Justice.

'Tis pleasant to hear
An eminent * Peer, * Sun-land
Make Whoring a Case of Conscience:
When 'tis so well known,
His Favour begun
By pimping to Portsmouth not long since.

'Tis a very plain Case,'
That the † Countes's Disgrace
The Catholick Cause advances:
'Tis also as plain,
That Tyrconnes's chief Aim
Was, to bring in his Daughter Frances.

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That Church will dispense
With no Heretick Wench;
and yet we have this for our comfort;
Tho the Priest at the Court
Forbid us that Sport,
the Chancery allows us a Montfort.

II.

Thrice fortunate Boy,
Who canst give double Joy,
and at every Turn be ready,
With Pleasures in store,
Behind and before,
o delight both my Lord and my Lady.

A Sunday Morning's Ramble.

N Saturday night we sat late at the Rose,
Carousing a Glass to our Wives good Repose,
After our usual Mode;
Till we drank so long,
That Religion came on,
For we were sull of the God.
At Pro and at Con,
We held till One,
And then we agreed in the Close,
To let wording alone,
And ramble the Town,
To see how Religion grows.

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We began at the Church of St. Peter,
Whose Prebends make many Mouths water

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Religion did here
Like grave Matron appear;
Neat, but not gaudy, like Courtezan Rome;

Plain, but no Slut, like your Geneva Dame, She has on an old Stuff, With a Primitive Ruff,

And round the Seam of her Vest,
In Musick Notes scrawl'd all o'er,
Loyalty express'd she bore,
By which at her Church we guess'd.

At the Tombs we did peep,
Where the Kings were asseep,
And the Choir melodiously chanted,
Without any Concern,
As we could discern,
Of being Be-quo-warranted.
And we fancy, at the last Cast, Sir,
When among the rest,
They came to the Test,
St. Peter will deny his Master.

Then shifting our Protestant Dress,
To the Royal Chappel we press,
Where Religion was fine indeed;
But with Facings and Fringings,
With Crossings and Cringings,
Intirely run up to Seed.
Good God! what Distraction there reign'd,
When Union in Worship was seign'd:

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For I spy'd a poor Maid,
Just come to the Trade,
And I sancy she was but a Learner,
Who was but at most, Sir,
Half thro Pater-Noster,
When the Priest was at Amen-Corner.

tan Irishman's Breeches had half the Petitions, faw put up there for various Conditions, Sent to the Blest Maid, With care and with speed, And the foon had a Fellow-feeling; For the was not far off, But was got up aloff, Most curiously drawn on the Ceiling, By the Royal Command, Where Virtue's great Hand (Such to the Saints is his Love) To the Virgin has given As glorious a Heaven, As that she enjoys and reigns in above, Whether like the Rogue drew her, They can tell best that knew her; Tho most Men are apt to conjecture, When he drew the bless'd Maid, (Mortal Fancy to aid) His Mistress sate for the Picture.

hen bidding Farewel to their Goddess and them, leput in at the Savoy, or New-Amsterdam, ot to find out Religion, but to see some odd sights, which Father Corker's Chappel invites. sin ours sometimes we place Saints and Martyrs, othis holy Room was surrounded with Traytors,

In Halters there hung,
Just so as they swung,
Saint Coleman, and most of the Gang, Boy,
And were't not for something
That's just next to nothing,
Perhaps there had hung our new Envoy.

The Pilgrimage.

To the Tune of, Hey Boys up go we

Our Priests in Holy Pilgrimage,
Quite thro the Land have gone,
Surveying each Religious House
Of Abbot, Fryer, and Nun.
The yearly Rent,
And full Extent
Of every one they know,
And in whose Hands
Are all our Lands,
As antient Writers show.

Those Places all shall be restor'd,
As in short time you'll hear;
I know the Man has pass'd his Word,
Of which you need not fear;
He'll ne'er evade
One Promise made,
Nor fail a Friend in woe:
But when 'twill be,
Nor I, nor He,
Nor the Devil himself does know.

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gious Men shall hither haste, heir Zeal shall make 'em run; Jesuits shall your Wives keep chaste, ach Fryar confess his Nun. The Men shall shrive. The Women all shall be forgiven: Your Daughters whore, Then quit their score, nd make 'em fit for Heav'n.

Lady Abbess shall appear, n old flux'd Bawd or Punk, whor'd and bug-d threescore year, alk'd Bawdy, and been drunk: Religious Puns, To teach the Nuns, ommitted to her Charge; And mortify Their Leachery, s Nature does enlarge.

Vestals all shall Virgins be, hat never went aftray; e been train'd up religiously, he clean contrary way: In Julian's Song, For whoring long, ho oft they've noted been; Nature of force Will have its Course; was all but venial Sin.

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Your Colleges shall be our own,
As Vacancies do fall;
We'll strip each Doctor of his Gown,
The Parsons turn out all,
Revenues great,
With pleasant Seat,
The Church to us has given;
To sing you Mass,
Confess each Ass,
And make you fit for Heaven.

Not will we any longer wait,
After such Notice given;
Nor shall they in the Pulpits prate,
Or teach the way to Heaven.
'Tis our Province,
You to convince:
Our Arguments shall be,
Without dispute,
To make you mute;
Then, Hey Boys, up go we.

Now Hereticks confider well
The Game you have to play;
You yet may keep on this fide Hell,
If warn'd by what I fay.
But e'er your Lands
Shall scape our Hands,
Which have been long our due;
We'll stab, w'll shoot,
W'll damn to boot;
Then, Hey Boys, np go you.

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TO, Brother Teague, dost hear de Decree? Lilli Burlero Bullena-la. lat we shall have a new Debity, Lilli Burlero Bullena-la. Lero lero, Lero lero, lilliburlero bullena-la, Lero lero, &c.

Ho by my Shoul it is a troat, Lilli burlero, &c. And he will cut all de English Throat, Lilli, &c. Lero lero, &c. Lero lero, &c.

Tho by my Shoul de English do praat, Lilli, &c. De Laws on dare fide, and Creish know what, Lilli, &c. Lero lero, &c. Lero lero, &c.

But if Dispence do come from de Pope, Lilli, &c. We'll hang Magna Charta, & demselves in a Rope! Lilli, &c. Lero lero, &c. Lero lero, &c.

And

And de good Talbot is made a Lord,
Lilli, &c.
And he with brave Lads is coming aboard,
Lilli, &c.
Lero lero, &c.
Lero lero, &c.

Who aul in France have tauken a Sware,
Lilli, &c.

Dat dey will have no Protestant here,
Lilli, &c.

Lero lero, &c.

Lero lero, &c.

O, But why does he stay behind?

Lilli, &c.

Ho, by my Shoul, 'tis a Protestant Wind,

Lilli, &c.

Lero lero, &c.

Lero lero, &c.

Now Tyrconnel is come ashore,
Lilli, &c.
And we shall have Commissions gillore,
Lilli, &c.
Lero lero, &c.
Lero lero, &c.

And he dat will not go to Mass,

Lilli, &c.

Shall turn out and look like an Ass,

Lilli, &c.

Lero lero, &c.

Lero lero, &c.

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low, now de Hereticks all go down,
Lilli, &c.

y Creish and St. Patrick the Nation's our own,
Lilli, &c.
Lero, lero, &c.

The Second Part.

ByCreish, my dear Morish, vat maukes de sho shad?

Lilli, &c.

De Hereticks jeer us, and mauke me mad,

Lilli, &c.

Lero lero, &c.

Lero lero, &c.

Pox tauke me, dear Teague, but I am in a Raage, Lilli, &c.
Poo-oo, what Impudence is in dis Aage!
Lilli, &c.
Lero lero, &c.
Lero lero, &c.
Lero lero, &c.

Dey shay dat Tyrconnel's a Friend to de Mash,
Lilli, &c.
For which he's a Traytor, a Pimp, and an Ass,
Lilli, &c.
Lero lero, &c.
Lero lero, &c.

Ara! Plaugue tauke me now, I mauke a Sware,
Lilli, &c.
Ito Shaint Tyburn will mauke a great Pray'r,
Lilli, &c.
Lero lero, &c.
Lero lero, &c.

O, I will pray to Shaint Patrick's Frock,
Lilli, &c.

Or to Loretto's Sacred Smock,

Lilli, &c.

Lero lero, &c.

Now, a Pox tauke me, what dost dow tink?
Lilli, &c.

De English Confusion to Popery drink, Lilli, &c.

Lero lero, &c.

Le o lero, &c.

And by my Shoul de Mash-house pull down, Lilli, &c.

While dey were swaaring de Mayor of de Town, Lilli, &c.

Lero lero, &c.

Lero lero, &c.

O Fait and be! I'll make a Decree,
Lilli, &c.
And fwaare by the Chancellor's Modesty,
Lilli, &c.
Lero lero, &c.

Lero lero, &c.

Dat I no longer in English will stay, Lilli, &c.

For by Gode dey will hang us out of the way, Lilli, &c.

Lero lero, &c.

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Vat if the Dush should come as dey hope,

Lilli Burlero Bullena-la,

To up hang us for all de Dispense of de Pope.

Lilli Burlero Bullena-la,

Lero lero, Lero lero, Lilliburlero bullena-la,

Lero lero, &c.

Song.

To the Tune of, A begging we will go.

When Popery's in Request;
And he's the Loyal'st Subject,
Slights not the Laws the least?
When a Torying they do go, do go, do go,
When a Torying they all go.

What think you of a Whiggish Plot,
And of their Evidence,
When all the Laws cannot protect
The Peoples Innocence?
When a swearing they do go, do go, do go,
When a swearing they do go.

What think you of a * General, * Grey.

That did betray his † Lord, † Monmouth.

For which he does deferve to fwing
In Ketch's Hempen Cord?

Such a Rogue you ne'er did know, did know, did know,

Such a Rogue you ne'er did know.

What think you to be try'd, Sir,
By Proclamation Laws,
And zealonfly deftroy a || Prince.

And zealously destroy a || Prince, T'advance the Popish Cause?

And to Mass to make us go, us go, us go, And to Mass to make us go.

What think you of the Chancellor?
Befure he'll do the Work;

Establish a Religion, Altho it were the Turk?

And for Int'rest be'll do so, do so, do so, And for Int'rest be'll do so.

In Lime-street now we do say Mass, T'advance the Popish Cause, And set the Mayor to guard it

Against his Oath and Laws?

To the Court you must bow low, bow low, bow low.

To the Court you must bow low.

And what think you of proving A Popish Army awful,

And bantering the Church with Arguments unlawful?

But a fiddling let him go, him go, him go, But a fiddling let him go.

What would you give to be, Sir,
In contrite Prance's Place,
And fentenc'd to a Pillory
For one small Mite of Grace?
When recanting he did go, did go,
When recanting he did go.

Monmouth.

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touth.

What think you of our Penal Laws,
That made the Pope to bow?
If damn'd Rogues had not betray'd us,
They'd been as Penal now.

But their Opinions were not so, not so, not so,
Their Opinions were not so.

10

Yet fear we not, that bug—ing Dog,
That sits in Porph'ry Chair,
That swears he is infallible,
'Cause he's St. Peter's Heir?
Tis a Lye we all do know, do know, do know,
'Tis a Lye we all do know.

A Stanza put on Westminster-Hall-Gate.

When Nature's God for our Offences dy'd, Among the Twelve one Judas did refide. Here's Twelve assembled for the Nation's Peace, Among which Twelve, Eleven are Judasses. One's true to's Trust, but all the rest accord With Jews and Pagans to betray their Lord. (voke What Madness, Slaves? what was't cou'd you pro-To stoop once more unto the Romiss Yoke? May you be curs'd, and all your Hopes demolish'd, And perish by those Laws you have abolish'd.

To the Judges.

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Dignify'd Things, may I your leave implore To kifs your Hands, and your High Heads (adore?

Judges you are, but you are something more. May I draw near, and with a rough hewn Pen Give a small Draught of you, the worst of Men: Tell of your Merits, and your mighty Skill, And how your Charms all Courts of Justice fill: Your Laws, far stronger than the Commons Votes So finely flow from your difpenfing Throats. What Rome will ask, you must not her deny; If Hell command you too, you must comply. 'There's none but you would in this Cause combine Things made likeMen, but act like Brutes and Swine Law-Books are Trash, a Student's but a Drudge; Learn to fay, yes, he's an accomplish'd Judge. He wins the Scarlet Robe, and wears it too; Ay, and deserves it well; for more's his due. All that compleats a Traytor, dwells in you. Thus you like Villains to the Benches get, Where, in Defiance to the Laws, you fit, And all base Actions that will please commit. There must you toil for Rome, and there must try/ Your Irish Sense, & Cobweb Policy; Compleat your Crimes, and then you're fit to dy.) True Loyal Babes, Pimps to the Church of Rome, Tresilian's Heirs, Heirs to his Crimes and Doom. Was e're the Hall fill'd up with fuch a Brood, All dipt in Treasons, Villanies, and Blood? Worse than Fanatick Priests; for they being pres By a wild Prince, preach'd to repeal the Test. Then ore leads ore?

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then here's the Diff'rence 'twixt you Popish Tools's You're downright Rogues, they only Knaves & Fools.

The Advice.

W Ould you be famous and renown'd in Story,
And after having run a Stage of Glory,
Go strait to Heav'n, and not to Purgatory?
This is the Time.

Would you furrender your dispensing Pow'r,
And send the Western Hangman to the Tower,
From whence he'll find it difficult to scour?

This is the Time. Would you let Father Pen, and Father Lob,

Assisted by the Poet Laureat Squab,

To teach Obedience Passive to the Mob?

This is the Time.

Would you let Rev'rend Father Petre know What thanks the Church of England to him owe, for Favours which he does on them bestow?

This is the Time.

Would you with Expedition fend away
Those four dim Lights, made Bishops t'other day,
To convert th' Indians in America?

This is the Time.

Would you the rest of that bald-pated Train No longer flatter with thin Hopes of Gain, But send them to St. Omers back again?

This is the Time.

Would you, instead of holding birchen Tool, send Pulson to be lash'd at Busby's School, That he in Print no longer play the Fool?

This is the Time.
Would

Would you that Jack of all Religions scare, Bid him for hanging speedily prepare, That Harry Hills may visit Harry Car?

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Would you let Ireland no more fear Macdonnel, And all the Rabble under Philem O Neal, And Cla—don again succeed Tyrconnel?

This is the time

Would you court Ear-wigs, banish from your Ear Those Carpet-Knights, and interested Peers, And rid the Kingdoms from impending Fears?

This is the time

Would you make all the Hogen-Mogen yield, And be at once their Terror, and our Shield, And not appear by Proxy in the Field?

Would you no more a Woman's Counsel take, But love your Kingdoms for your Kingdoms sak Make Subjects love, and Enemies to quake?

This is the tim

A new Catch.

This worthy Corps where shall we lay?
In hallow'd, or unhallow'd Clay?
Th'unhallow'd best besits him dead,
Who, living, from the hallow'd sled.

Then in the Vestry be his Tomb, Since that he made his Drinking Room; While to avoid the Common-Pray'r, He soop'd off his French Pottage there. é,

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Bu

now alas! near Newgate thrown,
Tyburn could obtain his own,
s gone to fleep with Brethren bleft,
Baxter's Saints e'erlasting Rest.

ter Oliver's Porter, Fidler and Poet in Bedlam.

e Scene adorn'd with several of the Poet's own Flowers.

Porter.

Glory! Glory! Who are these appear?
My Fellow-Servants, Poet, Fidler here?
Modge the constant, Johnny the sincere!
The sent you hither? And pray tell me why horrid Silence does invade my Eye?
Thy not one sound of Voice from you I spy?

Johnny.

tome to let thee know the time is now o turn, and fawn, and flatter as we do; and follow that which does too fast pursue. So wise, neglect your Int'rest now no more: t'rest, the Prince we serve, God we adore for the Royal Martyr sirst declar'd; at e'er his Head was off, I was prepar'd o own the Rump, and for that Cause did rhyme; at those kick'd out, next moment turn'd to him hat routed 'em, call'd him my Sovereign, and prais'd his op'ning of the Kingly Vein.

Hodge!

Hodge.

I by my low'ring Planets was accurft
To be for barren Loyalty at first:
But when to Noll's our Charles his Fate gave pla
I could abjure th'unhappy Royal Race.
To Noll I all my Fingers skill did show,
And charm'd his Highness with my nimble Box
Besides, I serv'd him as a faithful Spy,
And did decoy the Cavalierish Fry.
Gold from his bounteous Highness charm'd my
(Eyes,

My old Whore Baltinglass did not fusice For the Expence and Equipage of Spies. Johnny.

Come join with us to make our Party strong, And you can never be in Bedlam long. Hodge,

Were you yet madder, you might serve the State And be imploy'd in things of greatest weight.

Fobnuny.

For, as the Turks their Fantons, we adore
The Fools and Madmen, and their Aid implu
Such are the Men I fing in Panegyrick Verse.

Hodge. To such I write, not to Philosophers.

Porter.

Such frequent Turns should you to Bedlam bring From Rump to Cromwel, Cromwel to the King; Then to your Idol Church, next to the Pope, Which may one day prefer you to the Rope. I among Madmen am confin'd, 'tis true, But I have more Solidity than you.

Johnny.

A Windmill is not fickle, for we find That it is always constant to the Wind; I never change, I am still to Int'rest true; The Conquiror ever does my Muse subdue;

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with whatever Tossing she shall meet, like a Cat, shall light upon her Feet.

Hodge.

long did I write for the English Church, now think fit to leave her in the lurch.

Will-o-th'Wisp, th'inferior Clergy I into Quagmires, where I let them lie: into Bogs and Ditches I have cast, re let them flounder what they will, they're (fast.

r Crape Gown is plung'd into the Mire, not possible it should retire.

Porter.

pirit boils within my troubled Breast; Rogues are come to interrupt my Rest. Johnny.

the exalted Whigs were in their Pride, tmy Oil and Labour on their side; tay Oil and Labour on their side; tay Maxims were Republican. In Excluding Bill I did declare, dand rail'd, and did not Monarch spare: they began to droop, I fac'd about, with my Pen I damn'd the Whiggish Router'ry turn before-hand I can find, or sagacious Hog soresees the Wind.

Modge.

Imply turn to that which does prevail,

aman e'er could sooner shift his Sail.

Johnny.

true Renegado still I maul

arty I forsook with utmost Gaul.

Hodge.

er long shall damn the Heretick Souls old Comrade-Coffee Priests near Paul's

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Spies upon all their Pulpits I maintain, And if of Rome, or Slav'ry they complain, Or for their own against our Church preach; I war, as if they did Sedition teach: I brand the Parson with most venomous lies If I want Truth, Invention still supplies.

O Seed of Locusts! O th'infernal Lake!
You'll raise my Anger, and I'll make you qu

Hodge.

Long my fly Pen serv'd Rome, and I atchieved Ample Rewards; whole shoals of Priests dead I wrought with such imperceptible Tools, That I of heaps of Guineas gull'd those so The only Bubbles in the World are they, Who to their Cost must feel before they see. In publick yet the English Church I own, Tho I am subtly writing of it down: For yet it is not time I should declare, Lest Fools, to whom I write, should be an Johnny.

Men best themselves 'gainst open Foes dest But perish surely by a seeming Friend. One Son turn'd me, I turn'd the other two But had not an Indulgence, Sir, like you. I felt my Purse insensibly consume, Till I had openly declar'd for Rome.

Now Fellow-Servant, pray at length be will And follow our Example and Advice.

Porter.

What turn to Rome, who did our City but And would our antient Government o'ern Hodge. Hold! Is not th'Inscription blotted Porter. Therefore who burnt the City not

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Come Pullaw-Servant, .vnadoffellere our Pla

as Almighty Fire from Heaven came down ponish the rebellious stiff-neck'd Town: which had perish'd in devouring Flames. on the Fire you'd empty'd all the Thames: all its Waves been on the Houses tost, dbut basted them, as they did roast. Heav'n'a Chrystal Pyramid did take, hat a broad Extinguisher did make,

irmamental Waters dipt above,

u que good the Flames which to their Quarry strove. Porter.

yramid Extinguisher to hood! Nonsense, ne'er to be understood.

Hodge. se fort! you believe the Plot of Varlet Oates? Porter.

Proclamations, and four Senates Votes. Johnny.

Godfrey's Life was by the Papists sped. Porter.

! He kill'd himself when he was dead. . To dying Jesuits will you Credit give? Porter.

full as much as all the while they live. lying Protestants I'll not believe; [Scoffingly.] they allow of neat Equivocation, of flat Lies with mental Reservation.

Johnny, Hodge! To gain him we in vain contend; fellow-Servant is a Wag, dear Friend.

Hodge. ry him farther; for his Parts are fuch, ring him o'er must needs avail us much, are for Rome and France 'gainst English and (the Dutch.)

R 3

Come

Come Fellow-Servant, you'll believe our Plot, Of Russel, Hambden, Sidney, and what not? Of Bedford, Walcot, Bow-steeple, and the Ry. Porter,

For Ruffel would, but Hambden would not lie, Rumbald, and Walcot too did both deny.

Ayloffe to boot: but Cowards are not brave, For Fear's a Passion which all Cowards have. Yet to the Plot I firm belief afford, Of th'Evidence I credit not one word.

Tohnny.

Can you distrust what Gray and Escrick fay

What two fuch excellent Moral Men as the Hodge.

Others there are fwore home as men could do Porter.

Who for their Lives must swear, swear home, ist Against the Popish Crew none ever swore, But a full Pardon he obtain'd before.

These Swearers are like Cormorants, for the On Whigs with Ropes about their Gullets pro Folomora.

What then! Will you not be to Int'rest true
We both are of the same belief with you:
But we know better what we have to do.

Did ever Hell send such a brace of Knaves?
Such abject Cowards, Mercenary Slaves!

Exit from

His Looks are wild, his fiery Eye-balls roll,
A raging Tempest's lab'ring in his Soul:
Let's prudently retire.

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[Porter re-enters with a great Bible given bim by Nell Guyn.]

Porter.

u pitiful fneaking Rogues! Would you be gone? re's that shall knock both you and Popery down.

THe knocks em down wish the Bible, and stamps upon them: they get up.]

Hodge.

h Man! for this I full Revenge will take. the d fet our Evidence upon your back. Johnny.

d do dacious Fool! how dare you tempt your Fate, ovoking me a Pillar of the State. ho with my Pen alone have turn'd the Scale. nd made the Tories o'er the Whigs prevail?

or Pen alone? n I this Arrogance endure to hear? ould you usurp the Garland I should wear? Johnny.

with your Forty Eight and Forty One, ith Screws and Antipendiums plagu'd the Town: hile ev'n the Whigs admir'd my lofty Verses, or Witless Prose did fodder forty A-

Hodge. thro your A ---- touch Honour to the quick, d find if you have any by this Kick.

Kicks the Poet.

Fohnny. thon, old Fool, till you your Toes do gall, ave had feveral Kickings, and have born 'em all : that I'm us'd to't.-

R 4

Porter.

Porter.

There is Contagion in fuch Fools and Knaves, I'll wring your Necks off, if you ever more Presume to set your Feet within this Door. I'm Chief, and have Dominion in this place.

I'll spend my gushing Blood upon thy Face; And if thou dar'st effect thy dire Design, With my two Hands I'll sling my Head at this

Halloo! St. Dennis, have at you.

[He kicks and beats the they run roaring to

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Johnny.

Murder! murder!

Hodge.

Help, Murder! help!

Porter.

I of these Knaves shall never more complain, They have call'd back my wand'ring Sense again

[He pauses, and sem

Of all Mankind, happy alone are we, From all Ambition, from all Tumults free. No Plots, no vile Informers need we fear, No Plagues, no Tortures for Religion here. Our Thoughts, nay ev'n our very Words are Not damn'd by Fines, or loss of Liberty. None here's impeach'd by a vile Table Spy, Who with an *Innuends* backs his Lie: Words and Lampoons vve laugh at, and ne'et What's faid by Men, if Actions they forbear. Anger at Words, is vveakness understood, Since none can ridicule ought that is good:

is vvomanish, and springs from Impotence, no great Man at Words e'er took offence. then Rome was in her Glory, Words vvere free, & Governments can never jealous be: at when to Tyranny great Rome declin'd, leak Emperors vvith Delatores join'd oplague the People, and themselves undo: or when they're fear'd, they must be hated too: nd whom Men hate with Ruin they'll purfue. ne Witness, and a Circumstance for Facts, not enough: We must prove Overt-asts. or happy Government makes no Offence. ut open and rebellious Violence; Vhich we to quell no standing Army need, for can Dragoon upon Free-quarter feed. ooted Apostles we have none, that come o knock, and beat Men to the Church of Rome. When its But-end prevails not, Torments will, or Lewis is not yet so merciful to kill. Here we, divided from the troubled World. left, and are into no Confusions hurl'd. or all our Wants does our wife State provide, Here ev'ry vacant Place is still supply'd, With Persons that are duly qualify'd. No Favour raises a desertles Knave, Nor Infamy, nor yet the Gold he gave. How would all Subjects envy us, should we Publish the Secrets of our Hierarchy.

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A Farewel to the Church of England.

O little Brat, respected by the Just, Hated by Villains, and by Papifts curs'd: Thy Foes are fuch as Time it felf shall hate, Whose horrid Actions shall compleat their Fate. Fools, Villains, Traytors, by true Names descry'd Were ever Cards with fuch a Pack fupply'd? But here's the Comfort, go and tell about, That Fools that put them in, will kick them out: Give thy felf up, be gone, thou'rt call'd away, For Time and Tide make the whole World obey. Go tell thy Friends, and let them think upon't, A Commonwealth's the thing that fome men want No Plots grow there poor Mankind to abufe, Those little Tricks of State, which Monarchs use No Cut-throats that do murder with Applaufe; No burning Cities to promote the Caufe: No Charter feiz'd for Rome, by new-found Writ; No City Knights question'd, as they think fit, By Rogues, made Judges, to determine it. No Monster of a Mouth we e'er yet faw, Made Judg of Equity, who ne'er knew Law. No fawning Statesmen, who for treach'rous Gold His Country's Rights, and antient Freedom fold: No Judges are permitted there to live, That break the Center which the Senate give, That punish Treason under which they groan, Villains unparallel'd, excell'd by none! No trimming Poet trims with every Stream, And changes Sides as often as his Theme:

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No filching Justice there perks up his Head, prefer'd to cheat the Church that gave him Bread. A snarling Cur, kept under Chain and Clog, Perform'd the Office of a wakeful Dog: Cambridg, that cry'd him up, now calls him Rogue. No Priests sit there in Council, nor debate Their Juggling Politicks to plague the State; The only Curse poor England selt of late. No Burtons, Grahams, Rogues set up in spite, To squeeze and plague the People in their Right. Such Villains in a State are only sit

To grace a Gallows, and hang under it.

A Dialogue between a Loyal Addressor, and a blunt Whiggish Clown.

Addressor.

Ungrateful Wretch! canst thou pretend a (Cause To sear the loss of Liberties and Laws? Has not the King been at a vast expence, To raise the gallant Troops for thy defence? Did he not promise in a Proclamation, And swear to rule by Law at's Coronation?

Clown.

But her not be already damped the Test?

But has not he already damn'd the Test?
And sure that Prince's Word is but a Jest,
Who rules by Army, and obeys a Priest.
Nor can his Solemn Oath make us much safer,
Whose Sword is Steel, whose God is but a Waser.

Te

To the Haters of Popery, by what Names or Titles soever dignify'd or distinguish'd.

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Hus 'twas of old: then Israel felt the Rod, When they obey'd their Kings, and not their (God:

When they went whoring after other Loves,
To worship Idols in new-planted Groves.
They made their Gods of Silver, Wood and Stone,
And bow'd and worship'd them when they had

(done.

And to compleat their Sins in every way, They made the things call'd Priests; Priests, I fay, A Crew of Villains more prophane than they. Hence fprung the Romish Crew, that Spawn of Hell! Who now in Vice their Pedagogue excel. Their Church is rul'd by vicious Popes: the rest Are whoring Nuns, and bawdy bug-ing Priefts. A noble Church! daub'd with religious Paint, Each Priest's a Stallion, ev'ry Rogue's a Saint. Come you that loath this Brood, this murd'ring Your Predecessors well their Mercy knew. Take Courage now, and be both bold and wife: Stand for your Laws, Religion, and Liberties, You have the odds, the Law is still your own; They are but Traytors, therefore pull 'em down They, struck with fear, feek to destroy the Laws: On them, you see, they, raving, fix their Paws, Because from them they fear their fatal fall, Knowing that they to death subject them all. Then keep your Laws, the Penal, and the rest, And yield your Lives rather than yield the Test. And ames

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And thou, great Church of England, hold thy own. Force you they may; otherwise give up none: Robbers and Thieves must count for what they've (done.)

Let all thy mighty Pillars now appear
Zealous and brave, void both of Hate and Fear.
The Popish Fops may grin, lyc, cheat and whine;
And curfetheir Faith, while all submit to thine.
And you, brave Oxford, Cambridg, and the rest,
Great Hough and Fairfax, who dare beard the Beast;
Let all the Just with Thanks record your Name
On standing Pillars of Immortal Fame.

A new Litany for the holy Time of Lent.

From being bound to keep our Word, From Civil Broil, and Foreign Sword, Libera nos Domine.

From store of Ships, and want of Men; From leaping into th' Lion's Den; From a Dutch War, and Burnet's Pen,

Libera nos, &c.

From Bombs of France, and Bulls of Rome; From being Henpeck'd worse at home; From Dorchester's insatiate Womb,

Libera, &c.

From Toleration, and such Nonsense; From granting Liberty of Conscience To Hereticks, against our own Sense,

Libera, &c.

From

From hopes we shall Dissenters bring To Union with a Popish King, And Pen that manages the whole Thing,

Libera, &c.

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From standing of our Slaves in dread; From being by the Priesthood led; From English Limbs on Roman Head,

Libera, &c.

From Oxford faithful to his Trust;
From being to our Promise just;
From Mulgrave's Pride, and his Wife's Lust,
Libera, &c.

From Somer set and haughty Lory, That would eclipse the Roman Glory, And make a Jest of Purgatory,

Libera, &c.

From Parliament that dares oppose, And lead their Sov'reign by the Nose, And from the Sanguinary Laws,

Libera, &c.

From such as will not do their best, To take off Penal Laws and Test; From Stamford, Grey, and all the rest,

Libera nos Domine.

We humbly do befeech thee, Lord, That we may govern by the Sword, And Berwick know no other Word,

Qualumus, &t.

That it may please thee, while we Reign, Whatever Neighbour rules the Main, To make us great in our Campaign,

Quasumus, &c.

That

apt we may never cross the Main, be a General for Spain,

d never see Breda again,

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Quesumus, &c.

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To make a Catholick Pudding.

Of Chios Wine enough the same to drown.

Of Chios Wine enough the same to drown.

Of Malmsbury and Hobbs, take Ounces eight,

Of a Quack Conscience add an equal weight:

Of Juries finely pack'd, take one Ounce more,

Six Irish Witnesses just come ashore.

Season it all with Atheistick Lies,

'Twill make a Pudding that shall clear your Eye

Here Antichrist may freely treat his own Guests,

For the Receipt is learned Dr. Conquests.

An Irish Prophecy.

There was a Prophecy lately found in a Bog, That Ireland should be rul'd by an Ass & a Do The Prophecy's true, and now come to pass; For Talbot's a Dog, and Tyrconnel's an Ass.

A new Song upon the Hogen-Mogen.

D'Ye hear the News of the Dutch, dear Frank Sutterkin, Hogen, Herring, van Dunk, That they intend to play us a Prank, Sutterkin, Hogen, Herring, van Dunk, Hogen, Herring, van Dunk, oonnd vn.

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Frank

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gen Mogen, Hogen Mogen, Sutterkin, hogen Hergen Mogen, Hogen Mogen, &c. (ring van Dunk.

tif they boldly dare come ashore, Suiterkin, &c. me may repent themselves full fore, Suiterkin, &c.

Hogen Mogen, &c.

rthe brave English, Irish, and Scotch,
Suterkin, &c.
Illin their Guts make such a Hotch-potch,
Suterkin, &c.
Hogen Mogen, &c.

tter they'd stuck to their Herring-Trade, Sunerkin, &c.
r now in Pickle themselves shall be laid, Sutterkin, &c.
Hogen Mogen, &c.

hat tho they have laid their Heads together, Sutterkin, &c. o Orange can thrive if it prove bad weather, Sutterkin, &c.
Hogen Mogen, &c.

hen wo be to 'em, if Dartmouth the Great, Succerkin, &c. ould fall upon 'em with his whole Fleet, Sutterkin, &c. Hogen Mogen, &c.

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Pass not Port-Bay, for fear it should freeze,
Sutterkin, &c.
For then, I'fack, your Orange we'll squeeze,
Sutterkin, &c.
Hogen Mogen, &c.

The Deponents.

THE Mighty Monarch of this British Isle. Disturb'd to hear his Subjects prate and in That he is so content to own a Son, For to inherit th' Imperial Throne, To please his Queen and put by both his own But finding England not fo credulous, And clear-ey'd Orange more fuspect than us, By instigation of the Q. and P. He fummons all together as you fee, And there declares his own fufficiency. He fays his Subjects Minds fo poyson'd are, They'll not believe God bless'd him with an He But to convince them they are in the wrong, In comes the Swearers, and depose as long A Narrative, as perjur'd O-es could do; What these depose unquestionably's true, Our King fays fo, who dare fo other now?

There's Lords, Knights, Ladys, Squires, Quack The Papal Locusts that infect White-hall, They Swear what King would have, to gain the

Since he's a Prince that ne'er forgets his Friends
But Witness Bishops, for your Loyalty
He makes you great, he did bestow on ye,

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keep you fafe, his strongest, greatest Fort; ile ye were there, the Tower was the Court. fled from James, to you for Bleffing came; isonment immortaliz'dyour Name: ops of England's Church were Men of Fame. fince his dire Designs in Law have fail'd, eems to smile, You are to Council call'd, ear the Worthy, Loyal Swearers swear, tat the Birth of Wales's Prince they were. nd first begins Old England's barren Q. Q.D-ger. tat her Sifter's Labour was not feen all was past; yet for the Holy Cause ldo whate're she can to blind the Laws England, and doth there declare, and fay, hastn'd to the Queen that very Day, never stirr'd till this great Prince was born, th' Nations Glory, but he proves their fcorn ; pt of these that on him daily wait, le Loyal Love is only to be great. ext comes Old P-is, who a Story feigns Riff-raff stuff, to fill the Peoples Brains, that she saw, and knew about the thing; in a modeft Circumstance doth bring omething, which into the World he brought, by the Doctors gave him, as she thought. as a Governess she tends his Grace, would not for all Heaven quit her place; weet a Babe, so fine a hopeful Lad, forward'st Son the Father ever had. hen A -- ns Countess with her Oath comes in tat the Prince's Birth her felf had been, inth how the heard Complainings from the Queen (En little Pains, and then the Child was feen: oh! He did not cry; the Q. baul'd out fear 'twas dead, but Granny clear'd the doubt.

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And further Honour this great Lady had; She saw Smock spoil'd with Milk, (the sign wa And P—gb could not be beguil'd, (sin Knowing the Father's Strength, (at though She saw Queen's Smock, and swears she was

While pious Sun—nd to Chappel went
On purpose to receive the Sacrament;
Devotion was so great, she disobey'd
Her Majesty; and said, When she had pray's
She'd wait on her: But hearing that the Prin
Was hastning to the World, this, this preter
Soon brought our Saint-like Lady quick s

And from her bended Knees flew to the Que And there faw all the fight was to be feen. The Bed was warm'd, and into it she went, And ask'd the King if for the Guests he'd sent And lingring pain she had, and feem'd to sear 'Twould not be born, till all the Fools were But by her Midwise was assur'd, one Pain Would bring the Prince into the World amain But faithless Queen! The Child did lie so his She'd not believe but Judich told a lye; And such an Honour to this Deponent granted 'Tis hardly more by th' Pope for to be Sainted

R—mon fwears the stood by Sun—land, Near the Queen's Bed, just by the Midwise's B And saw His Highness taken out of Bed, Fit for a Crown t' adorn his Princely Head.

F---gal depos'd, that in the Queen's Diffred She ftood at the Beds Feet, just by $M - - \beta$, And saw the Prince into the World did come, And by D - dy carried from the Room.

Then painted B--ley early in the morn Came to St. James's, to fee His Highness born ough was r (Ch

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all the halt the could, the up did rife, dress'd, she came by Nine a Clock precise. found her Majesty was in the Bed. groaning dismally, she further said, to the Midwife, Do not the Child part : Granny crav'd her leave: With all her Heart ranted what the Beldam did defire, certain 'tis there was no Danger nigh her: ng, Oh King, where are you fled? id, I'm kneeling, Madam, on your Bed. plain Deponent bellows bawdy forth eexpos'd both East, West, South and North, oute're Fear or Shame; bars Modesty o out-face the World with fuch a Lye. hen Pocky B ---- fis the next comes in, fays the faw the Cast of Charles's Queen; hearing that the Q-n in Labour was, orried in without a Call or Pass. this Excuse (she knew she was forgot) re the talks bawdy thews Impudence, what not? le her self in Print to shew her Love; ted by the King and one above: llye and swear, forswear, to prop the Cause, baffles England's found and wholefom Laws. hen Lady W-grave, who was there before Royal Babe was launched from the Shore, heard Her Majesty cry out full fore. hen C -- ne and sottish Went -- th say the same, S-yer, Wal-ve, D--son, that they came faw this Wonder which the World won't (own,

blames their little Faith; to think this Son wious, and not in truth proceeding Majesty, when they all saw him Bleeding;

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Nay, gave him of his Blood (squeez'd from

That did the Royal Babe into the World bring
Then Br—ky, T—ni, and Nan C—rytoo
Swear they faw all the work that was to do,
And more by half is fworn, than they'l prove to

Then comes Delabady the Great Nurse, Who with the Queen is all in all in trust; And swears that Dan--rs, Maid to Princess and Was joy'd to see this little Royal Man, With former mark on Eye, which us'd to be On all Q. Mary's Royal Progeny.

James seem'd to doubt that which before he kneed And fear'd this Treacherous Nurse not told But he must peep and see the Royal Est, (and joy'd as if he got him his own fels.

For Mrs. W—ks, who doubts but she would She brought the Prince to Town that very day And told the King the trembling Queen

'Twould be hard Labour (tho no Child wasthe Explains most impudently those Concerns, That follow Women when they cast their Barns And what cares she, the Hereticks she'l blind, And then we fear the King will prove most account to the control of the care will prove most account to the care will be control of the care will prove most account to the care will be care the care will prove most account to the care will be care will be care will be care to the care will be ca

To all those Wretches which swear to his mind Then comes the Washer-woman Mrs. P— Who says that to the Queen she's Laundress; And there declares a Story of Hot-Linen, That us'd to come just from Child-bearing Wom

Rich—nd and Li—d, and brave Ma--all, Tho not at Labour, they believe it all; And fain would be believed, if these Tools By swearing falsly could make us such Fools:

ey give fuch Demonstrations, that do lye much aside, as they do Modelty. Then comes Great George of England, Chancelhowas with Expedition call'd to th' Labour: e Queen cry'd out as Women us'd to do, nd he believes the Prince is real too, t not so certain, nor 'tis fear'd so true he wears Horns, that were by M-fort made; hem and his noise makes all the Fools afraid; ongue runs at random, and Horns pushes those, hat are so Learn'd his Lordship to Oppose. e fears to act no wretched Villanies, edreads no Torments for inventing Lyes, rhe of Heaven is fure when e're he dyes: hanks to the care of fond indulgent Wife, omake atonement for his wicked Life; amns her own Soul, and whores with all she cou'd, oallay th' impetuous Salleys of her Blood. Lord P ____dent comes next, that's now cashier'd, or only speaking of the Truth 'tis fear'd; ethe for to be great again at Court, fould be for fworn tho he be damned for't. Then A -del of W -dour, Privy Seal, Vas so concern'd that he Her Pains did feel; nd'tis believ'd this tender hearted Man id feel as much as Majesty did then; eshew'd indeed concern to Mighty W—m, Who knew too much to have concern for him: ut satisfy'd the Fool it would be past, Ind wonder'd much her Pain fo long did last. Then comes my Lord All-Pride with Modesty, nd feems unwilling to affirm a Lye; Vith stately gesture he did himself excuse, ut fetting Hand to Paper can't refuse.

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Then Foolish G --- n comes and doth depose, A Mark he hath, that he the Prince well knows; If't be his Lordship's Mark, he ne're must rule, For Europe knows that he's mark't for a Fool.

Then in comes F—fham, that haughty Beau, And tells a tale of den and dat and how? The he's no more believ'd than all the rest, Only poor Man he fain would do his best; And be rewarded as when come from West.

Earl of M—ray, that Alexander Great, Believes it was the King that did the feat; And that this Son is true, and not a Cheat. Then M—ton and M—ford both explain'd The business which they from the King had gain'd As knowing Men, his Majesty did trust His Consort's Secrets, hoping they'd be just To his Endeared Son our Mighty Prince, That as he thought would hide his impotence: G——n too, with considence pretends It is true Born, but 'tis for his own Ends.

And F-x a Story tells of God knows what, To fool the Nation's all he would be at; He keeps in Favour with his Princely Grace, He fawns and flatters for to keep his place.

Then famous Sea—ugh and Wi—ly,
With W—ve, B—dy, and A—nd do lye;
And bring their Circumstances to convince
The World that 'tis a real High-born Prince:
Thus they slick out at nothing that will do
The Nation wrong, and bring to England woe.
Base mercenary Slaves, for a King's Smile
Would Spurious Issue rear, and us beguile;
That fawn on him, and more observe a Nod
Than fear the Vengeance of an angry God:
And on the turn o'th' times would all sly back,
And let His Highness Interest go to wrack.

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1.

Two Depositions more to Council sent, sham'd t'appear to farther the intent of Popish Principles, and Perjuries; some but the Devil could invent such Lies. Then after this the King himself declares, see don't design with England to make Wars; sut he such Aggravations hath of late, that he must needs be angry with the State: I specious Prologue he concludes with all; sut Ah, the Protestants he vows shall fall I Sacrifice to Rome, and his Revenge; then Soldiers sear not Fools, but scorn to cringe; se resolute and stout, and scorn to sell sour Souls to Rome, but send the Pope to Hell.

I new Song on the Calling of a Free Parliament, Jan. 15. 168.

A Parliament with one Confent
Is all the Cry o'th' Nation,
Which now may be fince Popery
Is growing out of fashion.
The Belgick Troops approach to Town,
The Oranges come pouring;
And all the Lords agree as one,
To fend the Papists scouring.

The holy Man shall lead the Van, Our Father and Confessor; In Robes of Red the Jesuit's sled, Who was the chief Transgressor.

In

In this Difguise he thought t'escape, And hop'd to save his Bacon, But Herbert he has laid a Trap, The Rat may be retaken.

3.

The Nuncio too the day may rue
That he came o'er the Ocean,
In th'English Court to keep's Resort
And teach his blind Devotion.
The Prelates Ellis, Smith and Hall
Have sold their Coach and Horses,
And will no longer in Whitehall
Be making learn'd Discourses.

4.

The Groom o'th'Stool that play'd the Fool
Full forely will repent it,
And Sunderland did barefoot stand
For Penance shall lament it.
Melford and the Scotch are sled,
Whom hopes of Int'rest tempted;
Those Lords did turn for want of Bread,
And ought to be exempted.

5

But Salisbury what cause had he
To fear his Highness landing?
Who by his A— and Legs might pass
For one of Understanding.
To take up Arms at such a time
Against the Rules were gave him,
His Head must answer for the Crime,
His Pardon will not save him.

6.

The Friers and Monks with all their Punks
Are now upon the scamper:

Tyrconnel swears, and rants and tears,
And Teague does make a Clamper.

The Foreign Priests that posted o'er
Into the English Nation,
Do now repent that on that shore
They laid their weak Foundation.

'Twould be a fight, would move Delight In each obdurate Varlet,
To fee the Braves that made us Slaves,
Hang in difpenfing Scarlet.
And every Popish Confessor
That for the same Cause pleaded,
Shall all turn off, on the same score
Be hang'd, or else beheaded.

An excellent new Song, call'd,
The Prince of Darkness:

Shewing how three Kingdoms may be set on fire by a Warming-Pan.

As I went by St. James's I heard a Bird fing,
Of a certain the Queen will have a Boy in
(the Spring;
But one of the Chairmen did laugh, and did fay,
It was born one Night, and brought forth the
(next Day:
This

This Bantling was heard at St. James's to squall, Which made the Queen make so much haste from (Whitehall

Peace, Peace, little Master, and hold up thy Head, There's Mony bid for thee, the true Mother said: But nobody knows from what Parish it came, And that is the reason it has not the Name. Good Catholicks all were assaid it was dying, There was such abundance of shiting and cry.

Which is a good token by which we may fwear, It is the Queen's own, and the Kingdom's right (Heir.

Now if we should happen to have a true Lad From the Loins of so wholesom a Mother and Dad, 'Twould be hard to distinguish which Blood was (the best,

Or that of Southask, or the Bastard of Est.
But now we have cause of Thanksgiving indeed;
There was no other way of mending the Creed.

SONG.

Would you be a Man of Favour?
Would you have your Fortune kind?
Wear the Cross, and eat the Waser,
You'll have all things to your mind.
If the Priest cannot convert you,
Int'rest then must do the thing;
There are Statesmen can inform you,
How to please a Popish King.

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Would you fee the Papists lowring, Loft in Horror and a Fright; And their Father Petre Scouring, Glad of time for happy flight? Stay but till the Dutch are landed, And the Show will foon appear; When th'infernal Court's disbanded, Few will stay for Tyburn here.

BALLAD.

To the Tune of Couragio.

Ome, come, Great Orange, come away On thy August Voyagio; The Church and State admit no stay, And Protestants would once more fay, Couragio, Couragio, Couragio.

Stand East, dear Wind, till they arrive On their design'd Voyagio; And let each noble Soul alive Cry loud, Qu'll Prince d'Aurange vive! Couragio, &c.

Look sharp, and see the Golden Fleet Appear in their Voyagio; With loud Huzza's we will them greet, And with both Arms and Armies meet. Couragio, &c.

Then welcome to our English Shore,
And now I will engage-o,
We'll thump the Babylonish Whore,
And kick her Trumperies out of door,
Couragio, &c.

Poor Berwiek, how will thy dear Joys
Oppose this brave Voyagio?
Thy tallest Sparks will be mere Toys
To Brandenburgh and Swedish Boys.
Couragio, &c.

Dunbarton sputters now like mad
Against this great Voyagio;
Old Craven's too in Sable clad,
And F--ersh--m looks monstrous sad,
Couragio, &c.

But Solmes has took a glorious Caufe
In this Warlike Voyagio,
To guard us from their ray ning Paws,
And to protect our Lives and Laws;
Couragio, &c.

Nassau will ridicule the Fop
By this Belgick Voyagio;
And make their gaudy Feathers drop;
Their Slaughter's but a Harvest-Crop:
Couragio, &c.

Stirum, advance the Buda Blades
Thou'st brought in this Voyagio,
And since thy Lawrel never fades,
Send our Foes to th'Stygian Shades;
Couragio, &c.

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schomberg thunders Hero-like In this Stormy Voyagio, His very Name does Horror strike, And will flay more than Gun or Pike: Couragio, &c.

Thus they the Victory will gain After their brave Voyagio, And all our Liberties maintain, And fettle Church and State again: Couragio, &c.

Then 'twill be just, and no extreme To fee by this Voyagio, That Wem should have th'Effect of's Dream. for driving headlong with the Stream, Couragio, &c.

The Judges too that Traitors be, Must truss by this Voyagio; I will be a noble fight to fee Dispensing Scarlet on a Tree. Couragio, &c.

The Monks away full fwift will hye On their dismal Voyagio; Ten Pounds a Posthorse, they will cry. And all away to Calais fly; Conragio, &c.

un-land has shot the Pit, And is on his Voyagio; Pada must no more hatching sit, and Petre the Board must quit 3 Couragio, &c.

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16.

Old Arundel does hang his Ears
Because of this Voyagio,
And Miser Powis stews in Fears:
Bellasis roars, and damns and swears.
Couragio, &c.

17.

When all is done, we then shall hope
To see by this Voyagio,
No more Nuncio, no more Pope,
Except it be to have a Rope.
Couragio, Couragio, Couragio,

Packington's Pound.

I.

Hen the Joy of all Hearts, and Delired

(all Eye

In whom our chief Refuge and Confidence lies,

The Protestant Bulwark against all Despair,

Has deprived us at once of her self, and her Heir

That hopeful young thing,

Begot by a King,

And a Queen whose Perfections o'er all the Work

(ring)

A Father whose Courage no Mortal can daun, And a Mother whose Virtue no Scandal can tain

When Jefferies resigns up the Purse and the Mace Whose impudent Arrogance gain'd him the Place When, like Lucifer, thrown from the height of him (Pride

And the Knot of his Villany's strangely unty'd;

fire o Eye lie,

Heir

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v'd; From

From the Chancery bawling He turn'd a Tarpawlin, en still catch at any thing when they are falling ; tto hasten his Fate, before he could scour, was taken at Wapping, and fent to the Tow'r.

hen Confessor Petre does yield up the Game. nd proves to the worst of Religions a shame, then his cheating no more o'er our Reason pre-(vails,

tis blasted like that of his true Prince of Wales, Which was his Contrivance,

And our wife King's Connivance o establish the Papists, and Protestants drive (hence:

ttheir Cobweb Conception is brought to the Test, id the coming of Orange has quite spoil'd the lest.

hen Peterborough, noted for all that is ill, as urg'd by his Wife to the making his Will, the hearing which words he did stare, foam and

ben broke out in curfing, and calling her Whore; And for two bours at least, His Tongue never ceas'd,

rail'd at Religion, and damn'd the poor Priest tain and his Friends, who had hope to behold him ex-(pire,

re afraid by this Rout they shall lose their desire.

oung Salisbury, fam'd in this great Expedition, ot for going to War, but obtaining Commission;

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Tis no Mystery to me that his Courage did fail, When the greatest of Monarchs himself did to So if he took slight (Tail

With his Betters by Night,

I am apt to believe the pert Spark was i'th'right For the Papists this Maxim do ev'ry where hold, To be forward in boasting, in Courage less bold.

6

Nor should Bellasis, Powis, nor Arundel throng, But each in due place have his Attributes sung: Yet since 'tis believ'd by the strange turn of time. They'll be call'd to account for their treasonal (Crime

While the damn'd Popish Plot Is not yet quite forgot,

For which the Lord Stafford went justly to pot; And to their great Comfort I'll make it appear, They that gave 'em their freedom, themselves a (not der

Wi. Williams, that Friend to the Bishops and Lan As the Devil would have it, espous'd the wron (Cause

Now loath'd by the Commons, and scorn'd by the

His Patent for Honour in pieces he tears:

Both our Britains are fool'd,

Who the Laws over-rul'd,

And next Parliament each will be plaguify school Then try if your cunning can find out a Flaw, To preserve you from Judgment according to law.

8

Sir Neddy Hale's Actions I shall not repeat,
Till by Ax or by Halter his Life he compleating

n's History shall be related by Lobb, Tho has ventur'd his Neck for a snack in the Job; All their Priests and Confessors, With their dumb Idol-Dressers.

right all meet the Reward that is due to Transgressors; nd no Papists henceforth shall these Kingdoms

Orange shall reap the Reward of his Merit.

new Song on the Prince and Princefs of Orange.

Cince Grange is on British Land, That Protestant who will not stand By him, and under his Command, Befriends the Romish Cause, Gives all our Liberties away, Our Lives to Popish Priests a Prey, And Magna Charta does betray, With Test and Penal Laws.

Bid too Illustrious Moll appear, We shall have then no cause to sear from any Jesuit's Practice here, The lawful Heir to cheat. Then to her Highness a full Glass, The fecond Faith-defending Lass, and to her Good Man: but the Mass Let Providence defeat.

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Farewel Petre, farewel Cross;
Farewel Chester, farewel Ass;
Farewel Peterborough, farewel Tool;
Farewel Sun—land, farewel Fool.

2

Farewel Milford, farewel Scot; Farewel Butler, farewel Sot; Farewel Roger, Farewel Trimmer; Farewel Dryden, Farewel Rhymer.

3.

Farewel Brent, farewel Villain; Farewel Wright, worse than Tresilian; Farewel Chancellor, farewel Mace; Farewel Prince, farewel Race.

4.

Farewel Queen, and farewel Passion; Farewel King, farewel Nation; Farewel Priests, and farewel Pope; Farewel all deserve a Rope. Con

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itl d f Congratulatory Poem to his Royal Highness the Prince of Orange.

TElcome, Great Sir, unto a drooping Isle, Whose Peace a flavish Thraldom did beguile: hose native and just Properties infring'd, hose Fundamental Laws are quite unhing'd; hose Rights are in unequal Ballance weigh'd, hose fainting Church cries out to you for Aid. ekome thou grand Supporter of her Cause; elcome thou great Restorer of our Laws! ife Heav'n thought fit that You alone should be e Antidote against our Misery: atall our Wishes should in You be crown'd, at You alone should heal our bleeding Wound. uare the Rock on whom we do rely, ith You we'll fwim or fink, we'll live or die. ugently rule us with your awful Nod; uare our Standard, and almost our God. e State and the declining Church invite u, the vast Center of their chief Delight: ey beg that you their Darkness would expel, d make a Heav'n e'en of their present Hell. is done! Rejoyce, the rifing Sun appears, splendid Rays dry up our falling Tears. ell hate the meager Looks of Sorrows now, ith Laurel Leaves true Joy shall crown each

You, mighty Prince, our boasting Foes subdue, deurb the Pride of all the Popish Crew. ith hazard of your Life our Chains you've broke, dbravely freed us from the hated Yoke.

T 3

With

With vast Expence you have our Freedom bought From th' House of Bondage you our Church has (brough

Hence, Jesuits, ye Instruments of Hell!
Who fill with easy Souls the Devil's Cell.
To cheat and gull the Ignorant's your Trade:
You're subtle Devils all in Masquerade.
Wretchless, be gone to some more senseless Land
'Tis Sacred, hallow'd Ground, on which youstan
And shall not be profan'd thus basely twice
By such a horrid Trumpery of Vice.
Hence Popery, thou bane of all our Bliss,
Thou treach'rous poys'ner of our Happiness,
Unfetter'd now, and free at last from pain,
We'll never reassume thy galling Chain.

Now Petre, die a Martyr for thy Church, And leave not Holy Mother in the lurch. Fly swiftly now to Heaven in a String; But first absolve your poor deluded King.

What Change is this? under a strange disguist The great Lord Wem's become George Jeffery. This is his Fate: he'll dreaded Tyburn view, And so bid Arbitrary Law adieu, And make his long-expected Dream prove true.

Then Herbert, Wright, and Jenner steet the The same broad way as you, poor George, did you Then come the rest of the Fraternity, Sworn, saithful Brothers in Iniquity: For when their Captain has his Life resigned, They, gen'rous Souls, will scorn to lag behind.

Repent ye base Betrayers of your Trust, To your reproaching Consciences unjust; False to your Country, to your King untrue; Religion's but an empty Name with you.

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lang now like Dogs, 'tis meet you should inherit the full and due Proportion of your Merit. Justice is done! I hear Great Orange come, and with Concern pronounce your fatal Doom. ingland rejoice! for now your only Care s, but the Burden of your Bliss to bear. trip ev'ry Laurel, ev'ry Myrtle Bough, or Wreaths t'adorn and load his Sacred Brow. cho with chearful Shouts his glorious Name, th'amazing Wonder and Discourse of Fame. king Bells; a waxen Pope in Fire destroy, And shew all outward Acts of inward Joy. The Lambs do play, the Birds by Instinct fing. sif it were at the approach of Spring: and ev'ry Creature makes a Melody; Do all things else rejoice, and shall not I? Il be the first, and will in humble Verse Your noble Deeds and glorious Acts rehearfe.

The Prince's Welcome to London.

[Ail mighty Prince! this Poem on you waits As the first Offering that celebrates four Welcome to the Town, almost destroy'd By Priestcraft, and by You again reviv'd. This glorious Day, in which all Triumphs live, To Heav'n and You alone, Great Sir, we give. fou from the Dust have rais'd our grov'ling State, Which hung upon the weakest Wheel of Fate. An Act so high, and past Mankinds believing, That none but You could e'er think of atchieving: Yet more! all who this Nation would inthral, Compleat your Triumph by their wretched Fall.

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But what doth Heav'n portend, that they design To act some thing that's Noble and Divine? Prophetick Stars this happy time ne'er knew, This Secret lodg'd in none but Heav'n and You, Now clear'd from sullen Frowns our Realms and

And in the Umbrage of your Laurels rest.
While Joy, like Lightning in tempessuous Storm Dazles the World, and fills it with Alarms.
Joy now to loudest Triumph makes its way,
And vee no diff'rence know'tween Night and Day
Our Souls transported, in strong Raptures move,
And yet united are in artless Love.
Joy now and Love so very vvellagree,
As if this Year vvere the Great Jubilee.
To Care and Bus'ness vve'll no time allow,
Since deathless Laurels flourish on your Brow.
Go on, brave Prince! What cannot you effect,
Whom Heav'n vvith prosperous Stars does sin

Let France now feel the Fury of your Sword:
Rescue that Kingdom from its Tyrant Lord.
Pull down his haughty Pride, too long secure,
And with his impious Blood Lutetia's Plains manual

On his Highness the Prince of Orangel Arrival in London.

The Nation's Dread and Hope;
Who will support the Church and Throne,
Against the Turk and Pope.

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. e, he Folks are fled, that were the Head, The Prop of Popery: all be true, as it is faid, Then hey Boys up go we.

he Queen vvith her adopted Heir Is on her way to Rome; and all undone, has left us here To end the Dance at home. he Holy Fathers too are flown,

St. Petre, Gregory :

nd if our Cause should once go down, Then hey Boys up go we.

elton, Sherbourn, fled for fear, Have render'd up the Keys; nd now our Magazine of War Is made the Seat of Peace. he Chancellor is in the Tow'r, A vvoful Sight to see; d when he by the Head is lower, Then Hey Boys up go we.

ord Arundel and Bellasys, With Powis, are withdrawn; he World has not fuch Braves as these To guard a Popish Throne: hen Peterborom, turn'd of late, With brawny Salubury, heir haughty Necks submit to Fate, Then Hey Boys up go we.

5. Poulton

Poulton is in Newgate fast,
And some say Father Petre;
If they at Tyburn swing at last,
Who can die Martyrs greater?
When Father Elis is withdrawn,
Who was so bold and free;
And Conquest for his Tongue is slown,
Then Hey Boys up go we.

The Orange grafted in Whitehall,
And Lucas in the Tower;
The Fathers fled, both great and small,
'Tis time that vve should scour.
The Rabble they have eas'd the Town
Of Priest and Popery;
When once they pull the Chappels down,
Then Hey Boys up go we.

A new Song of the French King's fear of an Orange.

OF a Hectoring Bully,
Dear Muse, let me sing,
Or to speak one's Mind fully,
O'th' most Christian King;
Who subdues Men by hussing,
And converts Men by custing;
Yet he fears if an Orange approaches too nigh,
The gay Flow'r-de-Luces vvill vvither and die

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He's Son to a chaste Queen,
Tho, if Authors don't lie,
The devout Mazarine
Had a Finger i'th' Pye,
To mould a Church Hero,
More fierce than a Nero,
Who yet fears if an Orange approaches too nigh,
lis gay Flow'r-de-Luces vvill vvither and die.

While he's scaring his Neighbours
With swelling Bravadoes,
We but laugh at his Vapours
And Rhodomontadoes;
Tho Monseigneur the Dauphin
Does new Conquests begin,
Set they dread if an Orange approaches too nigh,
The gay Flow'r-de-Luces will wither and die.

The prodigious Advance
That the Prince bere has made,
Makes an Earthquake in France,
And great Lewis afraid.

La Chaises Address,
And the Jesuits Finess,
Can't hinder an Orange from approaching so nigh,
That the gay Flow'r-de-Luces will wither and die.

If a Fury Poetick
Foreknows things to come,
I may dare be prophetick,
And foretel his just doom.

For

For old Nostradame
Has predicted the same,
That if once the brave Orange approaches too nigh,
The gay Flow'r-de-Luces will wither and die.

The Second Part.

To bridle up a King,
Tho the Beast kick and wince,
His firm Rider to sling;
He'll make him curvet,
And so steadily sit,
That an Orange once planted upon the French shore.
The gay Flow'r-de-Luces shall slourish no more.

Help, help, some kind Saint,
Holy Churches two Sons:
Help, thou Church Militant
Of converting Dragoons.
Shall Lewis Victorious,
Shall Lewis the Glorious,
See an Orange transplanted upon the French Shore,
And his gay Flow'r-de-Luces then flourish no more?

Good Casar compound,
Do but trust me once more;
If I'm treach'rous found,
I'm a Son of a Whore.

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nigh,

hore.

Let us en bonne Foy,
Our joint Forces employ,
Tostave off an Orange quite from the French Shore,
Lest the gay Flow'r-de-Lucesshould flourish no more.

'Tis a cursed ill thing
Makes me rave and run mad;
If I were not a King,
I'd my felf fight I'gad.
Beside, riding will pain-o
My Bagpipe in Ano.
Must an Orange be planted then on the French Shore,
And my gayFlow'r-de-Luces thus flourish no more?

The wild Worm in my Tail

My Vigour all drains;
Through its winding Canal

"I've voided my Brains:
And these damn'd Hereticks
Have fool'd my Politicks,
For an Orange once planted upon the French Shore,
My gay Flow'r-de-Luces will flourish no more.

Let

ore,

A new Song of an Orange.

To that excellent old Tune of a Pudding, &c.

GOOD People, come buy
The Fruit that I cry,
That now is in Season, tho Winter be nigh:
'Twill do you all good,
And sweeten your Blood,
I'm sure it will please you when once understood,
'Tis an Orange

Its fine Cordial Juice

Does much Vigour produce,

I may well recommend it to ev'ry Man's use;

Tho some it quite chills,

And with Fear almost kills,

Yet surely each honest Man benefit feels

By an Orange

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To make Claret go down,
Sometimes there is found
A jolly good Health to pass pleasantly round;
But yet I'll protest,
Without any Jest,
No Flavour is better than that of the Zest
Of an Orange

Perhaps you may think
At Whitehall they stink,
Because that our Neighbours come over the Sea;

Yel

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ange

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Sea;

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Yet sure 'tis presum'd, That they may be perfum'd wthe Scent of a Clove, when once it is stuck In an Orange.

If they'll cure the Ails Of the Prince of Wales, When the Milk of Milch Tyler does not well agree: Tho he's subject to cast, They may better the Tafte, et let 'em take heed left it curdle at last With an Orange.

Old Stories rehearfe. In Profe and in Verse, ow a Welch Child was found by loving of Cheefe; So this will be known, If it be the Queen's own, or the Taste it utterly then will disown Of an Orange.

Tho the Mobile baul Like the Devil and all, Religion, Property, Justice, and Laws; Yet in very good footh, I'll tell you the Truth, range here's nothing is better to stop a Man's Mouth Than an Orange.

We are certainly told, That by Adam of old mielf and his Bearns for an Apple were fold; And who knows but his Son, By Serpents undone, range, and his juggling Eve may chance lose her own For an Orange?

The

The Orange.

Ood People, I pray Throw the Orange away, 'Tis a very four Fruit, and was first brought in Plan When good Judith Wilk In her Pocket brought Milk. (bil And with Cushions and Warming-Pans labour'd This same Orang When the Army retreats, And the Parliament fits, To vote our King the true use of his Wits; Twill be a fad means, When all he obtains (Brain Is to have his Calf's Head dress'd with other Me And an Orang The Sins of his Youth Made him think of one Truth, When he spawl'd from his Lungs, and bled twice That your fresh fort of Food (the Mout Does his Carcafe more good, And the damn'd thing that cur'd his putrify'd Bloo Was an Orang This hopeful young Son

Is surely his own,

Because from Orange it cry'd to be gone:

But the Hereticks say,

He was got by Dada,

For neither King nor the Nuncio dare stay

Near an Orange

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Since Lewis was cut From his Breech to the Gut,

me fancies an Openarse delicate Fruit :

We wifer than fo,

Have two Strings to our Bow,

we've a good Queen has an Open - too.

And an Orange.

Till Nanny writ much To the Rebels the Dutch,

Mother, good Woman, ne'er ow'd her a Grutch:

And the Box on the Ear Made the Matter appear,

Drang at the only foul Savour the Queen could not bear Was an Orange.

> An honest old Peer, That for fook God last year,

I'd off all his Plaisters, and arm'd for the War :

But his Arms would not do, And his Aches throb'd too,

at he wish'd his own Pox, and his Mistress's too

On an Orange.

Old Tyburn must groan, For Jefferies is known

have perjur'd his Conscience to marry his Son;

And D-s Cause

Must be try'd by the Laws, d Herbert must taste a most damnable Sauce

With an Orange,

Pen, Lob, and a score Of those honest Men more,

ill find this fame Orange exceedingly four;

The Queen to be feiz'd, Will be very ill pleas'd,

d so will King Pippin, too dry to be squeez'd By an Orange,

Religious

Religious Relicks: or, The Sale at Savoy, upon the Jesuits breaking their School and Chappel.

Ast Sunday by chance
I encounter'd with Prance,
That Man of upright Conversation;
Who told me such News,
That I could not chuse
But laugh at his sad Declaration.

Says he, if you'll go,
You shall see such a show
Of Relicks expos'd to be sold,
Which from Sin and Disease
Will purge all that please
To lay out their Silver and Gold.

Strait with him I went,
Being zealously bent,
Where for Sixpence the Man let me in:
But the Crond was so great,
I was all in a Sweat,
Before the rare Show did begin.

The Curtain being drawn,
Which I think was of Lawn,
The Priest cross d himself thrice, and bowd
Then with a sour Face,
Denoting his Case,
He address'd himself thus to the Croud.

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You see our sad State, 'Tis a folly to prate, Our Church and our Cause is a-ground : So in short, if you've Gold, Here is to be fold for a Guinea the worth of ten Pound.

Here's St. Fames's old Bottle. It holds just a Pottle, With the Pilgrim's Habit he wore; The fame Scollop-shells, As our holy Church tells: Who denies it's a Son of a Whore.

Here's a piece of the Bag, By Age turn'd to a Rag, which Judas the Mony did bear With a part of his Rope Bequeath'd to the Pope, As an Antidote 'gainst all Despair.

Here's a Rib of St. Lawrence. 'Tis also at Florence, And it may be in France or in Spain; It cures Stone and Gravel, And Women in Travel, t delivers without any Pain.

Here's St. Joseph's old Coat, Tho scarce worth a Groat, ts Plainness does shew he'ad no Pride; Yet this he had on, For besides he had none, The day that he marry'd his Bride.

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His Breeches are there,
A plain Leathern Pair,
Come buy the whole Suit if you please;
They'll defend you from th'Itch,
From Hag and from Witch,
And preserve you from Bugs and from Flea

Here's the Gall of a Saint,
For such as do faint,
Or are troubled with Fits of the Mother;
Nay, if your Breath stink
Worse than Close-stool or Sink,
It will cure you as soon as the other.

Here's a Prayer of Pope Joan,
The like to't is none,
If you say it but three times a year,
Three hundred in Grace,
And three hundred 'twill place
In Heav'n, if they ever come there.

Here's our Lady's old Shoo,
Which in old time was new,
It will cure all your Chilblains and Corns;
With the Coif of St. Bridget,
To be worn by each Ideot,
Whose Head is tormented with Horns.

Here's a Bottle of Tears,
Preserv'd many years,
Of Mary's that once was a Sinner;
Some o'th'Fish and the Bread
That the five thousand fed,
Whom our Saviour invited to Dinner.

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21.

15. Here's St. Francis own Cord. You may take't on my word. Tho dies in it cannot be damn'd; Do but buy it, and try

If I tell you a Lie,

any thousands of Heav'n are shamm'd.

Here's his Holiness's Beard, Of whom you have heard, hat the Hereticks call'd Pope Foan; Yet this I dare Iwear Was his nat'ral Hair, else I'll be sworn he had none.

Its Virtue is fuch. That if it does touch ur Head, your Face, or elsewhere, It does straitways restore More than e'er was before, by Age or by Action worn bare.

Here's St. Christopher's Boot For his Right Leg and Foot, hich he wore when he ply'd at the Ferry, When on's Shoulders he bore His bleffed Lord o'er, the poor Man had never a Wherry.

Such as fail on the Seas, I am fure it will please, its Parallel never was found; Neither Tempest nor Storm Can e'er do 'em harm, is't possible they should be drown'd.

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Here's an infinite more
I have by me in store,
All which lie conceal'd in this Hamper:
Either buy 'em to day,
Or I'll throw 'em away,
For to morrow by Heav'n I'll scamper.

Our Market is done,
We must shut up at Noon,
We expect 'em each hour at the door:
We are hang'd if we stay,
Nor can we get away,
For none will dare carry us o'er.

But by the Faith of a Priest,
This is no time to jest,
Since we're bank'd in our great Expectation,
Before I will swing
Like a Dog in a String,
I'll renounce Transubstantiation.

Private Occurrences: Or the Transaction the four last Years: Written in his tion of the old Ballad, Hey but Oliver, Ho brave Oliver, &c.

A Protestant Muse, yet a Lover of Kings On the Age grown a little Satyrical, so Of Papists, their Counsels, and other fine this Sing bey brave Popery! O rare Popery! Hol Popery! O dainty Popery! O!

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hopes she offends no Englishman's Patience, o Satyr's forbid on all such occasions, is too good a Subject to read Declarations:
Sing hey brave Popery, &c.

the faying be good, Let him laugh that wins, the Loser may smile without any Offence; Muse then is gamesom, and thus she begins, With hey brave Popery, &c.

hen Charles deceas'd, to his Kingdoms dismay, an Apoplex, or some other way, s Brother with Shouts was proclaim'd the same Sing hey brave Popery, &c. (day.

first Royal Promise was never to touch r Rights, nor Religion or Privilege grutch; Petre swore, damn him, he granted too much. Sing hey brave Popery, &c.

en Monmouth came in with an Army of Fools, tray'd by his Cuckold, and other dull Tools, at painted the Turf of green Sedgemore with Sing hey brave Popery, &c. (Gules.

at Victory gotten, some think to our wrong, e Priests bray'd our Joy in a Thanksgiving Song, d Teague with the bald Pates were at it ding-Sing hey brave Popery, &c. (dong.

en strait a strong Army was levy'd in haste, kindle Rebellion, a very good Jest! some Rogues will swear 'twas to murder the sing bey brave Popery, &c. (Test.

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A Politick Law which Recusants did doom,
That into our Senate they never might come,
But Equivalent since was propos'd in its room.
Sing hey brave Popery, &c.

10.

As if a true Friend should in Kindness demand A Tooth in my Head which firmly does stand, To give for't another he had in his Hand.

Sing bey brave Popery, &c.

II.

Then Term after Term this great matter was weight Old Judges turn'd out, and new Blockheads mad That Coke or wife Littleton never had read.

Sing hey brave Popery, &c.

The good Church of England with speed wasn Whose Loyalty ever stood fast to the Crown, And Presbyter John was made Mayor of the Tom Sing bey brave Popery, &c.

13.

The Bishops Disgrace made the Clergy to sob, A Prey to old Petre, and President Bob, And hurry'd to Prison as if they did rob. Sing bey brave Popery, &c.

14.

Then into the World a dear Prince of Wales lip? Tis plain; for we hear a great Minister people. The Bricklayer for prating had like the been whip Sing hey brave Popery, &c.

15.

Thus England's Diftresses, more fierce than the Plago That during three Years of no quiet could brag. The Prince Van Auraignia has brought from the Sing bey brave Popery, &c. (Hage e,

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16.

strong Fleet and Army t'invade us are bent, We know not the Cause, tho there is something in't; ut we doubt not e'er long we shall see it in Print. Sing, Hey brave Popery, &c.

17.

th! England, thou never could'st value thy Peace; and Matters been now as in Elsabeth's Days, The Dutch had not ventur'd to fish in our Seas.

Then curse o' Popery, pox o' Popery, plague o' Popery, Oh senseles Popery, Oh!

A new Protestant Litany.

ROM the Race of Ignatius, and all their Col(leagues;
from all the base Counsels of Bougres and Teagues,
and from Popery rampant, and all her Intrigues,
Libera nos Domine.
from Cobweb-Lawn-Charters, from sham-freedom
(Banters;

Our Liberty-Keepers, and new Gospel-Planters, in the trusty kind hands of our great Quo Warranters, Libera nos, &c.

from High-Court Commissions to Rome to rejoin us; from a Rhadamanth Chancellor, the Western Judg (Minos,

Made Head of our Church by new Jure Divinos,
Libera nos, &c.

rom our great Test Records, cut out into Thrums; rom Waste-paper Laws, us'd with Pasties & Plums,

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[H. C. S. S. H. C. S. L. S. S. L. C. S. L. C. S. L. C. S.
Magna Charta, Magna Farta, made Fodder for Bums
Libera nos, &c
From a new-found stone Doublet, to th' old Sleen
(of Lawn
And all to make room for the Popelander Spawn,
To see a Babe born thro Bed-Curtains close drawn
Libera nos, &c
From refolving to night where to lie in to morrow
And from cunning Back-door to let Midwife
thorow, (Pang or Sorrow,
Eight Months full grown Man-child born without
Libera nos, &c
From a Godfather Pope to the Heir of a Throne;
From three Christian Names to one Sirname un-
known, (gone
With a Tyler Milch Nurse now the Mother's Milks
Libera nos, &c
From Gun-Powder Bonefires, all turn'd out of Play,
Not a poor Window Candle dare to give a floh
(Ray,
But all kept reserv'd for great Simnel's Birth-day,
Libera nos, &c
From Dad Petre Pilots at the Helm to befriend us,
With all Hands that Pope, Turk, or Devil can lend
en manifest de profés de la companya
And eke from a second Queen Bess to defend us,
Libera nos, &c.
From Nuncios from Rome to confult how todrub
The Protestant Hydra by our Hercules Club;
And a Warming-Pan-Plot, worse than Cellin's
Meal-Tub- Libera nos, &c.
rated
From old hundred of thousand Pound Fines under-
Ruffel's Head for his Common-HouseVotes elevated
And Effex's Razor at Rome confecrated,
Libera nos, &c
From

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Boms, w, &c. Sleeve Lawn, wn,

lrawn, s, &c.

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gone, Milk's

, &c. Play, Itola

Ray, day, &c.

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&c.
rom

From Sampson-Cord Oaths snapt asunder with ease; From no Faith in Man; Coleman's Mouth with a (squeeze

Stopt to tell no more Tales of Father La Chaise, Libera nos, &c.

From old Dunkirk fold for a Song and a Dance,
The Protestant long design'd Cause to advance,
By most Christian Reformers, the Dragoons of
France,

Libera nos, &c.

From supporting our Church A. la-mode Magdalano, From Mahomet Monsieur, our new Lord Sultano, And from English Pipes tun'd to French Fistul' in ano, Libera nos, &c.

From Tyrconnel's Bogtrotters, at the old Trade of Throat-cutting; (footing, From new conquiring Ireland for the English old And from Sacrament Oaths of North Heresy rooting, Libera nos, &c.

From Judges with Epsom and Dudley's Infection;
From Knaves in Fools-Coats, by infallible direction,
Raising Heretick Armies for the Roman protection,
Libera nos, &c.
From threescore thousand Crowns, under Planet
(Malignant,
Giv'n Loretto's great Lady, that famous Heav'n
(Regnant,
To purchase no more than a poor Cushion preg-

Libera nos, &c.,

v cadoubted Sire. in face.

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Tom

Tom Tyler, or, The Nurse.

OLD Stories of a Tyler fing,
That did attempt to be a King;
Our Age is with a Tyler grac'd,
By more preposterous Planets rais'd:
His Cap with Jockey's match'd together,
Turn'd to a Beaver and a Feather;
His Clay transform'd to yellow Gilt,
And Trowel to a Silver Hilt.

His Lady from the Tiles and Bricks, Kidnap'd to Court in Coach and Six; Her Arms a fucking Prince embrace, Whate'er you think of Royal Race; A Prince, come in the nick of time, (Bles'd Dada! 'tis a venial Crime) That shall repair our Breach of State, While all the World congratulate; Shall, like his Sire, suppress the Just, Raife Knaves and Fools to Place of Trust: Tiem and Vane who fought his Fate, Tylers and Macs to Chits of State. But here, unhappy Babe, alas! I cannot but lament thy Case; That thou, fed up with Rome's strong Meats, Should'st long for Milk of Heretick Teats. Among the Daughters was there none Worthy to nurse a Monarch's Son? But if thy Uncle, who before Was always right, chang'd the last Hour: If thy undoubted Sire, fo fage, Declar'd i'th' Evening of his Age;

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Why fhould'ft not thou, Papift fo foon, Be a stanch Protestant e'er noon ?

This faid, the Tyler laugh'd in's Sleeve, And took his Audience of Leave. The Prince, who answer'd ne'er a word, That he should travel did accord; To Paris fent to learn Grimace, To fwear and damn with a Bonne Grace.

The Hieroglyphick.

OME, Painter, take a Prospect from this Hill. And on a well-spread Canvas shew thy Skill: Draw all in Colours as they shall appear, And as they stand in Merit place 'em there. Draw, as the Heralds do, a spacious Field, And, as directed, fo let it be fill'd. First draw a Popish Army, brisk and gay, Fighting and beat, destroy'd and run away: Then draw a Herse, and let it stand in view, The Mourners more, far more than they're in shew. Curling their Fate, their Stars; and in that fear Shew, if thou canst, how those damn'd Sots prepare Torun, to ftay, and skulk in Holes alone, By 'em this Motto, Gallows, take thy own. Now to the Life let thy brisk Pencil shew Distinctly, what they are, and what's their due. Now draw a Crond of Priests prepar'd to run, Like broken Merchants when their Stock is gone. Some howling do their Pray'rs forget, and fay, Save us St. Ketch; Are all our Saints away? Draw'em in Hurry, running to and fro, Posting to Dover, Portsmouth, Tyburn too. Next Next draw a Croud of Lords, this Libel by;
The great Design is lost. Alas! they cry,
Who'd serve a Cause of such curs'd Destiny?
Then draw four Priests; shew how they Rome adore
And each Man's Scarf hang to be seen before.
Two brace of Bishops fallen to Despair,
Arm'd Cap. a-pe, but running God knows where.
Next draw the Judges, and employ thy Skill,
That all may praise thy Work, and say, 'tis well;
In Caps and Gowns as they in order sate,
'Twixt Heaven and Earth do thou them elevate,
For their grave Noddles can dispense with that.
Last draw the little Rogues, the scoundred Crew,
Knights, Knaves, and Beggars; they must have
(their due,

Gadbury, Builer, and wise Roger too.

Amid this Crowd, on a fit spot of Land,
To crown the Work, let a large Gallows stand:
Let them all trembling with their Guilt and Fears,
Kneel to that Image, and pour out their Pray'rs,

And then die by Suffocation.

A Dialogue between Father Petre and the Devil.

Are you come? 'tis more than time;
Your Tardiness is no small Crime.
All our Proceeding's at a stand,
Again they've got the upper hand.
Yet like true Jesuit I have wrought
My Charge up to the height I sought;

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Both Sense and Reason quite o'erthrown, for those we deal with must have none. Devil.

Is this a Conquest to relate, Worthy a Jesuitick Pate? have more trouble with you had, Than all the Orders I have made Besides; I join'd in the Design One, whose fell Malice equals mine: One fo ambitiously inclin'd, One of fo uncontroul'd a Mind, That let the Gulph be ne'er so deep, Or Pyramid prodigious steep, That if in th' Extreams he can disclose Any that do his Will oppose, Tho on just Grounds, they meet their Fate In violent and unbounded Hate.

Petre.

I did not call you to discourse; We must do something now by Force. Our whole Society is shamm'd, And we in our first Founder damn'd. Did I, tho to my Soul's Perdition, Act things more black than my Commission? Gaining belief among the Great, Who forc'd upon themselves the Cheat: While the good Man I kept at th' Oar, No Gally-Slave e'er labour'd more. Nor durst I let him pause upon't, Left, if he thought, he should recant; With puzzling Notions still posses'd him, At once tormented and carefs'd him: Hoodwink'd the Pilot that should steer us, With our infallible Chimæras.

Devil.

Devil.

Boast not as if you'ad Conquest won a You've started much, but nothing done. Your Order, wherefoe'er they came, Have fet whole Kingdoms in a Flame: Nor Hell, nor Rome, can give you thanks, For acting thus a Madman's Pranks. Did I not always to you preach, The English would you over-reach? They'll be convinc'd e'er they believe, Not pin their Faith upon your Slave. Your publick Chappels have o'erthrown us, Our very Proselytes disown us, And face about to t' other side, Exclaiming 'gainst the Roman Pride. Petre.

What! do you now complain of me, For overacting Villany? I still consulted you in all, Did daily for your Conduct call: And tho, 'tis true, I nam'd the Saints, Yet 'twas to you I made my Plaints. I own about the French we fail'd, But in the Irish we prevail'd. Propose once more and I'll obey't, It shall be done if you but fay't. You know in fuch a holy Juggle, That my scar'd Conscience ne'er did boggle. We must not flag, nor sit down here, That would betray Remorfe or Fear; Which Jesuits do more decline, Than e'er the Rechabites did Wine. But I have fomething to impart, Which does oppress my tender Heart; And made me now invoke you hither, Tho 'gainst your Principles, to gather Th

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e Truth of these Important Queries, needful in this Dubious Series.

First, if in your Power it lie, I me what Death I'm doom'd to die; are not hope 'twill be in Bed, at futes not with the Life I've led. t if I must be hang'd and quarter'd, t me be canoniz'd and martyr'd, ith holy Harcourt and his Fellows, ke them be fainted at the Gallows. nd next I do the Favour crave, ce I have ever been your Slave; fold the Mystick Book of Fate; nd read me England's future State; hich next shall to the Throne succeed, he English or Italian Breed.

The Devil answ'ring, laugh'd outright; ould I thefe Secrets bring to light, hould not half that Harvest gain, which I've taken all this Pain. or would I, if I could, reveal hat which my Int'rest bids conceal. t I will answer thee in part, nce I've a Title in thy Heart. e first peculiar is to thee; which thou need'st not trouble me, is long since thou did'st it foresee. or is it reason to believe, on should'st the Mobile deceive. t whether Martyr, or as Traytor, by Ballad will be Truth's Relator. be Consequence of th' other draw, the Success of Great Nassan.

Th

gle.

This

This said, the Devil left the Father, The meaning of his Words to gather; And vanish'd from him down the Stairs, While he proceeded in his Pray'rs.

Father Petre's Policy discover'd, or the ? of Wales prov'd a Popish Perkin.

IN Rome there is a most fearful Rout, And what do you think it is about? Because the Birth of the Babe's come out. Sing Lullaby baby, by, by, by.

The Jesuits swear the Midwise told Tales, And ruin'd his Highness the Prince of Wales, She's a Jade for her pains, Cutsplutter-her Nails.

Sing Lulla, &c.

The Popish Crew did all protest,

That twenty great Men would swear at least, They saw his Welch Highness creep out of his Nel

Sing Lulla, &c.

The Goggle-ey'd Monster in the Tower, He peep'd at his Birth for above an hour, And 'twas a true Prince of Wales he swore.

Sing Lulla, &c.

Another great Lord, both grave and wife, Stood peeping between her Majesty's Thighs, And look'd thro a Glass for to save his Eyes.

Sing Lulla, &c.

Both were so very well satisfy'd, (cry'd)
They knew the sweet Babe from a Thousand the 'Twas born with the print of a Tile on his Side.
Sing Lulla, &c.

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e P fore me fay 'tis a Prince of Wales by Right,
ad those that deny it 'tis out of spite;
t God send the Mother came honestly by't.
Sing Lulla, &c.

me Priests they say crept near to her Honour, of sprinkled some good holy Water upon her, hich made her conceive of what has undone her.

Sing Lulla, &c.

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re Papishes thought themselves greatly blest fore the young Babe was brought to the Test, thow they call Petre a Fool of a Priest. Sing Lulla, &c.

epriests in order to fly to the Pope, egot on Board of the Foreign Hope, rall that stay here will be sure of a Rope. Sing Lulla, &c.

he Rise and Fall of the Ld Chancellor.

To the Tune of, Hey brave Popery!

Nood People, pray now attend to my Muse,
I Pil sing of a Villain I cannot abuse,
Halter and Ax no such Men will refuse:
Imp hey brave Chancellor! O fine Chancellor! Delicate Chancellor! O!
she was the Cause of the Nation's Dismay,
has e'er been a Knave from his Birth to this day,
see the Sot hang'd we will make Holy-day.

Sing bey, &c.

irst I will shew you what he is in Grain, te not a Pin for his Honour's Disdain; Deeds now in brief unto you I'll proclaim: Sing hey, &c.

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He was the Inventor of Oates's Punishment From Newgate to Tyburn, and thither he sent; To have him well whipt he gave his Consent. Sing hey, &c.

The good Master Cornish did innocent die, And all by this Chancellor's curs'd Villany; His Blood now to Heav'n for Vengeance does cry.

Sing bey, &c.

He was the first Author that open'd his Jaws
To take off the Test and the Penal Laws:
Of beheading Ld Russel he alone was the Cause.
Sing hey, &c.

Then next to the West he hurry'd with speed, To murder poor Men, a very good Deed; He made many honest Mens Hearts for to bleed.

Sing bey, &c.

The Prisoners to plead to his Lordship did cry, But still he made Answer, and thus did reply, We'll hang you up first, and then after we'll try Sing bey, &c.

Against their Petitions then he stopt his Ears, And still did create all their Doubts and their Feather He lest the poor Widows and Children in Tea

Sing hey, &c.

He was the Inventor that first did promote
The Place that was call'd th'Ecclesiastical Coun
And thirher he made the poor Clergy resort.
Sing bey, &c.

Of Magdalen College he thought it most sit To turn out the Fellows, a very sine Trick, And place Father Walker, that curst Jesuit.

Sing hey, &c.

Then next to the Tower our Bishops he pack's

And swore he had done a very good Act,

But now shall be try'd for the Matter of Fact

Sing hey, &c.

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nd when that the Bishops were brought to be try'd.
o prefer a Petition they humbly desir'd,
eswore he would prove it a Libel to be cry'd.
Sing bey, &c.

hat can he say now the Parliament sits?

las! they will vote him quite out of his Wits,

hey'll make him run mad, or fall into Fits.

Sing hey, &c.
Wapping he thought for to make his Escape, very good Jest, but l'faith it wo'nt take, is Head on the Bridg must be stuck on a Stake.

Sing hey, &c.

emany feditious Libels hath pen'd,

d fent them to P — his very good Friend,

y Muse she grows weary, and thus she does end,

With Pox o'th' Chancellor, villanous Chancellor,

damnable Chancellor, O!

A Letter to the Lord Chancellor.

D praise your Lordship, but you've had your (share)
that before, if not too much by far;
d now a nobler Field for Cursing does appear. S
ti'll not curse, but leave you to the Croud,
ho never baulk their Rage, but speak aloud,
to all the Labyrinths of your Crimes they'll
(track you,
orse than ten thousand Furies they'll attack you.
We talk not here of Penal Laws, or Test,
r how you, King of Terrors in the West,

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With more than Savage Cruelty oppress'd
Those whose thin Shades now stab your anxio
(Breaf

To those I leave you; each with brandish'd Da Will home revenge his Quarrel at your Heart; For me, I'll only let your Lordship see How they resent your chang'd Felicity.

Now may you hear the People as they from Along, not fear to damn the Chancellor. The Women too, and all the tender Crew, That us'd to pity all, now laugh at you: The very Boys, how they do grin and prate, And giggle at the Bills upon your Gate! Nay, rather than be frustrate of their Hope, The Women will contribute for a Rope: And those fine Locks, that no gay Spark mig

On this account Ketch may, they love my Lord

O for Dispensing now! Ay, now's the time!
Your Eloquence can hardly blanch your Crime:
And all the turnings of your Proteus Wit,
With all your little tricks wo'nt help a bit:
Nay, that smooth Tongue, in which your chiefe
(Trust

Now can't, altho fometimes it baffled Justice.
No Ignoranus Juries shall perplex you,
But with their Billa vera's now shall vex you:
From their dire Claws no hiding Hole you'll so
They now will speak their own, and not a Party
(Min

Not now, as heretofore, when on the Bench Flattery and Daubing had such Influence, And Jesseries for a Bribe would with the Laws (dispense) DXio

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ut granting all our Laws are out of joint, hey fear not still but they shall gain the Point: High Commission may the Cause decide; our Lordship by a Butcher may be try'd, Vhen by Commission he is dignify'd, is Pow'r you must not doubt, if he be satisfy'd. f Laws like this we have a Precedent. lought will't avail t'appeal to a Parliament: or they are fuch damn'd Sticklers for the Laws, hat it is five to one you lose your Cause. You fee, my Lord, the Cafe is very fad, nough to make a wifer Man stark mad: at I'll advise your Wisdom what to do; is plain, that they their Madness will pursue: hey hope to fee you foon advanc'd on high, oft sweetly dangling 'twixt the Earth and Sky. his'tis they mean, 'tis this they would have done, at I would chouse 'em ev'ry Mother's Son : roth I'd e'en hang my felf; 'tis quickly done. or why should such a Man as you submit o be the publick Laughter of each grinning Cit? le a keen Razor take, and never fear, ocut your Lordship's Throat from Ear to Ear; I's feasible enough, you know who did it, nd you are valiant, therefore never dread it: all not to make fure work on't if you can, le Esex will be thought the stouter Man.

X 4

Dan-

Dangerfield's Ghost to Jefferies.

Evenge! Revenge! my injur'd Shade begins To haunt thy guilty Soul, and scourge thy Sin For fince to me thou ow'ft the heaviest score, Whose living Words tormented thee before, When dead, I'm come to plague thee yet once more. Start not away, nor think thy Brass to hide, But fee the difmal Shape in which I dy'd: My Body all deform'd with putrid Gore, Bleeding my Soul away at ev'ry Pore. Push'd faster on by Francis, less unkind; My Body fwoln, and bloated as thy Mind. This dangling Eye-ball rolls about in vain, Never to find its proper Seat again, The hollow Cell ulurp'd by Blood and Brain. The trembling Jury's Verdict ought to be, Murder'd at once by Francis and by Thee. The Groans of Orphans, and the pond'rous Gu Of all the Blood that thou haft ever spilt; The Country's Curse, the Rabble's Spite, and a The Wishes sent thee since thy long-wish'd Fall, The Nobles just Revenge so bravely fought, For all the Ills thy Infolence has wrought: May these and more their utmost Force combine Join all their Wrongs, and mix their Cries will (min

And see (if Terror has not struck thee blind See here a long and ghastly Train behind: Far, far from utmost West they croud away, And hov'ring o'er, fright back the sickly day.

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lad the poor Wretches sin'd as much as thee, hou shouldst not have forgot Humanity. Whoe'er in Blood can so much Pleasure take, Tho an ill Judg, would a good Hangman make, ach hollows in thy Ear, Prepare, prepare or what thou must, yet what thou canst not bear. ach at thy Heart a bloody Dagger ains, lpwards to Gibbets point, downwards to endless (Flames.

fir Thomas Jenner's Speech to his Wife and Children.

Ear Wife, let me have a Fire made, I'll tell you such News will make you all glad, The like for another is scarce to be had.

This it is to be learned and witty. irlt, Butler, Do you a Glass of Wine tring: "Itell you all the great Love of my King, as Gui Which is a dainty curious fine thing.

This it is, &c.

A wise learned Serjeant at Law I was made, And a dainty fine Coif was put on my Head, Which is heavier by far than a Hundred of Lead.

This it is, Gc. But soon after this I was made the Recorder, To keep the worshipful Rabble in order,

and wore a Red Gown with long Sleeves and This it is, &c. What Justice I did, my dear Wife, you can tell; Right or wrong I spar'd none, like the Devil in Hell, But guilty or not, I fent all to Bridewel.

This it is, &c.

Unless

Unless it were those that greafed my Fist,
To them I gave Licence to cheat whom they list,
For 'twas only those my Mittimus miss'd.

This it is, &c.

But then the King dy'd, which caus'd a Pother, So I went to condole with the new King his Brother With Sorrow in one Hand, and Grief in the other This it is, &c.

For an ignorant Judg I was call'd by the King To the Chequer Court, 'tis a wonderful thing, Of which in short time the whole Nation did ring This it is, &c.

(Bench

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By Great James I was rais'd to the Common-Plea 'Cause he saw I had exquisite Politick Sense, Which his Wisdom perceiv'd in the Future Tense This it is, &c.

At Sarum five hundred Pounds I have gotten,
To fave Malefactors from swinging in Cotton,
For which they were hang'd and are now almost This it is, &c. (1etter, 1985)

But now, my dear Love, comes the Cream of the For the King would take off the Oaths and the Tel. Which I told all his People would be for the bell. This it is, &c.

He had my Opinion, that 'twas in his Power To destroy all the Laws in less time than an how, For which I may chance to be sent to the Tower. This it is, &c.

And now to Magdalen College I come, Where we have turn'd out most, but kept in some That so a new College of Priests might have room. This it is, &c.

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And so by that means we left the Door ope, To turn out the Bishops, and let in the Pope, for which we have justly deserved a Rope.

This it is to be learned and witty.

Popery Pickled: Or, The Jesuits Shoos made of running Leather.

To the Tune of, Would you be a Man of Favour?

Would you have a new Play acted?
Would you fee it just begun?
Popery is run distracted,
And the Priests are all undone.
Now you'll fee their Beads and Crosses
All lie prostrate on the ground;
They're march'd off like Fools and Asses,
Not one Skulker to be found.

Would you see the great Ones slying,
Leaving a disbanded Court?
There are Monks and Friers crying,
Whither now shall we resort?
Now the Chappel's quite deseated,
And forsaken like the Crown:
Popery is now convicted,
There's no such thing to be found.

And

Would you fee the Priests recanting, Now they fear the English Law? You shall hear them them all a ranting, Lero, Lero, Bullen-a la. Instead of reading Ave-Mary In their Babylonian Gown, You will fee the quite contrary, Not a Mass-Book to be found.

Would you see the Nest a brooding, Which way they their Course shall steer? You shall hear them all concluding, Any where but staying here. Jefferys was prepar'd for failing In his long Tarpawlin Gown; But his Politicks him failing, By his bawling he was found.

Would you fee Tyrconnel sweating For fear of a final Rout? Now the great Convention's fitting, All will foon be brought about. He must then forsake his Palace. Just as Petre did his Gown; Like a Coward fly to Calais, Where he never may be found.

Would you have the Scene now changed, Stay but while this Act is done, And see Father Petre hanged For procuring of a Son?

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where he Ruffel guilty found?
When he hears his Sentence reading,
A true Dreamer he'll be found.

Song: To the Tune of Lilli-Burlero.

THE Pillars of Popery now are blown down,
One thousand six hundred eighty and eight,
Which has frighten'd our Monarch away from his
(Crown,

One thousand fix hundred eighty and eight. (fear,

One thousand six hundred eighty and eight:

or Myn Heer did appear, and they scamper'd for
or Myn Heer did appear, and they scamper'd for
(fear,

One thousand six hundred eighty and eight.

That Mirror of Mothers, and Wonder of Wives, One thousand, &c.

With her Joy of three Titles are fled for their Lives, One thousand, &c.

Surge Jefferies, who boasted his Face was of Brass, One thousand, &c.

one thousand, &c.

That Curse of three Kingdoms, damn'd Petre, is sled, One thousand, &c.

Who with Rome's Ignis farmus our Monarch missed; One thousand, &c.

See

Great Dada, whose Presence made pregnant the One thousand, &c. (Queen

Now she has withdrawn is no more to be seen; One thousand, &c.

Old Mordant's good Service shall doubly be paid, One thousand, &c.

For his fetching the Queen now his Lordship is staid.
One thousand, &c.

That Sink of Sedition, the vile Observator, One thousand, &c.

Shall receive the just Merit that's due to a Traitor: One thousand, &c.

Our Renegade Rhymer, tho cudgel'd and lick'd, One thousand, &c.

For his Hind and his Panther shall once more be One thousand, &c. (kick'd.

Now old Obadiah quits Ave. Maria, One thousand &c.

To fing Lamentations worse than Jeremiah.
One thousand, &c.

That Wittal and worse, who commanded the One thousand, &c. (Tow's, With that shrimp of a Souldier sweet Cecil did

One thousand, &c. (scour.

All our Priests are gone back with our Jesuits and One thousand, &c. (Monks,

And our Nuns to their former Profession of Punks One thousand, &c. TW

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Twould tire your Patience to number the rest,
One Thousand, &c.
On may guess by the Paw at the Bulk of the Beast,
One Thousand, &c.

Tarquin and Tullia.

N Time when Princes cancel'd Nature's Law. And Declarations, which themselves did draw; Then Children us'd their Parents to dethrone, nd gnaw'd their way like Vipers to a Crown: rquin, a savage, proud, ambitious Prince, ompt to Expel, yet thoughtless of Defence: he envy'd Scepter did from Tulling fnatch, he Roman King, and Father by the Match. To form his Party, Histories report, Sanctuary was open'd in his Court, there glad Offenders fafely might refort. reat was the Crowd, and Wond'rous the Success; for those were fruitful Times of Wickedness d all that liv'd obnoxious to the Laws ock'd to Prince Tarquin, and embrac'd his Cause. Mong these a Pagan Priest for refuge fled, Prophet deep in godly Faction read; Sycophant that knew the modifi Way Cant and Plot, to Flatter and Betray; Whine and Sin, to Scrible and Recant; hameless Author, and a lustful Saint: ferve all Times he could Distinctoins coin, d with great ease flat Contradictions join; Traytor now, once Loyal in extreme, dthen Obedience was his only Theme; He

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He fang in Temples the most Passive Lays, And weary'd Monarchs with repeated Praife: But manag'd auk'ardly that lawful part; For to vent Lies and Treason was his Art. And pointed Libels at Crown'd Heads to dart. This Priest, and others, learned to defame, First murder'd injur'd Tullim in his Name, With blackest Calumnies their Sov'raign load. A poyfon'd Brother, and dark League abroad; A Son unjustly topt upon the Throne, Which yet was prov'd undoubtedly his own: Tho, as the Law was there, 'twas his behoof. Who disposses the Heir, to bring the Proof. This hellish Charge they back'd with dismal Fright The loss of Property and Sacred Rights, And Freedom: Words which all false Patriotsule The furest Names the Romans to abuse : Jealous of Kings, and always Malecontent, Forward to Change, yet certain to repent.

Whilst thus the Plotters needful Fears create,
Tarquin with open Force invades the State;
Lewd Nobles joyn him with their féeble Might,
And Atheist Fools for dear Religion fight:
The Priests their boasted Principles disown,
And level their Harangues against the Throne:
Vain Promises the People's Minds allure;
Slight were their Ills, but desperate their Cure.
'Tis hard for Kings to steer an equal Course;
And they who banish one, oft get a worse.
Those Heav'nly Bodies we admire above,

Do every day irregularly move.

Yet Tullius, 'tis decreed, must lose his Crown, For Faults that were his Council's, not his own; He now in vain commands e'en those he paid; By darling Troops deserted and betray'd; By Creatures which his genial Warmth had made

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Of thefe a Captain of the Guards was worft, hose Memory to this Day stands accurst: his Rogue advanc'd to Military Trust, his own Whoredom, and his Sifter's Luft; rfook his Master after dreadful Vows, nd plotted to betray him to his Foes: he kindest Master to the vilest Slave, sfree to give, as he was fure to crave. His haughty Female, who, as Books declare, id always tofs wide Nostrils in the Air; las to the younger Tullia Governess, nd did attend her when, in borrow'd dress, efled by Night from Tullius in distress. his Wretch by Letters did invite his Foes, nd us'd all Arts her Father to depose : . Father always generously bent, kind, that he her Wishes did prevent. 'Twas now high time for Tullius to retreat, hen ev'n his Daughter hast'ned his defeat; Vhen Faith and Duty vanish'd, and no more he Name of Father, nor of King he bore: King! whose Right his Foes could ne'r dispute, mild! that Mercy was his Attribute; fable, kind, and easie of Access, wift to relieve, unwilling to oppress; ich without Taxes, yet in payment just; honest that he hardly could distrust. is active Soul did ne'r from Labours cease; aliant in War, and sedulous in Peace; udious with Traffick to enrich the Land; rong to protect, and skilful to command ; iberal and Splendid, not without Excess; oth to revenge, and willing to carefs. fumm, How Godlike must his Nature be, Vhose only Fault was too much Piety!

This

This King remov'd, th' affembled States though That Tarquin in the Vacant Throne should sit; Voted him Regent in their Senate-House. And with an empty Name endow'd his Spoule, The elder Tullia, who some Authors feign, Drove o'reher Father's Corps a trembling Wain But she! more guilty! numerous Wains did dri To crush her Father, and her King alive; In glad remembrance of his haft'ned Fall. Refolv'd to inftitute a weekly Ball. She! jolly Glutton! grew in Bulk and Chin; Feasted in Rapine, and enjoy'd her Sin; With Luxury she did weak Reason force, Debauch'd good Nature, & cram'd down Remon Yet when the drunk cool Tee in lib'ral Sups, The fobbing Dame was Maudlin in her Cups.

But brutal Tarquin never did relent, Too hard to melt, too wicked to repent; Cruel in Deeds, more merciless in Will, And bleft with natural delight in Ill; From a wife Guardian he receiv'd his Doom, To walk the Change, and not to govern Rome; He swore his Native Honours to disown, And did by Perjury ascend the Throne: Oh! had that Oath his fwelling Pride repreft! Rome then had been with Peace and Plenty bleft. But Tarquin, guided by destructive Fate, Wasted the Country, and embroil'd the State: Transported to their Foes the Roman Pelf, And by their Ruin hop'd to fave himself. Innumerable Woes opprest the Land, When it submitted to his curst Command. So just was Heaven, that 'twas hard to tell, Whether its Guilt or Losses did excel. Men who renounc'd their God, for dearer Trade Were then the Guardians of Religion made:

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tels were fainted; Foreigners did reign; alaws return'd Preferments to obtain, ith Frogs and Toads, and all their croaking (Train:

Native knew their Features, nor their Birth, ey feem'd the greafy Offspring of the Earth; e Trade was funk, the Fleet and Army fpent youring Taxes fwallow'd lesler Rent; xes impos'd by no Authority, hlewd Collection was a Robbery. d felf-creating Men did Statutes draw. I'd to establish Villany by Law; natick Drivers, whose unjust Careers duce new Ills, exceeding former Fears. Yet Authors here except that Faithful Band. hich the prevailing Faction did withstand: fome who bravely stood in the defence baffled lustice, and their Injur'd Prince : f shine to after-Times, each Sacred Name nds still recorded in the Books of Fame.

SONG.

HE Gospel & Law allow Monarchs their due, If rightfully crown'd and anointed; Lawyers are Rebels, and Clergy-men too, On the Bench to defy, And in Pulpit deny, om the Lord and the Laws have appointed.

e Courts are corrupted, and so are the Schools, and Truth lies condemn'd as a Culprit;

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The Bench is invested by Traytors and Fools, And the Devil's crept into the Pulpit.

Then who'd in this Age go to Law or to Church Since Justice in both is so common an Evil? Truth is made Treason, By Law without Reason; (lun

And the Clergy that left their poor Prince in Will send their poor Souls to the Devil.

On the Promotion of Dr. T— to the See of Ca—ry.

Hen Nebat's fam'd Son undertook the (Car)
Of delivering ten Tribes from Slavery to Law
Lest the Job should be spoil'd, or done but to hale
He took his Priests from the Mob, and his G
(from the Cal)

But our Hero more wise, the Deliverers outvied Made a Calf the High-Priest, and himself the arch

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Congratulatory Poem to K. William, on his Return from Ireland, 1690.

after the Battel of the Boyne.

VElcome, Great Monarch, to the Throne (we gave! ean Reward for those you came to save; yet in That we gave you all we have.

Gods our Offerings ne'er the more do prize, en Clouds of Smoke obscure their brighter Skies; reatful Heart commends the Sacrifice.

Ispare no labour to inlarge your State, do not yet our forward Pains regree, disappointed Kindness turns to Hate.

have enough your Skill in Battel shown, Courage and your Conduct all must own; let your Foresight once at home be known.

pen Field with open Foes you've met, eeither fide it is an equal Bet; here your Enemies dance in a Net.

Valour shone, when you your Army led, dar'd the numerous Foe with Colours spread; where's your Guard against an Ambuscade?

Y

Your

Your handywork does all Mankind surprize, Each fresh Remembrance still new Praise supplie But pray, Sir, let us once adore your Eyes.

You've Enemies in private, who befet Your Path to Glory, undiscover'd yet; And till you've conquer'd them, you'l ne'er be gre

No End you'l find to your laborious Work, (Tho with the Irish you could rout the Turk) While Gallick Locusts in your Councils lurk.

Wherefore to Foreign Diets shou'd you go, To undertake a Task you can't go thro, While those at home unravel all you do?

Unkennel those State-Foxes first, who spoil And counterwork the Virtue of your Toil, And Heaven it self shall on your Labour smile,

Let proud 6—— n your just Vengeance find, And N—— m to his Behaviour bind; 'T is unsafe marching with two Foes behind.

Teach L—— how to mind his Diocels,
To make his Parish-Priests and Curates wise,
And not presume to give the Queen Advice.

Let not the Men who would your Wants supply With Blood and Mony, unregarded lie,
Because a self-advancing Fop crys, Fie. E. of P-

Nor let your self be so impos'd upon, To fancy those were Commonwealths men growth o tug'd so hard to place you on the Throne

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16.

whose Support the Monarchy relies,
tho have no other Aim before your Eyes,
that your Greatness with their Wealth may

Then these and some sew other things are done, our growing Glory, like the Rising Sun, all (bright as that) an endless Circuit run.

18.

ocertain Conquests your swift Arms shall speed, on those debarring Remora's once freed; on shall want nothing that you truly need, or Purses and our Veins shall freely bleed.

me Paradoxes presented for a New-Years Gist by the Old, to the New Orthodox.

To make it the blackest of Crimes in the Fanaticks to depose C— the First, because he their Sovereign Lord the King; and yet to ake it no Fault in Church of England men to desegrate the Second, Son of C— the First, who as much their Sovereign Lord the King.

2. To keep a Fast still for the heinous Sin of beading the Father; and yet observe a day of

anksgiving for turning out the Son.

3. To pretend a Reformation for former Ales in Church and State; and to be neither remed from the Authors of them in Politicks or
brals, nor the Principles or Measures that lead
them.

Y 4

4. To make it a Capital Offence in King 3—that he imprisoned the Bishops for resuling to rea his Proclamation; and to think it Just to depict the very same Bishops, both ex Officio and Beneficio to live upon Alms; because they scruple to own new K—out of the Line, and King 3—alive.

cession a great Reason for the Revolution; and att same time to build the Revolution upon the break

of it.

6. To complain only of the Errors of Minister of State; and yet only punish the King, that hour Law is impunible, because he cannot performally Err.

7. To affert the Crown is Elective, and the Government in the People; and yet plead Proof tive to excuse giving the Royal Assent to the Pe

ples Bills.

8. To make this Revolution to pass for a Reformation; and yet in less than four Years time to a necessity to make farther Legal Provision again Imprisonments, false Witnesses, partial Tryal corrupt Judges, and pensionary Parliaments.

9. To Reverse the Attainders of Russel, Sidne &c. and yet Brow-beat a Bill of Trials, that might

prevent the like hardships again.

to. To complain of the Corruption of Judge by the Power or Practice of the Crown, in pul ing and changing them at pleasure; and at it same time reject a Bill to render Judges honell a bold in their Duty.

verthrow Prerogative in King J, and yet ledg Prerogative now, to excuse and evade the Sen

rity of our Freedoms.

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12. To pretend to free and frequent Parliaents, according to Law, for prevention of Bribeand Corruption, both in Choice and Seffion; and et to continue a Parliament three Years, against veral Statutes in force, that require a Parliament and not only a Seffion of a Parliament) should be eld once every Year.

13. To complain of Regulation of Corporations; break and to prefer the Choice upon a Regulation, before

neupon antient Ufage.

14. To think it Bribery in C --- s the Second's lime, at least Corruption, to take off Sir Thb, and Sir T - L by Employments; perfo nd yet now think it none none, or endure it paiently, in Sir Ed. S-r, Sir Rob. Rich, Sir J .--r, Colonel Austen, &c. who have so visibly hanged their Sentiments fince their Prefernent.

15. To pay twenty two Millions for four Years Var, which is five Millions and a half a Year; and et lose half as much more by Sea, and almost no-body Tryal aid but Foreigners, and our Enemies for all that aining ground daily upon us.

16. To be roaring at Popery with Popish Confetmig trates; and against Arbitrary Government with

-then and N-m.

17. To think the French Popery fo much worse han the Spanish; and the House of Bourbon more n Enemy to Protestants, than the bloody House elt and Austria.

18. To have fo tender a sense of the Protefants of France, and confederate with the cruel

Persecuter of those of Hungary.

19. To make it a Crime in the French King to hvade the Principality of Orange, &c. and none 0. P. to invade England, Scotland and Ireland.

20. To

20. To hope to conquer France, more at Unity than our felves, three times bigger and better skill in War, with a wife King at the Head of it.

21. To imagine we can out-last France at War when, besides what we lose, we spend yearly thru times our constant Revenue, and in Debt besides, and that that King with all his Expences comes within the compass of his common yearly Revenue mer than two Millions.

22. To hope to fave England by the ways and methods that most fensibly decline and exhauft it

rather than by timely Accommodation,

What can we fay of the Authors of fuch Paradoxes

Such love the Treason, the the Traytor bate, Excuse their Crimes by Destiny and Fate, And make themselves useful Knaves of State.

The Pensioners.

LEt noble Sir Positive lead the Van, That only all-doing unerrable Man, What pity it is that his Life's but a Span? Which nobody can deny,

He's fain to be help'd to get up and ride, Whene'er his fair Wife he is pleas'd to bestride, Yet he'd rule the World was it ten times as wide, Which, Oc.

Ch __ gue too will lose no more time, He'll strive to get Pence, and give over his Rhyme With Poets no more, but with Knaves he will chime, Which, &c.

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(caroufe. When with underling Members he's pleas'd to He modestly tells 'em he governs the House, Others fay that the Mountain will bring out a Mouse. Which, &c.

-- H-- does not in the least think it base To for swear ever having, and then take a Place. t makes a blot in his Name, but no blush in his Face, Which, &c.

and Sir Wittyfool -, that frivolous Wight, He values fo little the being in the right, That for Sixpence a Line a fet Speech he'll indite; Which, &c.

With Paper in hand he'll start up from his Seat, And prove Excise will beat down the Price of Near. Tho he has no Preferment, he's paid for the Feat. Which, &c.

-will have no Place, but his Son he puts in, The Cheat is too shallow, the Mask is too thin, When the Knaye and the Fool are so near akin, Which, erc.

Whate'er the King does is suppos'd to be well, Orelfe it with taughing would make the Spleen fwell, That a Boy's made a Teller, that fix cannot tell, Which, &c.

There's H-s is dapper and pert without Wit, With a Place he fets up for a Politick Chir, And my Lord my Father fays for it he's fit; Which, &c.

That trifling Projector Squire O-To make clear with the King was shrewdly put to't, Now his Debt is discharg'd, and he'as a Place to Which, &c. (boor,

Sir S - that bluster'd more than the North Wind, Till the Court without Reason became very kind, Is grown into a Knave from a Clown half refin'd,

Which, Ore.

The Scrivener Cuckold so proud he is grown
Of his Wealth and his Place, tho it was never known,
That to such a Toad-stool such Favour was shewn,
Which, &c.

Ne'er was better Bargain than for honest H-G-His own Conscience to sell other Mens to buy,

There's nothing well done but he's sure to say sy,

Which, &c.

While his Master abroad is exposed to the Fates, He's as pert and as simple as Master Bates, Which, &c.

There's M— the brisk Knight, and C— the grave At last by Preferment have got their Desire, All good Men must wish they were yet set higher;

Which, &c.

R—and L—-those two precious Beagles of State,

Are much overpaid for their senseless Prate,

When Knaves may be had at so cheap a rate;

Which, &c.

The one's a plump Sot, th'other foolishly lean,
Tho they ask Men no Bribe, they must know what
(they mean,

Should you four 'em all o'er their Hands would not (be clean,

Which, &c.

B—and A—are hir'd to be in a heat,

They're both fo well known, they no Man can cheat,

Yet they're paid by the Day, and fometimes by the

Grate.

Which, &c.

The two Winchester Geese would be just like their Could they tell how to get Wit enough to be mad, In py'd Coats those Bawlers by right should be clad, Which, &c.

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L— is honest, and A— is wise,

No Man can except against T—d and G—,

They plainly show all the sure way to rise;

Which, &e.

The Men in blue Coats with their Trowfers all red, Tho not paid for their fighting, 'tis commonly faid for voting they are not so well taught as fed;

Which, &c.

C—S— fwears his Luck was not kind,
In being fo hurry'd away by fair Wind,
That he left his Father's S— behind,

Which, &c.

If then he had landed upon the French Plain, Tho for his own Life he was not in pain, Yet the Officer kill'd, the Member had been flain, Which, &c.

His Brother C—— he held up his Nose,
Each moment his Pride and his Knavery grows,
Yet with all that he looks like the Drawers at the
Rose, Which, &c.

Tom F— pretends to be wonderful fly,
Yet fure without taking much Labour to pry,
One may fee that both fober and drunk he's a Spy,
Which, &c.

The Cherry-cheek'd Hero that rules on the Main, Has just Wit enough not to love to be slain, Tho he's plump in the Face, yet he's lank in the Brain, Which, &c.

His foft-headed Cousins have no cause to bemoan,
That the chief of their Tribe has not his Head on,
His Death got 'em Places, or else they'd had none;
Which, &c.

Tis enough to throw the Government down,
When 'tis grown the reigning Jest of the Town,
That the P—rs live at the Rose and Crown,
Which, &c.

Death

Death and the Cobler: Or, A Dialogue between the Meager Duke and Will. Green, the Cordwainer of St. James's.

S Ays his Grace to Will. Green, whom he found a his Stall,

Sir, hearing you pay Scot and Lot for your Awl, I come here in Person, and humbly intreat You will help little Wat in the Courtier's deseat. Honest Friend, here's my Hand, you'll be welcome.

at Hell,

And shall have all my Custom who pay very well.

The Cobler star'd hard at his Garter and Star,
Quoth he, since your Highness condescendeth sofar.

For I am not us'd to see Dukes at my Door,
Tho your Wife and your Daughter have call'd here

before,

I promise my Vote if you'll tell me the Case, Wherein a poor Mouse could so anger your Grace. You must know I had taken some Gold on account Of my Favours, or so, as Courtiers are wont; And this Rogue 'mong the rest did make such a pother,

refund.

But you had it again: Not a Groat by my troth; Indeed nay, then your Grace has cause to be wroth But yet, an't shall please you, I wish you prevail: The Vagabonds scorn your Roast Beef and your Ale

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e wroth revail: Your Ale

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But fure they remember what things have been done for this Nation by me, my Wife and my Son. You know, I suppose, I marry'd the King:

but fure they remember what things have been done of the solution of the suppose of the suppose

But my Lord, shall I tell you my Mind very plain, and they say you love Truth; you tap Ale in vain, for the Squire will out-poll us, and peach you again.

SONG.

What a De'el is the stir we make with War,
To confound our Estates for Ambition;
With a crasty Pretence of conquering France,
To drill out the Coin of the Nation?

Were a muckle thing to exchange our King; Lubberloons have got well by the Barter; or th'acute valiant Prince takes the Forlorn of As the stout bonny Scot took the Tartar. (France

el faum mine Eyen if e'er I feen
Sike a parcel of Loons in the Nation,
the the Lord of the Boyne has cost us more Coin,
They repent of their gude Abdication.

the Loons of the Kirk do now find the Work Were a muckle for their Purses:
d the War that's begun by the good valiant Son shall be crown'd with a Trophy of Curses.

SONG.

SONG.

Y E Members of Parliament all,
That quarrel to fettle the Nation,
Prepare an Address for White-hall,
And give thanks for your King's Preservation

Last Sunday to Chappel he went, To hear a fweet Nightingal sing; God knows whether Treason was meant,

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But there happen'd a damnable thing.

To the Window his Majesty came
To shew his desirable Face;
When a Lord, whom I list not to name,
Unluckily shipt the Sash.

The Portcullice came ratling down,
And threaten'd the Noddle Anointed;
Lord! how the blue Bishop would frown,
To see all his Hopes disappointed.

Count Landsdown, who gravely stood by,
A snussing up Politick Powder,
To his Sovereign's Assistance did sly,
A Pox on the Loyal Intruder,

For had he but let him alone,
Our Protector had fafely been lock'd there,
And in Pillory Penance had done,
Like his Brother-Deliverer the Doctor.

ation

re,

th an Engine in Scotland is known,
And thither he's going 'tis faid:
at'tis thought while he fnaps at the Crown,
The Maiden may fnap off his Head.

ever let Over — que boast
Of saving so puny a Thing;
e preserv'd but a — at most:
'Twas Landsdown deliver'd the King.

Epitaphium in Vice-Comitem Dundee.

Ltime Scotorum, potuit, quo sospite Solo;
Libertas patrie salva fuisse tue.
moriente novos accepit Scotia Cives,
Accepita; novos te moriente Deos:
a nequit superesse tibi, tu non potes illi,
Ergo Calidonie nomen inane vale.
ig; vale nostre Gentis fortissime Ductor,
Optime Scotorum, atq; ultime Grahme vale.

English'd by Mr. Dryden.

Last and best of Scots! who didst maintain
Thy Country's Freedom from a Foreign Reign;
ew People fill the Land now thou art gone,
ew Gods the Temples, and new Kings the Throne.
Inland and thou did each in other live,
hou wouldst not her, nor could she thee survive;
weel! who living didst support the State,
and couldst not fall but with thy Country's Fate.

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O Raree Show! O Pretty Show! or, The City Feast.

ON a day of great Triumph, when Lord of the City

Does swear to be honest and just, as he's witty; And rides thro the Town that the Rabble may shout him,

For the wonderful Merits he carries about him;
Being an honester Man, I'll be bold for to say,
Than has sat in the Chair this many a day:
Like the rest of the Fools from the Skirts of the
Town.

I trotted to gaze at his Chain and his Gown,
With Legs in a Kennel quite up to the middle
In Dirt; with a Stomach as sharp as a Needle,
I stood in the Cold clinging fast to a Stump,
To see the Wiseakers march by in their Pomp:
At last heard a Consort of Trumpets and Drums,
And the Mob crying out, Here he comes, bere he comes,
(I stood in

I was carry'd by the Croud from the place that And the Devil to do there was all of a sudden: The first that appear'd was a great Tom-a-Doodle, With a Cap like a Bushel to cover his Noddle, And a Gown that hung draggling thro every Puddle;

With a Sword and a Mace, and fuch Pageanty

And abundance of formal old Foppery beside.

A Troop of grave Elders O then there came by in their Blood-colour'd Robes, of a very deep Dye

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n Jennets the best that the Town could afford, stame all as Lambs, and as fine as my Lord: Vith very rich Saddles, gay Bridles and Cruppers, Vould ne'er have been made but for such City-

Troopers:

ike Snails o'er a Cabbage they all crept along,
dmir'd by their Wives, & huzza'd by the Throng.
The Companies follow'd, each Man in his Station,
Which e'ry Fool knows is not worth Observation.
Il cloth'd in Furs in an antient Decorum,
ike Bears they advanc'd with their Bagpipes before 'em;

Vith Streamers and Drums, and abundance of

fooling,

of worth the repeating, or yet ridiculing.
of lbid adieu to the Tun-belly'd Sinners, (ners. and leave 'em to trudg thro the Dirt to their Din-Atlast I consider'd 'twas very foul Play, has a Poet should fast on a Festival Day: therefore resolv'd it should cost me a Fall, atthat I would drink my Lord's Health at a Hall. or why may'nt a Poet, thought I, be a Guest, swelcome as Parson, or Fool at a Feast, or the sport of a Tale, or the sake of a Jest? I mix'd with the Musick, and no one with stood me, and so justled forward as clever as could be:
pass'd to a very fine Room thro a Porch;
I was as wide as a Barn, and as high as a Church,
Where Cloths upon Shovel-board Tables were

fpread,
and all things in order for Dinner were laid;
the Napkins were folded on ev'ry Plate,
ato Castles and Boats, and the Devil knows what:
their Flaggons and Bowls made a very fine show,
and Sweetmeats, like Cuckolds, stood all in a

row.

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They walk'd, and they talk'd; after some Co

The Beadle stood up, and he made Proclamation That no one presume, of a Member, till after He'as din'd, to bring in his Wise or his Daughter Then in come the Pasties, the best of all Food, With Pig, Goose, and Capon, and all that was good Then Grace soon was said, without any delay, And as hungry as Hawks they sat down to the

The Musick struck up, such a Boree advancing, As the Polanders pip'd, when their Cubs were (dancing

Then each tuck'd his Napkin up under his Chin,
That his Holyday Band might be kept very clean
And pinn'd up his Sleeves to his Elbows, because
They should not hang down, and be greas'd in the

Then all went to work, with fuch rending an tearing,

Like a Kennel of Hounds on a quarter of Carr'on.
When done with the Flesh, then they claw'd off the
Fish,

With one Hand at Mouth, and the other in Dill. When their Stomachs were clos'd, what their Bellies deny'd,

Each clap'd in his Pocket to give to his Bride; With a Cheese-cake and Custard for my little Johnny,

And a handful of Sweetmeats for poor Daughter Nanny.

Then down came a Blade, with a Rattle in Skull,

To tickle their Ears when their Bellies were full: After three or four Hems to clear up his Voice, At every Table he made them a Noise tati

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Of imenty four Fidlers were all in a Row; Tho the Singer meant Cuckolds, I'd have 'em to know:

hen London's a gallant Town, and a fine City, Tis govern'd by Scarlet, the more is the pity. When Claret and Sack had troul'd freely about, and each Man was laden within and without: The Elders arifing, all stagger'd away,

and in sleeping like Hogs spent the rest of the Day.

inswer to a Poem intituled, A Panegyrick, written in the Year 169;, and printed in the second Volume of State Poems, Pag. 401.

[] Ail happy William! thou art truly Great: The Cause? 'Tis Virtue justify'd by Fate. or Thee the Parents and their Children fing; Without Defert thou art no Favourite King. or Thee the Patriot will maintain the Laws, or Thee just Judges will decide the Cause. relates thou'st made cannot the Church betray; Thy Soldiers fight for Principle, not Pay. y Thee the Freeman's fixt in his Freehold, lifers may spend, or else increase their Gold. y Thee the Merchant multiplies his Store, y Thee the Tradesman is content, not poor. or Thee the Senate useless Laws suspends, nd good Ones makes for thine & England's Ends. he chief Design of all their well-weigh'd Votes, to invent new Ways, new Means, to damn new (Plots. Thine

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Thine and thy People's Credit join'd, must pass;
But that, and Mony, not without thy Face.
Slav'ry and Oppression thou maintain'st no more,
Than Wealth and Liberty the Kings before.
For thee 'gainst Tyranny they all declare,
And only for old England like the War.
Why should this Wonder then so wondrous seem.
When all that's good and kind thou'lt do for them?
Rebels and Witches ne'er sign'd William's Rolls

Those that oppose his Reign, must damn their Souls

Upon a Medal, whereon two Names were interwoven.

His mystick Knot unites two Royal Names, Victorious Lewis, and long-suffering James; Pious and stout Assertors of the Cross, Whether it be by Conquest, or by Loss: Their Glory's equal, different their Fate; Laurels on one, Palms for the other wait.

P. of O's Atchievements in Flanders, in the Years 91 and 92.

THE Author fure must take great pains,
Who pretends to write his Story;
In which of these two last Campaigns
He'as acquir'd greatest Glory:
For while that he march'd on to sight,
Like Hero, nothing fearing,
Namur was taken in his sight,
And Mons within his hearing.

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EUCHARISTICON:

r an Heroick Poem upon the late Thanksgiving-day, which was the Vigil or Fast of St. Simon and St. Jude.

TWas on the Evening of that Day, I That very memorable Day, he Twenty Seventh of October, When none but Jacobites were sober, hat we beheld the Blessed sight of glorious Eucharistick Light. ut that the Morn we may not wrong, Which usher'd in the Evening Song; for th' Infant Day which grew fo great, fter it was regenerate nd re-baptiz'd by Proclamation, nd call'd Thanksgiving-day o'th' Nation, We shall relate all that was done open Face of Moon and Sun. But, first, 'tis fit that we rehearle, bold, but grave, Heroick Verse, Why a Thanksgiving-day was chose, What were the Reasons, what the Cause; nd why it was refolv'd, at last, hey'd not proclaim this Day a Fast. First, To the First we should begin, and the Supports bring after in: ut fince Supporting's out of fashion, the Wise, Warlike, Belgick Nation;

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The Rear shall take the Advance Post, And shew you how the Fast was lost.

In Council grave our Senators were met About th' important Business of the State; Bus'ness so weighty, that all Europe stood, Hoping from hence the Stream of all their Good Great Things were mov'd, and mighty Kingdon

flew Like sporting Bubbles, round the God-like Crew They puft those Cares away; but fell, at last. Upon the Bus'ness of the Monthly Fast: The great Debate was this, Whether 'twas fit They should for longer Time continue it? Or else Adjourn; or else Prorogue the Day; Or throw their Pray'rs and Fastings quite away? To this hard knotty Question, it was said, By a most Grave and Venerable Head, That the Descent was balk'd, and Namur won, And the Campaign in all appearance done; That Heaven could not be now befieg'd in Form, And 'twas too late o'th' Year to take't by Storm; It would be fruitless too, and serve their turns, No more than Dixmuid does, or little Furnes: But (in his Judgment) if they'd cast their Pray To Winter-Quarters, till the Spring o'th' Year, They might have need with all their Strengtht And then proclaim a Weekly Fasting Day. (pray There was no answering to so plain a Case, But (with low Bows) the Motion all embrace. Straight they gave Orders that a Proclamation Should strictly charge this Praying, Fasting Nation That it no more should trouble Heaven's Quiet, With Pray'rs, or Guts croaking for want of Diet

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hat were it not by publick Laws confined,
but Publick Pray'rs and Fasts would strike us blind. Sut see how vain all Mortal Councils are,
We dream of Peace, but feel th' Effects of War;
or scarce were these great Orders fully given,
carce the black Sheet dy'd with the Stygian Leven,
When Charleroy cry'd out, O help, she cry'd!
The French are plying hard my leaky side;
sthis a time to give your Praying o'er,
When we are weltring in Confed'rate gore?
When whizzing Bullets, and the roaring Bomb,
ball us from Stem to Stern, can you be dumb?
What have your Arms, what hath your Mony done?
Your Pray'rs are all that we depend upon.

(Tale, She spake; and the amazed Council heard her shey hung their Heads, and look'd with Envy

pale: h curfed French, they cry'd, cannot one Town scape your lasting Fury? What Renown an you obtain, what Honour get you by t? Is well our Mighty Monarch's out of fight; lad he been nigh! But'tis no time to talk, oft to the Printer, tell him we revoke or late delib'rate Orders; we will Fast Vhile Gallick Bullets fly, and Pray as fast. ut'twas too late, for hasty Time had set is Iron Teeth upon the fatal Sheet: ut Fame (as Goddesses have done before) ame in the nick, and brought a Story o'er, hat our most vigilant King was gone to fight, nd vow'd t'should not be lost, out of his sight: his News restor'd us, and with swifter speed resh Posts were sent, to tell there was no need

To stop the Press. But, O ye Gods! born fhort Are mortal Joys, bow are we made your spors! Like Tennis-Balls you tofs us to and fro; Or Shittlecocks, driven from Foe to Foe. Scarce was this Post dispatch'd, when an Alarm Put all the Council in a new Vacarme; For it was faid, our Cong'ror was retir'd. And the unlucky Town again was fir'd. Fast, Fast, the Council cry'd, let's Pray amain, Fly to the Press, and bid it stop again. So on the top of Horeb Moses flood, Out of whose flinty side he lash'd a Flood; Aaron and Hur with him beheld the fight, Between brave Joshua and th' Amalekite: When he held up his Finger, they prevail; But when he let it down, the Jews turn tail. During this time, Posts hurry'd thro the Town, And in their course fell'd one another down; Flux, and reflux, of differing Councils dash'd, And, in rebounding Air, their Orders class'd. So rose the Atoms from their Bed of Night, And in confusion choak'd the new born Light. What Heart could hold to fee the fad Distraction Which had well-nigh o'er-whelm'd three poten (Nations

The French themselves took pity of our Fear,
And vow'd they'd spare the Town till the nex
(Year

But now proclaim a Calm; for once more Fame Post on a Gale of blust'ring Weather came; And 'midst this burly burly, loudly sings A Rest to us, and to the best of Kings.

In short, the King (with all his Victories) Had safely past the dangerous Northern Seas.

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What wou'd y' have more? We've got our King at last, and all must grant 'tis now no time to fast.

Sing then my Muse a Halleluja Song, aife up thy Luce, which was to fasting frung : hanksgiving is thy Theme, and lofty Ode, nd Eucharisticon thy charming Mode. reat in the Field, and fubile in Debate, he King conven'd his Ministers of State; landers was not nam'd there, nor the Descent, Vhether it was, or was not truly meant : or did they speak of the great Siege of Dunkirk, lor of their Victory obtain'd at Steinkirk at not to spend our Oil and Time, in dwelling n Negatives, as I was now a telling; Ve do affirm, in short, that the sole Cause f this August and Grave Assembly, was low to resolve on this Thanksgiving-Day: or some still thought we had more Cause to pray. hese urg'd besides, the Saints might think it rude omake a Feast upon the Fast of Jude. ut the Arch-Haman, whose Advice they took all fuch Matters, first his Noddle shook; hen cry'd, - Great Sir, Saints neither eat nor for do they care, or know what Mortals think; ofast before, or else behind a Saint, r not at all, we for Convenience grant: ut at the worst, when three Fasts come together, Ve may post-pone, or else commute at pleasure. our Gracious Queen (God bless her) when she

(fpy'd (low well this Man of God could thus divide, Cliftinguish, prove, lay open, and decide:

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Well spoke, she said, my Vote concurs with your Let fick Men fast for Four and twenty Hours, Because they cannot eat: What's that to those Whose Health and Strength require a treble Dok Besides, the King's return'd, let that suffice For you, and Us, to dry Our Royal Eyes; His mighty Self, all o'er with Trophies grac't, As fometime Men wore Ribbands round the Walle Or like an Orange stuck with Cloves, fo thick Between the Spice, a Pin can hardly stick: 'Tis He's return'd again, and with him brought Bleffings in store, for which he stoutly fought. But that's your Care, I have another Caufe, And am oblig'd to feast by Nature's Laws: Born for Delight, to eat, drink, fleep and play; I cannot force my felf to fast or pray, I wish that every one were a Thanksgiving-day.

All bow'd around, and with submissive Voice Agreed we had great Reason to rejoice: But a Debate arose, where they should fix The main great Cause; for to be too prolix In Proclamations, 'twould anticipate (wait Those Rhimes and Pamphlets which on Conque Some then propos'd to put the stress o'th' Matter On his Return: But those who could not flatter Own'd 'twas a Cause; but all they stood upon Was, that 'twas not a Cause sine qua non : For had he ne'er return'd, no Man will fay There was no Cause for a Thanksgiving-day. Kings may be loft, but Kings can never die; For still successive Kings their place supply: But if a Battel's loft, or Town be ta'en, The Devil's in't, how shall vve take't again? High Words had like t'arose; but the vvise King Who was best able to decide the thing, Thus e e

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Thus Spake-My Lords, said he, I vvould believe How e'er you differ now) you all receive ly Person as a Blesling to the Nation ; Twas I brought Riches in with Reformation ; Twas I restor'd you to your Liberties; Twas I fecur'd your Lives and Properties; Twas I kept out the Foreigners you fear'd. ince that you little French or Irish heard : Twas I made Ireland happy, entred France, Where Schonberg, by my Order, did advance he Protestant Religion ; vow'd, in Print, hat ne'er a Monk or Papist should live in't. Twas I turn'd Popery out from hence, and fent he English Scottish Kirk to banishment. was I turn'd S- out, and put one in Vho vvill dispense, as fast as you can fin; Tho will not tie you up to the strict Rules Oaths, or Orders, Snares for Iqueamish Fools: ablest, and unbaptiz'd, this Church's Son ath all his Mother's Children half undone. Country-men I brought, without pretension oferve you here) of either Pay or Pension. was I that call'd, and kept your Parliament pure and free, there's not one Member in't od is my Witness if I tell you a Lie) lat e'er took Bribe, Pension, or Salary. was I that all your Grievances redreft, d did my felf of my own Rights divest. was I convoy'd, and then increas'd your Trade: one but my self did e'er your Rights invade. was I --- But'tis too much, I will not boast hat I have done for you, to your own cost. it suffice, I'll not put such a stress my own Merits, as to clog the Press. fince I find some of you feem to grutch, King d think the Cause of my Return's too much; What Thus

What think you of my Victory at Sea? Make that the Cause of your Thanksgiving day. For my part, I'm indifferent, chuse you whether; Or if you please, we'll twist them both together; There will enough be left t'expatiate, For all must grant that this Campaign was great. Twas not in hugger mugger what I've done, Since all the World knows 'twas in th'open Sun.

All with deep Admiration were struck dumb. The King admir'd too what at last would come. At length, after they'd gaz'd and gap'd a while, A Lord stood up, and with a Courtier's Smile, Great Sir, said he, 'tis now well understood, Whate'er your Actions are, your Memory's good We now perceive how great's the Obligation, Which justly's owing to you by the Nation. We're loth to break with you upon that fcore, And to our broken Merchants add still more. But if you'll trust us still (for all that's past) We may perhaps be even with you at last. In the mean while, We will proclaim a Feast in your own way, And to so joyful a Thankfgiving-day Whole Tuns of Greafe and Kitchen-stuff we'll pay. 'Twas faid, and it was done, and strait each Lord Made his low Exit from the Council-board.

Now good Miss Muse once more bring in you

And shew your self a well-bred civil Maid;
For I'm oblig'd to squeeze more Reasons out,
How this damn'd Proclamation came about.

Imprimis then, (for Method must be chose
Whether we write in Verse, or write in Prose)

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Il take these Matters fairly as they lie, t all at once, but each fuccessively : Athen, (if I may fay't without offence) were fit to thank the King for going hence; thad he ftay'd, God knows what had been done, mur it felf perhaps had not been won: tmore of that hereafter. Next let's tell e fad Difasters which the French befel Sea, I mean, for 'tis well known at Land ey had both Wind and Weather at Command: eir Fleet came strugling 'gainst the Eastern Wind, d full fix Weeks they tack'd about, to find Navy out, which not a bundred were, d they full four and forty Men of War. ith Infolence upon our Line they bore, good d whole Broad-fides with wondrous Fury pour: Fight was sharp, and Fortune doubtful stood which she'd give the Empire of the Flood; hen mighty Mars descended in a Mist, the fierce equal Combatants dismist: eneither took nor loft a Ship of ours: were we conquered, or Conquerors. Neptune, who of late a Neuter stood ween the British and the Mogan Blood, ding both running in our King, cry'd out, pay... urn you Tide, and bring the French about: Lord te England and my Dutch are joyn'd, what Foe dare t'attack them, and unpunish'd go? beat the French my felf, and for their fake in you strong a Tide in Alderney I'll make tir Cables all shall drag, and Anchors break. as faid, and it was done; and the poor French fixteen Ships his dreadful Ire to quench. anks to the King then for this Victory won; if this will not pass, l'Gad l've done. rose)

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Item, the Siege of Namur next comes on. At last 'twas weak, at first damnably strong: So Mons at first was held impregnable; But when 'twas ta'en, Faith 'twas scarce tenable. But howfoe'er it was, the King was there, And ne'er express'd a fingle mark of Fear: He heard the Cannons roar, faw the Bombs fly; And that's a Demonstration he was nigh. Tis true the Town was lost; who can help that The French stood in his way; fo 'twa'nt his fault The King of France our Monarch came to meet, And in the Trenches kiss his cong'ring Feet: But our good King thought fitter to forbear. And, out of Modesty, would not come there: But Thanks are due, that he was pleas'd to own, And then depose to th'taking of the Town. For our Gazets such strange Relations bring, A hundred thousand Men might doubt the thing Without the Attestation of a King. Item -

Two hundred thousand Pounds to Savoy sent, I will be sworn that Mony was well spent: For with this Aid, That Duke (like that Great

Man,
The King of France) with forty thousand Men
Went down the Hill, and so came up agen.
'Tis true Duke S—berg then declar'd in Print,
That to recover our Rights he there was sent;
And promised if he took all Dauphiny,
He firmly would establish Popery:
Thanks t'him for that, or we had never known
Who fought for Int'rest, who Religion.
Next, Our Descent at Sea appears, which ran
(So much 'twas nois'd) from hence to Ispahan:
Four hundred thousand Pounds (so great a Sum
Into a measur'd Verse 'twill hardly come)

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this, and more, and much in Debt was spens furnish out this well-contriv'd Descent. mis, they say, was almost dead with Fear's d'cause he thought Versails might be too near, foon retir'd still further from the Foe, nd went to bunt and dance at Fontainbleau ? me fay he did not fear; but if 'twere true, n fure our Thanks at least for that are due. that ext bloody Steinkirk comes full in our way, ault on't, we fought upon the Sabbath-day; neet, and that's been ever held a Prophanation our True Protestant Reformed Nation: hat's the true Reason why we bore the brunt. le see the Godly Dutch would ne'er have don't: own. hey food their ground and pray'd whilst we Fools fought;

it we, for footh, were better fed than taught: he French retir'd, and ran away to Mass, or Lyon's Paw was headed by an Ass. lell, we were flog'd and pepper'd too, 'tis true ; t yet to give the Devil and Dutch their due, ad not they brought us off, we might have lain Il we'ad been wash'd away with Winter's Rain. his then deserves a long Thanksgiving-day; or tho we lost our Men, we fav'd their Pay. nd now our hand is in, let's not forget o thank Count S-mes, That we were foundly beat? oon, brave Men, cry'd he, Conquer or Die, he Truth shall not be wrong'd whilst I stand by nd fand he did, as firm as any Post,

Il he faw all his bated English loft.

h, Country-men, had I but time to prove ow well the Dutch our poor three Kingdom's love, here's not a Man but would for fake his Farms, Sum and our dear Dutch embrace with open Arms.

A 3

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Now little Furnes, thou shalt be called great,
And suture Ages shall thy Fame repeat:
We little thought that our high-slown Descent
(And now the Riddle's out) for thee was meant
Some Politicians laid 'twould land at Bolen;
Others as wisely judg'd 'twould sail to Colen:
Some were for Brest, St. Malo's, or the Havre,
And laid great odds the French would never say
her:

Some for La Hogue; but others with less Malice, Only pretended to recover Calais: Some were for Bilboa, but none thought of The This was Defign, this was Sheer-Policy: The rest was given out for a pretence, First to surprize, and then to nab the French. And who in War or Poetry would rife, Take it from me, must do it by surprize. Thrice little Furnes, and great Dixmuid thy Brother For whom ten thousand Men made such a pother: You are the Twins which our Descent brought forth The World must grant it was a mighty Birth: Dunkird and Ghent were Goffips, and some think The first may dearly pay the Groaning-Drink. Then Thanks, Great Monarch, for whate'er they cost,

These Forts declare our Mony was not lost.

Lastly, and chiesly, (for 'tis sit at last

The biggest Plumb should keep our Mouth in Taste)

What Thanks are due for the King's Preservation

From the Granvallian Assassination?

It was a strange Escape as e'er was heard;

And yet 'twas strange the King too should be scar'd

With one Gun, who fo many Guns had heard. Nor would we fail to thank that happy Spirit, Whose Vigilance did such Encomiums merit;

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But that he look'd fo ftern, one scarce could tell Whether he came from Heaven or from Hell. if from the last, we ought to thank the Devil. cant That to our Monarch was so wondrous civil. Thank Grandvall's Powder, which mistook its Aim. And made it felf invisible, not him. Thank Parker that he left St. Germain's Court fav Three days before the cautious Witness swore't: Thanks to the King too, that he took fuch care l'escape these private Dangers of the War. Poor Gentleman, he was much pity'd here; And these Escapes have cost us many a Tear, Heaven fend him better luck for the next Year. But hold my Muse, for should our Thanks run on; They vvould amaze the all-beholding Sun, And strike a blush upon the pale-fac'd Moon; Then modeftly take up, and loudly tell low we fet forth our Joys by Candl' and Bell.

Scarce did the Polish Northern Star appear, Which some great Authors call the leffer Eear: carce had the Cock crow'n once or twice at most, and Phaebus within ken o'th'Eastern Coast: they Drin plain English, scarce had the Clock struck four lis no great matter whether less or more, When a litigious jangling ill-bred found, brough all our Hills and Valleys did rebound; afte) Twas thought the Devil's Arfe o'th' Peak had got ome rumbling Wind or Collick in his Gut, and by successive Raptures did foretel Downful of Church, as by the found of Belf. ome thought the Body-Politick in a Fit, and the Soul-Bell knelling its last Exit. Iwas not ill guest, for Church and State may find here are strange sounds in your Rebellions Wind;

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And

And 'tmight be prov'd by easie Metaphor,
Wind may be said to ring, and Bells to roar.
Others scarce well awake, judg'd it the Groan
Of drowsie Sackbut, or the Bag-pipes Drone:
Some swore (who lately had ta'en a larger Sup)
The Glasses klink'd round the Indented Cup.
In short, they were the City-Choristers,
Which thus untimely lug'd us by the Ears;
The Bells I mean that early thus were singing
Their Lauds and Mattins, which some Men call
ringing.

Thus pass'd the chirping Morn. Now when the Was driving up to our Meridian,
Some went to Church to hear the New Pray'rs read;
Others, who lik'd the Old, lay close in Bed.
Some shut their Shops, which was a filent Token,
That if those Days came oft, they'd all be broken.
The Cannons from the Tower broke through the Wind,

And roar'd their Thanks, that they were left behind.

Lambeth return'd the Complement, and fir'd

Volleys of Bleffings as they'd been inspir'd.

High Pr—— of Mars, sprung from Samaria's

Race,

Thou still dost love t'adore in the High Place:
Thou thunder'st out thy Gospel in our Ears,
And those loud Organs tun'd thy new-made Pray'rs:
Thou worst and sirst of Canterbury's Race,
That with a Wise divided Lambeth's Grace.
Mars and Bellona ne'er before had met,
Roaring and singing on the High-Priest's Seat.
Thou Man of Faith, could we believe like you,
Who would not turn a Circumcised Jew?

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Lastly, for now my Muse is almost weary, and too much Labour makes a Mare miscarry: I should say something of the blessed Night, How 'twas set forth with Artisicial Light; Twas mothy at the best, not of a piece, some black, some white, chequer'd like Fox and Geese.

The Lights were not of Virgin-Wax, 'tistrue, for Hybla's Bee works not for such a Crew; Nor of your precious Aromatick Gums, Nor your sweet Oil which from Oneglia comes. In short, they were of greafy Kitchen-stuff, Most proper for th'Occasion; that's enough. May those who love them see no better Light; For my part I have done, and so good Night.

On the Death of the Late Queen.

Poema est Pictura Loquens.

LOng our divided State

Jung in the Ballance of a doubtful Fate,

When one bright Nymph the gath'ring Clouds difAnd all the Griefs of Albion heal'd; (pel'd,
Her the united Land obey'd,
No more to Jealousy enclin'd,

Nor fearing Power with so much Vertue joyn'd.

The knew her Task, and nicely understood

To what Intention Kings are made,

To what Intention Kings are made, lot for their own, but for their Peoples good Iwas that prevailing Argument alone Determin'd Her to fill the vacant Thron

Aa 3

And yet with sadness She beheld A Crown devolving on her Head, By the Excesses of a Prince misled;

When by her Royal Birth compel'd, To what her God, and what her Country claim'd, Tho by a servile Faction blam'd, How graceful were the Tears she shed? Vo

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When waiting only for a Wind,
Against our Isle the Power of France was arm'd;
Her ruling Arts in their true Lustre shin'd.
The Winds themselves were by her Influence (charm'd)

'Twas her Authority and Care supply'd The Sasety, which our want of Troops deny'd.

Secure and undisturb'd the Scene
Of Albion seem'd, and like her Eyes serene;
Vain was the Invader's Force, Revenge and Pride;
Maria reign'd, and Heav'n was on our Side;

The Scepter by Her self unsought,
Gave double proofs of her Heroick Mind,
With Skill She sway'd it, and with Ease resign'd.
So the Dictator from Retirement brought,
Repel'd the Danger that did Rome alarm,
And then return'd contented to his Farm.

Fatal to the Fair and Young,
Accurs'd Difease! how long
Have wretched Mothers mourn'd thy Rage,
Robb'd of the Hope and Comfort of their Age!
From the unhappy Lovers side,
How often hast thou torn the blooming Bride!

Now like a Tyrant, rising by degrees
To worse Extreams, and blacker Villanies;
Practise

The Queen, a Word, a Sound,

Of Nations once the Hope and firm Support,

Wealth of the Needy, Guard of the Opprest,

The Joy of all, the Wisest and the Best:

A Name which Echo did rebound
With loud Applause from neighb'ring Shores
Their Admiration, the Delight of ours,

Becomes unutterable now.

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The Crowds in that dejected Court,

Where languishing Maria lay,

Want pow'r to ask the News they come to know:
Silent their drooping Heads they bow.

silence it felf proclaims th' approaching Woe;

Even Maria's latest Care,

Whom Winter's Seasons non-contending fove,
Nor watchful Fleets could from his glorious Pur-

(pose move, Intrepid in the Storms of War, and in the midst (of flying Deaths sedate,

Now trembles, now he finks beneath the mighty
(Weight.

The Hero to the Man gives way, Unhappy Isle for half an Age a Prey, To fierce Dissension, or despotick Sway; Redeem'd from Anarchy to be undone By the mistaken Measures of the Throne. Thy Monarch's meditating dark Designs,

Or boldly throwing off the Mask, fond of the Power, unequal to the Task:

Thy felf without remaining Signs, Of antient Vertue so depray'd, As ev'n to wish to be enslay'd;

A a 4.

What

What more than Human Aid could raise Thee from (a State so low

Protect Thee from thy felf, thy greatest Foe?
Something Cælestial sure, a Heroine
Of matchless Form and a Majestick Meen;
Awful, respected, sear'd, but more belov'd;
More than her Laws, her great Example mov'd.
The Bounds, that in her Godlike Mind
Were to her Passions set, severely shin'd;
But that of Doing Good was unconfin'd:
So just, that Absolute Command,

Destructive in another Hand, In Hers had chang'd its Nature, had been uses Oh had she longer staid, (made

Less swiftly to her Native Heav'n retir'd!
For her the Harps of Albion had been strung,
The tuneful Nine could never have aspir'd
To a more losty and immortal Song.

On the Death of the Queen.

D'UM Regina subit constanti pectore mortem, Opprimit Innocuus te, Gulielme, Pudor : Fæmina Virque Animos si commutasse videntur, Cor habet hic tenera Conjugis, illa Viri.

In English.

THE Queen deceas'd fo pleas'd; the King so griev'd,
As if the Hero dy'd, the Woman liv'd:

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The Weasel uncas'd, or the In and Outside of a Priest drawn to the Life.

Protestant Priest, a Man of great Fame, 1 To be Rich and Great was his only Aim, It was Dr. Weasel, the very same, Which no body can deny.

This Weafel at first to get him some Grub, Alittle small Girl, and a little good Bub, Diogenes like, he preach'd in a Tub,

Which, &c.

let in those Days he was very Fickle, and tho he was Head of a great Conventicle, let he had a month's mind to be higher a little,

Which, &c.

And finding Ambition to grow with his Pride, And if he'd be Great he must change his Side, He left all his Flock, and his first Faith deny'd,

Which, &c.

By which they perceiv'd his Heart was grown Evil, They put forth a Book, which he thought uncivil, The Title was, Weasel's Dispute with the Devil,

Which, &c.

In which Learned Piece they there did discover, That, like unto Judas, he was a false Brother, And of a full Bag he is a great Lover,

Which, &c.

To

To which bloody Charge he answer'd in Season, And why he left them, told 'em his Reason, And prov'd all their Tenets did border on Treason Which, &

And then, like a Hero, he did lay about, (ou And swore he would preach all their Tub-button And prove them to be a Phanatical Rout,

Which, &

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And truly he was as good as his Word,
And writ a fine Book, tho by them abhor'd,
The Case of Resistance, which stands on Record,
Which, &c.

In that Loyal Piece, against the Precise, He proved by all the Grave, Learned, and Wise, Obedience is better than all Sacrifice,

And then he proceeded by Scripture and Reason,
To prove Non-resistance always in Season,
And its opposite Doctrine no less than Treason,
Which, &co

And having observed the Laws o'th' Nation,
With those of the Gospel had a Relation, (tion,
Said, those that Resist would receive just DamnaWhich, &c

To strengthen this Point he quoted St. Paul, St. Peter, St. Jude, our Saviour and all, (did fall, Proving none cou'd be Sav'd who from that Faith Which, &c

But what will you say of this Weasel stout,
If after all this he shou'd face about,
And in print tell the World in truth he was out?
Which, &c.

Yet Reason and Conscience a War did begin, And struggled with Pride and Ambition within, To take the new Oaths he long thought a Sin, Which. &

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But this with the Scripture can never agree, As Hosea the Eighth and the Fourth you may see They have set up Kings, but yet not by me,

Which, &

Now what need the Prophet there to complain, If the Peoples Anointed, and God's were the same If so, David's Friends they all were to blame,

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For the God permitted the People to bring Good David's Son forth, and proclaim him King, Yet all the World knows how he punish'd the Thing, Which, &c.

And may all fuch Sons enjoy the fame Fate,
That dethrone their Father, and him Abdicate;
No doubt it will happen in time, foon or late,
Which, &c

With one Remark more I'll end this dull Song,
And his fulsom Republican Arguments strong,
Which makes Wrong to be Right, and Right tobe
Wrong,
Which, &c

That Famous old Priest, the Vicar of Bray, Who in all Change of Times knew how to obey, Was an Ass to the Weasel, if I may so say,

And truly I think no more need be faid, By a Penny we know how a Shilling's made, For Priest and Priest-crast is all but a Trade,

Which, &c.

And thus I in little have drawn to the Life,
His Flesh and his Spirit alway at Strife,
But the Flesh did prevail by the help of his Wife,
Which no body can deny, deny,
which no body can deny.

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England's late Jury:

A Satyr.

Wisely an Observator said, (Who knew our State full well) England need never be afraid, Or feek out for an Aid, Our Dangers to repel.

But then he never did suppose or Army near fo fmall; Or Statesmen to oblige their Foes, Should with Seven Thousand wipe our Nose: Force like none at all.

This Vote made Lewis give a Smile, nd laugh within his Sleeve; Scarce did he credit it a while, Britain shou'd for his Glory toil, Which now he does believe.

But when again fuch Men were chose, s did our Force Disband; He found our Ruin follow'd close, And had no Reason to oppose och as went Hand in Hand.

S-r forgets he was a Slave; Then in his younger Years He was the Sp—r and a K—; And not so much inclin'd to save, r think upon our Fears.

But

But then there lay a Patent by
To gratify his Pride;
On which he often cast an Eye,
And on the Stop did wonder why
Totness was not supply'd.

Resenting an Affront like this,
He forthwith veers about;
Mad that he did Preferment miss,
(A Feather fit for Pride like his)
And courts the fickle Rout.

But his Designs are understood,
The Matter's very plain:
Pretending for his Country's good,
He since has acted all he cou'd
To keep his Prince in Pain.

For a long time he cou'd not Swear, With a nice Confcience bred;
Nor take an Oath against an Heir,
That to a Monarch did repair,
At least till he was dead.

But when All-conquering Gold was brought,
Which glitter'd in his Eyes;
Quickly a Miracle was wrought,
(Exeter knows it was no Fault)
They that have Wealth are Wife.

M—s—ve has Parts, and Eloquence,
And others fay, fpeaks well;
Tho young Kit met a Recompence,
To bring his Father to his Sense,
Spite did the Guilt repel.

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Nothing can biass stout Sir Kit, wility is Vain, for he must exercise his Wit, And fometimes did at Random hit. Which Credit did obtain.

_____rt pretends unto the Law, nd makes a fearful din; As little Sense as e'er I faw, His Judgment brittle as a Straw, nd oftner out than in.

F-ch, he has Sense and Rhetorick, nd feems of S _______rs Kidney. His Lungs do to the Quarrel stick, And once was very Politick, nd fome think hard on Sidney.

H-m-nd, he runs among the Herd. Violent and Strong; Wou'd fain feem Grave without a Beard : But he needs never to be fear'd, is Judgment is too young.

7-H- fets up for one of Sense, es for a Patriot stand. Most wonder at his Impudence! That he thereto should lay pretence, bo was the Court's Disband.

He who was reckon'd the Buffoon former Parliaments, fickle and Changing like the Moon; Till French Gold came he was undone, w vents his Discontents.

Jothin

ht,

Bat

But most Men wonder that Sir Bate
So eager is to rail:
Yet why should we admire at that?

Since his Profession is to chat, But seldom does prevail.

Some (he had heard) by Speeches rife, And to Preferment leap;
But such had Merit, and were Wise,
And did not Foreigners despise,
Nor after Faction creep.

Never for Rebels did Harangue, Nor Tenter-hook the Law; But left the Criminal to hang, Till one Foot did the other bang, To keep Mankind in awe.

The fam'd Civilian, who can write
Of Parliamental Power;
If he has Judgment, he has Spite,
And goes beyond the Matter quite,
A fort of fecond SHOWER.

Upon Records he spends his Ink, He writes at such a rate: To prove what sew did ever think, Unless deprived of Sense in Drink, Yet of a plodding Pate.

Gr—nv—le, he stroles unto the Fairs
To get himself Renown;
Yet for this Faction he declares,
And to their Club at Night repairs,
To regulate the Crown.

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The times are likely fure to mend, When Pr -- r rules the State; pr-r the Noble DORSETS Friend, (For whom the Learned World contend) fly deserves his Hate.

Bl---- with proud imperious Face, d Forehead made of Brass; Forgets the Honour of his Place, Does all true Policy difgrace, nd for a Fool may pass.

P--- s shall marshal up the Rear, Vith Rhetorick Debate; And tho good-natur'd he appear, Yet all his Services will steer o undermine the State.

These are the Jury which were struck, o try Britannia's Claim: And how cou'd we expect good Luck from fuch as did with LEWIS truck, o their Eternal Shame?

Conclusion.

Thers below the Dignity of Rhyme, Shall 'scape my Satyr till another time : welve Men like these, a Nation might undo ed let 'em, if again we trust 'em, too. o, no, fair Britain at her Wrongs awakes? ids what ye mean, and other methods takes. Your Popularity at last expires, And Men of better Tempers she requires: Despis'd at home, mutter your Discontent, And know the Nation spoke her Mind by KENT

SATYR.

DEclining Venus has no Force o'er Love, The tender Ganymede now rules above : By Influence we die for amorous Boys, Changing to Godlike Pleasures from vain Toys: Besides, 'tis Interest, and by that we steer, To love with Princes is to gain their Ear. He's an ill Courtier who can have a Passion For nauseous Petticoat when out of fashion, B-s are still the stamp of Revolution. Submissive Woman artfully invites Each gazing Fop, and every Look requites; Yielding to Nature, is no more confin'd, Foe to Despair, in all her Actions kind. Else Tel-ton should never lead the Van. Stunted throughout, the Miniature of Man: The Widow Le-fon that vain Brat would charm Dil-ds Arrival dreaded for more harm; But Faustus Farmer by his Magick Art Levels two Bellies to come at one part. R-s is so good, 'tis pity here to name her, She drinks as well as do's, no Soul can blame her 8-wich is willing, but flow Lovers spoil Her good Intentions, fuch are How and Boyle; Poor Br — dons Fate the loves a batter'd Bully, An ill performer, yet by Descent no Cully.

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W—ham, incestuous Jevv, novv Beauty's gon,
Prevails o're Politicks with grunting John.
Ri—ond could make no Steps, she was so fore,
Where Earls, Knights, Priests and Pox has been before:

so qualify'd, to Grandeur she had Claim, Those Princes never wed to meaner Fame. 1-life on Mount resembles Whetstones Park. Minted and patch'd with Ba-r for her Spark: have I feen a Cit at Door with Trull, By Noon as drunk, and of themselves as full. ch—I has lost her long prevailing Art, And now for Drudgery keeps Booby Hart: o P-brook fends her unknown Gems to pawn. To mollify that costive Clown De-un. Thus Beauty fading, falls from flep to flep, At first is paid, then takes its turn to keep, or Countess Dowagers, and Maids at Court, The never failing Lovers of the Sport: They feel the Malice of despairing Fits. When ill Success turns Lovers into Wits. This stingless Satyr's Author if you'd know, The Dial speaks not, but it points

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A new Ballad, call'd, The Brawny Bithop's Complaint.

To the Tune of, Packington's Pound.

Who flock'd to the Chappel of hilly St. James,
On their Lovers the kindest Looks did bestow,
And smil'd not on him while he bellow'd below
To the Princess he went

With pious intent,
This dangerous I'll in the Church to prevent:
O Madam! quoth he, our Religion is lost,
If the Ladies thus ogle the Knights of the Tool

Your Highness observes how I labour and sweat,
Their Affections to raise, and new Flames to beget
And fure when I preach, all the World will agree
That their Ears and their Eyes should be pointed of
But now I can't find

One Beauty so kind,

As my Parts to regard, or my Presence to mind:

Nay, I scarce have a sight of any one Face,

But those of old Oxford, and ugly Argla.

These for rowful Matrons with Hearts full of Truth Repent for the manifold Sins of their Youth:

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The rest with their Tattle my Harmony spoil; and Bur—ton, An—sey, K—gston and B—le

Their Minds entertain

With thoughts so profane, fis a Mercy to find that at Church they contain; y'n Hen—ham's Shapes their weak Fancies intice, and rather than me they will ogle the * Vice.

These Practices, Madam, my Preaching disgrace; hall Laymen enjoy the just Rights of my Place?
Then all may lament my Condition for hard,
Sothresh in the Pulpit without a Reward.

Then pray condescend
Such Disorders to end,
Indistrom the ripe Vineyards such Labourers send;
Orbuild up the Seats that the Beauties may see
The Face of no brawny Pretender but me.

The Princess by rude Importunities press'd,
The sho she laugh'd at his Reasons, allow'd his Request:
Ind now Britain's Nymphs in a Protestant Reign
The lock'd up at Pray'rs like the Virgins in Spain;

And all are undone
As fure as a Gun.
Whenever a Woman is kept like a Nun,
any kind Man from Bondage will fave her,
he Lass in Gratitude grants him the Favour.

Bb 3

^{*} Mr. B_ry Vice-Chamberlain.

On the Death of the Queen and Marshal Luxemburgh.

Behold, Dutch Prince, here lie th'unconquer'd Pair, Who knew your Strength in Love, your Strength in War! Unequal Match to both no Conquest gains, No Trophy of your Love or War remains.

On the Report of King James's sending a Plenipotentiary to the Ireaty of Ryswick.

Ing JAMES tay the Jacks, as other Kings do, To the Treaty must send an Ambassador too. But where can we find a Person so wise As is fit to take on him an Office fo nice; To act from a Prince whom nobody owns, But those whose Advice before lost him his Thrones; To beg that the Princes would grant him a share In a Treaty of Peace, who had none in the War? And fince for Religion he quitted his Throne, And foster'd a Bastard instead of a Son, To pray they'd confider his Losses at home, And fend him with Pass-ports to Warfam or Rome, For a Crown, or a Cap, or some such like thing, That fince he can't live, he may look like a King: For the Kingdoms he lost t'allow him another, And make him a Monarch of some thing or other: For

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or truly (an't please you) the Envoy must fay, Our Protestant Friends are hang'd out of the way, Our Servants forfake us, our Allies deny us; hal and if the good Catholicks will not stand by us, Our Queen will run mad, our Self will want Bread, Our Heir too in spite of the Bargain we made, Must home to his Father and work at his Trade.

To the Earl of Portland on his Embassy to France.

WHat! Shall each Patrons rip'ning Smile infuse A kindly Warmth to each officious Muse? ng a Shall all be prostitute to Dorset's Name, Glutted with Praise, and surfeited with Fame? shall Spencer peep abroad? and Ormand shine? shall Sommers sparkle too, and flame in ev'ry Line? sdo, And not one Muse for Sacred Portland's Fame, 100. To grace his Triumphs, and record his Name? O cou'd I breath so soft, so sweet a Tune! As Phabus felf might hear, as Phabus felf might own;

ones; I'd summon all my Fury, all my Lays, are I'd riot on thy Charms, and wanton on thy Praise.

Var! But see! the Bards stand awfully around, And none e're yet profan'd the Sacred Ground: With conscious fear they curb their glowing Fire; let what they dare not praise, they must admire. Rome, Tho most to William, much to you we owe, hing, a him's our Sasety, and our Joy in you: for ever happy shall we, must we be, Whilst Albion has her King, and Albion's King has

Thee.

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But which of all thy long, thy numerous Train, Which Virtue glitters most, and crowns the noble Scene?

A thousand thronging Graces justle there, A thousand Virtues crowd and struggle to appear. Which then of all thy Virtues can I choose, To kindly please a wanton sporting Muse? Abasht, like me, the Phrygian Paris lies, And knows not where to fix his Golden Prize. When Juno tempts with an alluring Bait, Throws all her gaudy Treasure at his Feet; When Pallas scorning little fordid Gain, Would fill and crowd his teeming sull-fraught Brain. When Venus, crown'd with ev'ry charming Grace. Comes dazzling in his Eyes, and lightning in his

Face, He knows not which is greatest, which is most, Unfixt, unfettled, variously he's tost, In Raptures drown'd, in Admiration loft. But still of all, of all that come in view, 'Tis chiefly yours to be fincere and true. Fain would I speak of thy well-guarded Trust, And where I can't be lavish, vyou'd be just. How much h'as suffer'd, and how much deserved A Faith so often try'd, so well preserv'd: True to your Trust, and faithful to your Care, In sv'ry place you shine, but dazzle here. In France with equal Lustre you appear, They all adore your Wisdom and your Care: Extoli'd by ev'ry Tongue, they all commend The Prince's Darling, and the Nation's Friend. William himself theu dost out-do in this, For he's the Nation's Friend, but thou art his. Yet Holland, claim not thou an equal share, Tho with thee Portland suck'd his Infant Air:

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To Albion then thy weaker part relign, oble Nor fondly boast that Portland's Virtues thine: What tho from thee there fprang his antient Line? True British Graces in the Hero shine, True British Virtues crown and stamp him all Di-S As Holland too, may William hither bring; But Holland's Prince is lost in Albion's King.

Upon the burning of White-hall, Jan. 4. 1697.

Rserat ut meritis Regia Alba ast impia flammis, Vi, Aupro & fraudi, Statio Sacra din; Albania exultans Genius, Volucrisque figura Indutus, circum Incendia lata volat. Sed dum perlustrat flagrantia cetera letus, Sacrum Epulis urget proxima flamma minax; Siffice! ait, Pars bec insignis Morte Tyranni, Et Patria Vindex, sola perennis erit.

In English.

Thile leud White-hall, burning in justest Flames, Heav'n's Wrath 'gainst Force, and Lust, and Fraud proclaims; In Eagles shape, the Genius of our Isle, Clapping its Wings, with Joy flew round the Pile: No Chappel, Room of State or Ease exempt. But when the Banquet house the Flames attempt, Hold! (cry'd the Angel) for this Sacred Place, Where Ty-t's Blood wash'd out my Isle's Difgrace, Shall every Fire (but the World's last) outface. Another

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Another Version of the same.

Where bloody Violence, Treachery and Lust

Had revel'd ges, now her Date expires,
She glows and blazes with revenging Fires.
While Albion's Genius on a flaming Cloud,
Smiling and joyful round the Bonfire rode:
He faw each Building fink its lofty Head,
And cleanse its black Guilt with atoning Red.
But when the Sacred Pile began to smoke,
That sent the Tyr—t to the fatal Stroke;
Stop here, ye Flames, he cry'd, These Walls
must stand

Th'Avengers of our Blood, and Guardians of our Land.

A new Answer to an Argument against a Standing-Army.

Ould they who have nine years look'd four Against a French and Popish Power, Make Friends with both in half an hour?

This is the time.

Would they directly break the Sword By which their Freedom was restored, And put their Trust in Lewis Word?

This is the time.

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Would they leave England unprotected, so shew how well they are affected, and get themselves next bout elected?

This is the time.

Would they preferve their Wives and Pullets
Against the Soldiers Lusts and Gullets,
and break our Guns to save our Bullets?
This is the time.

Would they oblige a Winter-Sea
Their prudent Orders to obey,
And keep a standing Wind in pay?

This is the time.

Would they but fay what they're purfuing,
Whom they're advancing, whom undoing,
What pack of Knaves shall prove our Ruin?
This is the time.

A-God's Name let'em shew their Games, And six to one of these Extreams, A Commonwealth, or else King James;

For now's the time.

On the Death of Mr. Dryden.

John Dryden Enemies had three;
Sir Dick, old Nick, and Jeremy.
The Doughty Knight was forc'd to yield;
The other two have kept the Field:
But had his Life been fomething holier,
He'ad foil'd the Devil and the Collier.

On

On the Death of the Duke of Glocester. By Dr. Bentley.

O'id queror? an proprio sub Pondere magna satiscunt?

Et Natura labat dotibus ipsa suis?

Sic moreris, Gulielme, & Sceptra & Vota tuorum
Destituens; brevis heu! spes diuturnus Amor!

An potius Terras Deus indignatus inertes
Illustres Animas ad supera alta vocat.

Nec moreris, Gulielme, volas sed vivus ad Astra,
Æthereis vectus qualis Enochus Equis;

Et positis novus Exuviis roseo ore refulges,
Inter Cælicolas conspiciendus Avos.

Interea slendo nos frustra ducimus horas,
Viventi & cassas solvimus Exequias.

Scilicet: at sine te tristi marcescere in ævo,
Illud erit nobis, bis, Gulielme, mori.

Thus translated by the Ld Jefferies.

What reason have I to complain, Since in all times it has been plain, That great and weighty things must soon, Like Jacks with their own Weight, go down? And Nature, when upon her Back She lays too much, will surely crack. So little Willy dies, and cares Neither for Scepters, nor our Pray'rs: And I shall love him long, for all The Hopes he gave us were but small.

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Or rather God, who gave us Birth, Being in Wrath with lazy Earth, Takes this occasion, and prefers Mustrious Souls among the Stars. If it be fo, I told a Lie, And little Willy does not die; But mounts alive, and fwiftly flies, On Airy Horseback thro the Skies: Tis the same Horse old Enoch rode, and Afgil keeps to go to God. Now fee the Youth without his Clothes, How like a new-born Flow'r he shows. See how his rosy Cheeks do shine Among his Ancestors Divine. While we poor Mortals here below Our Sighs and Tears in vain bestow: And empty Obsequies are paid, Just as if he were really dead: Which makes it plain, that living on A hated Life, now he is gone, Will be to us, altho our Breath should ne'er be stopt, a double Death.

Dialogue between the Ghost of Capt. Kidd, and a Kid-napper.

Kid.

From my Ship I am come again to my Wherry, And from thence, my old Friend, with you to be merry;

Which nobody can deny.

Nap.

Stand off, thou grand Pyrate, I have nothing to d With fuch plund'ring Rogues and Robbers as you Had I been of your Jury, I had hang'd you too Which, &

Kid.

How now Brother Napper, why in fuch a Fury It could not have been worse, had you been of my Jury?

But I left you in better Temper I assure you; Which, &c

Nap.

But you and the Devil still ow'd me a Shame, And now with a Vengeance at last it came, And has quite ruin'd my honest good Name; Which,

Kid.

But Brother, you know that was pretty well gone; For the the Seeds of your Honesty often were sown, I never yet heard that any were grown:

Which, oc

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Nap.

Thou Son of a Boatswain, begot in a Skuller, Thou Dunce of a Pyrate, my Head is not duller; Tho you got your Wealth faster, my Pocket is fuller,

Which, de.

Kid

But be not so haughty and angry, good Brother, If we two Kidnappers understand one another, There will be no occasion for all this pother:

Which, &c.

Nap.

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Nap.

Nap.

A Kinsman, but no Cater-Cousin I had; And of such you know I oft ship'd you a Lad, But this last and the Law have almost made me mad:

Which, &c.

Kid.

Ihope you took warning by my woful Condition, for that good Advice I gave with Contrition, To take care how you acted beyond your Commission;

Which, &c.

Nap.

A Commission they told me I had of the Peace, But not to send People away to the Seas, Which makes me almost to melt in my Grease; Which, &c.

Kid.

It is time I confess, now you're taken thus napping, To take care lest you coach it with me to Wapping, Since you see me trapan'd, some are as good at trapping;

Which, &c.

Nap.

Tistrue, Brother Kid, that I live in the Strand, Where Low-water Mark is the nearer at hand, You are Pyrate at Sea, as I Pyrate at Land; Which nobody can deny.

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A Congratulatory Poem to the Right Honourable Sir E. S. &c.

The fe by your Foes must all be Truths confest;
That Nature form'd you vigorous and strong,
And strength of Nature makes you hold out long:
Who by her sage Dispensing Power obtain'd
More Wit and Sense, than your young Rival gain'd
From all the painful Labours of the Schools,
And made you early talk to Men, not Fools.
With Judgment still, not Heat, your Course you
To finish well that Race so well begun; (run,
With Equal Pace, and no ill-govern'd Heat,
And with no Pompous Patent, Vainly Great;
With Wealth and Honour, still despis'd, you're
crown'd,

Yet want that still, with which you most a-

bound;

Not that a Man knows more their proper use,
Or less those Mighty Blessings do's abuse.
You in your Merits most unkindly share
Much of that Fate your faithful Friends do here,
To whom the same regard, Great SIR, is shown,
You oft have met with when the Work was done.
In vain, in solid Sense and nervous Prose,
We pour'd our Forces on your Rhiming Foes;
Those made of late sew Ministers of State,
Verse was more powerful, or importunate:
Verse made th' once humble Mouse a Rae, in half,
And Verse made Him, who made the House, at last,
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From Channel-row he ne'er had cross'd the Main,
Nor from flat Rhenish else reach'd brisk Champaign:
Verse made his Pastoral Patron rise apace
With equal Merit, and with equal Grace;
With a more glorious Rod t' adorn his Hand,
Than the Caducean Mercury's Golden Wand.
Black Rods and White! oft work most wondrous

Things,
When given by Ruling Gods, or Regent Kings.
Verse the Fam'd Fleekno rais'd, the Muses Sport,
From drudging for the Stage, to drudg at Court;
And most deserv'dly crown'd Him Laureat now,
Who Sternhold has outdone, and Hopkins too.
Verse like some Spell rais'd old King Arthur's

Train,
Made his Round-Table Knights t'appear again,
And dub the Man, who more than Callibourn
had flain.

By Verse mad Clito strove t'advance the Cause,
To Rhime away Religion, Kings, and Laws,
'Mongst these the bold Corinthian too might pass'
A Minor Poet of th' Inserior Class,
Who, not like Horace, rais'd his Monument of
Brass.

This vast Success of Verse our Poets had,
Statesmen at Home, and Envoys all Abroad;
To which no Prose had parallel Success,
And makes us now accost you thus in Verse.
The best of Princes, who first made you Great,
Whom you best served, and with Him too the
State,

Dismis'd you coldly to a kind Retreat—
The following Reign confess'd your grave Advice
Was wanting, in so tender Case and Nice,
Where Loyalty the Standard did display,
But wild Destruction charg'd in full Array.

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Th' unwary Greeks their Errors thus confess, And ftill confult Ulyffes in Diftrefs; Thus oft their exil'd Patriots they recall, And Aristides, when distress'd, their All: Thus too their Grecian Prince to Ammon straight Repair'd, for to resolve his doubtful Fate. Nor could our Monarch thus perplext, advise In Place more proper, or a Man more wife. Near to that dangerous Sedgmore down He came For to consult an Oracle of Fame; Where, had your fage Advice been wifely took, No King had Subjects; Subjects King for fook. When to th' Extreams of Conscience, and of State, The labouring Kingdom was reduc'd by Fate; You took the wifest, or the happiest Way, And with your Western Legions joyn'd Torbay: For which the Knighted Bard extends your Fame, And makes th' Old Britons to record your Name. True to your Country still, true to the State, [For who can question Truths we prov'd so late?] All your Defigns still honourably Good, Th' Apostate Statesman, not the King withstood. Thus spake your Self; — thus to the Conqueror fpake,

And pleaded Freedom for Deliverance-fake, Freedom for England, Freedom for her Crown, [That's most enslav'd, when most precarious

grown

This Service great! with the frank Speech was (weigh'd, And both with equal Courtesie repaid. Your much lov'd ISC A truly made your own, And you made Master of your Mistress Town; Where freed from Cares of State, fecur'd to fleep, The Town's Palladium you might fafely keep, Till Warlike Caledon allum'd the Charge, And fet the confin'd Governour more at large. Lour

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Your great Effort of Courage next was shown, For bold wasHe who then dar'd ferve the Crown 7 the Royal Martyr owes his Thanks to you, Th' Oblivion Act, The Regicide Ludlow too His old Commission else had been renew'd, and the Royal Signet feal'd to Royal Blood. Nor did your English Spirit brighter shine. h the Defence of England's Royal Line, Than to your Country's Aid and Interest true, So much the Patriot rul'd the Courtier too] timely came to aid th' unequal Fight, and help the injur'd Commons to their Right. To fuch great Actions fomething more is due, and somewhat more may be reserv'd for You ha more glorious Reign, than hath been feen Since bright ELIZA's Days, our English Queen & Whilst ANNA, like ELIZA, Worth regards, Only the Valiant, Wise, and Good Rewards; With the like awful Grace adorns the Throne, And makes Her Subjects Happiness Her own; With the same Awe, with the like Love obey'd, And a wife Senate to Advise and Aid: Whilst England's Church and State triumphant

And France and Spain dread her victorious Hand, and ORMOND fills with Terror Sea and Land. Hard would it be to lose then Ground at Home, from such good Seed to see th' Old Tares to come; so see the curst Advice again revive, and the worst Men again prefer'd and thrive;

hee Old and Modern Whigs again prefer'd, And poor Tom Double fairly hang'd or starv'd.

The

The Negative Prophesy found under the Ruins of Whitehall.

I Sing NOT of Jove's mighty Thunder,
The New made Lords, or Vigo Plunder;
Nor of the C—ns Godly Frolick,
To fettle Christ's Church Apostolick;
Nor of the Pious Convocation,
Clearer than Doves from Gall or Passion:
How those Grave Rabbies, to a Wonder,
Kept Heresies and Schisms under:
How Binks and Kimberly did shine
In that dark Orb with Rays Divine;
With what Devotion and Behaviour,
The sawcy Priest blasphem'd our Saviour
How each his Talent did exert
With Arguments not worth a F—rt,
To prove that plainly a Majori,
No Reverence was due Superiori.

Whether it was for Oftentation,
Or to promote our Reformation;
Or to repent for telling Tales,
And drinking N—ts to th' Pr— of VV—
That M—w, top full of Grace,
In Royal Chair refus'd her place.
I tell not why the — content
To share with her the Government:
Nor do I care how many Scars
Our Beaus do bring from Field of Mars;
Whether the noisy Fops at VVills,
Do go to Hell to pay their Bills.

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When they'l take Antwerp or Oftend, When Matters on the Rhine will mend, Or when the War will have an End.

When Leopoldus will grow Wife. The Swede lay by his French Difguife; The Czar well bang'd to make him quiet; The Poles by Bleeding and low Diet, With the dull Swifs, restor'd agen, shake off the Ass and act like Men. Eugenius with his Ver rans fent, To make the French a Carpi Complement; When we shall get In ---e An A-y, with more Sense: Courtiers have less Knavery, ea-Captains shew more Bravery: When High Church-Rampant shall agree I have Partners in their Roguery, - H - and S - r, with the rest Decree. Weither to Bribe, nor punish Bribery:

When under Cloaks and Cassocks there shall lie withing but Faith and sound Divinity, shen shall the Golden Age once more be seen, then Heaven and Earth shall sing, God save the

QUEEN.

Cc 3

When

Occasi-

Occasional Conformity.

A proper new Ballad. By a West-Saxon

Occasionly as we discours'd of Queen, and Church, and Nation,

Occasion, we took to view that Engine, call Occasion.

Occasion fram'd for nothing else, but to occasion Mischief;

A Cloak to cover Hypocrites, of whom the Dev is chief.

Occasion for a Loop-hole serves, whenever there occasion,

To leave Plain-dealing in the lurch, and fly dear Evasion.

The Loyolist may hang himself, and damn's Equivocation,

That fusty Ware's now thrown aside, Occasion all the fashion.

Let England prize her Native Wares, and not for Outcomers;

We've home-spun Jesuits of our own, more si than from St. Omers.

These Saints of freshest date devis'd this no Trick, call'd Occasion,

By this they have refin'd upon all former Reformation.

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Dull Martyrs spill their Blood in vain for want of this Device, Sir;

By this they might have Heathens been, and Christians in a trice, Sir.

Occasion more Faces has upon Occasion furely,

Than ever Hugh or Burgess had, who taught the Gospel purely.

True Scot, upon Occasion, can look like English Bishop;

And Quack out-does, with Whiggish Wares, all such as come to his Shop.

Occasion can make a Man, with little or no trouble, Sincere as canting Whitaker, and honest as Tom Double.

Occasion permits the Saints occasionly to lie, Sir, And fathom Mysteries too deep for such as you and I, Sir.

Occasionly they shall conform, occasionly dissent, Sir,

Occasionly shall take an Oath to break it with intent, Sir.

Occasionly shall go to Church, occasionly to Meeting;

Occasionly betray their Lord, while they like Judas greet him.

Occasionly deny him too, in open view of Men, Sir:

And where's the harm? for when 'tis fit, they own him can agen, Sir.

Occasionly communicate, occasionly refrain, Sir;
But constantly communicate when 'twill occasion
Gain, Sir.

When 'twill occasion Godly Men to Parliament to ride-a.

And there with great Sincerity to take Occasion's fide-a.

Cc 4

When 'twill occasion Cheats to scape, and hinder fair Accompting,

When twill occasion Lets and Rubs, past Honefty's furmounting.

On fuch Occasions they can kneel like rankest Ido-

But Turn once ferv'd, and Place obtain'd, no stiffer Idol-haters.

Thus 'casionly for God they are, and 'casionly for Devil,

Occasionly for Good again, occasionly for Evil.
Occasionly for Heaven bound, occasionly for Hell,
Sir;

But furely 'twould be fad to have occasion there to dwell, Sir.

A Consultation of the Bishops.

Which to the Saints portended so much Ill;
To curb the Commons, and their Ends defeat,
Right Reverend Twelve last night at Lambeth met.
Tho much of Lawn did round the Room appear,
Yet none but modern Men of God were there,
Nor had been mitred more than thirteen Year;
The Tenremov'd, the grave Assembly sat,
The Bus'ness of the Day was in Debate:
This way and that their various Censures tend,
And some would pass the Bill, but more would mend.
At length, with usual Vehemence, aloud
A brawny Bishop thus harangu'd the Croud.
Far off from us let Persecution reign;
Slav'ry in France, and Bigotry in Spain.

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The best of Kings the best of Gifts bestow'd, And Toleration by a Law allow'd, and bid us go to God which way we would. Must mod'rate Men from top-Preferments fall, Because they can't agree with us in all? We may esteem the Ore, yet slight the Dross; May be good Christians, yet condemn the Cross ; May hate Cathedral Hymns, yet Hopkins fing, And propagate vvithout the Pagan Ring. No doubt this Bill by fome vvell-meaning Men, Was but fent up to be fent down agen. kneeds must give vveak Consciences offence, Rogues can't be fo without a vast Expence. The Sacramental Test caus'd no Debates, That but their Souls, this touches their Estates. Should this Unchristian bitter Bill succeed, Twould be a Woe to Hypocrites indeed. Away vvith's then; 'tis one of Bonner's Bills:

This faid, they all with a confenting Nod,
The Reformation Writer's Thoughts applaud.
When straight a most melodious Sound was heard,
And lo! in White a Rev'rend * Form appear'd.
A Cross his Hand, a Mitre deck'd his Head;
And while sweet Odours round the Room were

I'm not for faving Saints against their Wills.

Thus to them all the Sacred Shadow faid.

Since Time at length turns up the happy Hour,
And Providence has put it in your Pow'r,
To cote your Flocks, and fever from the Fold
The prowling Wolf, will you your hands withhold?
Forbid it Heav'n! it ever should be faid,
That the pure Church for which the Martyr bled,

^{*} Laud.

And for which too I facrific'd my Head,
Should be by'ts Bishops into Bondage led.
Think, such a Time may never come agen,
Seldom such Senats, never such a Queen.
Your Churches Fate you falsly fear from Rome,
Out of the North more likely 'tis to come:
One Faith's Defender having hurt it more,
Than all the Kings that ever reign'd before.
Make then your legal Dams 'gainst Schism so high,
No Spring-tides of Succession may destroy.

Me ceas'd; and lo! a Cloud refulgent bright,
Bore up the Saint to Realms of lasting Light.
Fear and a just Confusion shook each Soul,
And Samuel's Truth with trembling fell on all.
Shame and Confusion sate on ev'ry Face,
And even S—um felt some shocks of Grace.
The Heav'nly Vision quite had chang'd their Will,
And all without Amendments now would pass the
When strange!

(Bill.

After an Earthquake and a flash of Flame,
Into the Room a Meager * Phantom came, *K.W.
His bending Bulk. and Purple Robe hung o'er,
And he in's hands the Regal Ensigns bore.
Struck with Surprize each Rev'rence arose,
And Homage paid, and recogniz'd his Nose.
When casting on them all a direful Look,
With Indignation thus the Spectre spoke.

False to your Faith, and your Creation too,
To be to what's against your Int'rest true:
Have I been labouring thirteen Years and more,
That to destroy, which you would now restore?
Did I not cull you out among the Croud,
To make you all Right Rev'rend Things in God?
Did I not thro the Surplice see the Saint?
Churchmen in show, but Calvins in your Cant;

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Forc'd you the Chair Episcopal to fill,
And Mitred you almost against your Will:
And will you now at last Apostatize?
Think better on's; my former Friends, be wise;
Is this a Reign in which you e'er can rise?
Can W—ster tell with his Prophetick Vein,
When he shall be Lord Almoner again?
Do G—ter, Br—tol, or St. Asaph know
The happy Time vhen they shall not be so?
Off vvith the Mask then; boldly now appear
The very Men the World once thought you were.
This said, in shapeless Air the Royal Bubble broke,
And the thin Form their wond'ring Eyes for sook.

Prologue to the Musick-meeting in Yorkbuildings. By Dr. G---th.

Who can support the Pleasure, and the Pain?

Here their soft Magick those two Syrens try,

And if we listen, or but look, we dy.

Why should we then the wondrous Tales admire,

Of Orphem Numbers, or of Amphion's Lyre?

Behold this Scene of Beauty, and confess

The Wonder greater, and the Fiction less.

Like Human Victims here we are decreed

To worship those bright Altars vyhere vye bleed.

Who braves his Fate in Fields, must tremble here:

Triumphant Love more Vassals makes than Fear.

No Faction Homage to the Fair denies,

The Right Divine's apparent in their Eyes.

That

That Empire's fix'd, that's founded in Desire; Those Fires the Vestals guard, can ne'er expire.

Verses written last Summer at Althrop by the Lord Hallifax, in a blank Leaf of a Waller, upon seeing Vandyke's Picture of the old Lady Sunderland.

When the fair Sunderland inflam'd his Heart. Waller had Numbers, Fancy, Wit and Fire, And Sachariffa was his fond Desire. Why then at Althrop seem her Charms to faint, In these sweet Numbers, and that glowing Paint? This happy Seat a fairer Mistress warms; The shining Offspring has eclips'd her Charms: The different Beauties in one Face vve find; Soft Amoret with brightest Sachariffa join'd. As high as Nature reach'd, their Art could soar; But she ne'er made a finish'd Piece before.

Upon the same Subject; by a Boy of Fifteen, at Westminster School.

N happy Days was Sachariss's Reign,
When Beauty shone, and did not shine in vain.
The Sons of Art could all her Charms express,
And rival Nature in the fairest Dress.

Vandyke

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Vandyke and Waller, warm'd with equal Fire, Touch'd the fost Canvas, and the softer Lyre; And the fair Nymph defies the Pow'r of Time In living Colours, and immortal Rhyme.

At Althrop now we see a brighter Flame, and Sacharissa stoops to Churchil's Fame. But where's the skilful Hand that can present Her matchless Form in Numbers, or in Paint? Arts that are rais'd and cherish'd by the Fair, By too great Excellence oppress'd, despair; While meaner Faces triumph over Fate, Superior Beauty has a shorter Date. Yet happy Churchil, that she can't live long In Kneller's Oil, or Hallisax's Song.

On the Duke of Savoy's declaring against France.

Leuropa's Liberty to undermine.

Some he has conquer'd in the Field of War, Tho still himself he kept from Dangers far. Others by Bribes he has his Vassals made; But most of all by Breach of Faith betray'd. Sov'reigns in Battel fam'd for Sums of Gold, Their People, Country, and themselves have sold. Ev'n Savoy's Duke his Neck did seem to bow, And tacitly an universal Throne allow. But O! how hard a thing it is to find A Prince, whom common Principles can bind! By the Example of his Silk-worms taught, I'expire in Fetters which himself had wrought.

Of

Of elevated Rank they can despise Those feeble Chains we call Religious Ties. For Int'rest Savoy the French side did take, For Interest as bravely did forsake. The Monarch thus deceiv'd, cry'd out in Rage, (Which Maintenon herfelf could not asswage:) What! can the Plains of Lombardy produce A Genius equal to the Flower de Luce? Can there be near the Alps a Hero found. Who fcorns to be by Oaths and Treaties bound? A Man of Royal Mould? who wifely knows That Heav'n does laugh at Kings and Lovers Vows? My happy Reign has feen its fixtieth Year. Treaties and Leagues have been my constant care. Which none e'er knew more artfully to make, Nor with more Skill and Judgment when to break: This darling Talent none e'er call'd in doubt. Tho they have dar'd my Courage to dispute. Then Lewis fall! then be for ever dumb! For fure thy fatal Period is come, When keeping Faith betrays thee-

The Toasters.

Lady Wharton.

When Jove to Ida did the Gods invite, And in immortal Toastings pass'd the Night, With more than Bowls of Nestar they were bless'd, For Venus was the Wharton of the Feast.

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Lady Effex.

The bravest Hero, and the brightest Dame from Belgia's happy Clime Britannia drew; One pregnant Cloud we find does often frame The awful Thunder and the gentle Dew.

Lady Effex.

To Effex fill the sprightly Wine, The Health's engaging and Divine: Let purest Odours scent the Air, and Wreaths of Roses bind our Hair. In her chafte Lips these blushing lie, And those her gentle Sighs supply.

Dutchess of St. Albans.

The Saints above can ask, but not bestow; This Saint can give all Happiness below.

Dutchess of St. Albans.

The Line of Vere so long renown'd in Arms, Concludes with Lustre in St. Albans Charms: Her conqu'ring Eyes have made their Race compleat; hey rose in Valour, and in Beauty set.

Lady Mary Churchill.

airest and latest of the beauteous Race, lest with your Parents Wit, and her first blooming Face; Vight, orn with our Liberties in William's Reign, less'd,

our Eyes alone that Liberty restrain.

Lady Hyde.

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The God of Wine grows jealous of his Art, He only fires the Head, but Hyde the Heart. The Queen of Love looks on, and smiles to see A Nymph more mighty than a Deity.

Lady Sunderland.

All Nature's Charms in Sunderland appear, Bright as her Eyes, and as her Reason clear: Yet still their Force, to Men not safely known, Seems undiscover'd to herself alone.

Lady Harriot Godolphin.

Godolphin's easy and unpractis'd Air Gains without Art, and governs without Care. Her conqu'ring Race with various Fate surprise; Who 'scape their Arms, are Captives to her Eye

Dutchess of Richmond.

Richmond has Charms that continue our Claim
To lay hold of the Toast that belongs to the Name

Dutchess of Bolton.

Love's keenest Darts are charming Bolton's Care, Which the fair Tyrant poisons with Despair. The God of Wine the dire Effect foresees, And sends the Juice that gives the Lover Ease.

Lady Harper.

In Harper all the Graces shine,
Gay as our Myrth, and sparkling as our Wing,
Here's to the Fair — Were Poyson in the Cup,
Might she be bless'd, thus would I drink it up.

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Lady Manchester.

While haughty Gallia's Dames that foread O'er their pale Cheeks an artful Red, Behold this beauteous Stranger there. In native Charms divinely fair ; Confusion in their Looks they show'd, And with unborrow'd Blushes glow'd.

Mrs. Barton.

Stamp'd with her reigning Charms, this Standard Glass Shall current through the Realms of Bacchus pass a Full fraught with Beauty shall new Flame imparts And mint her shining Image on the Heart.

Mrs. Digby.

Why laughs the Wine with which this Glass is crown'd? Why leaps my Heart to hear this Health go round? Digby warms both with Sympathetick Fires; Her Name the Glass, her Form my Heart inspires

Mrs. Digby.

No wonder Ladies that at Court appear, And in Front-Boxes sparkle all the year, Are chosen Toasts; 'twas Digby's matchless Frame's That Cafar-like but faw and overcame.

Mrs. Claverine.

Such Beauty join'd with fuch harmonious Skill, Must doubly charm, then doubly let us fill. If Musick be Love's Food, as Lovers think, When Claverine's nam'd, then toasting is his Drink,

MES

Mrs. Tempeft.

Venue contending for the Golden Ball, Us'd Hellen's Charms to bribe her Judg withal: Had she been bless'd with Tempest's brighter Eyes Unborrow'd Beauty would have gain'd the Prize.

Mrs. Tempeft.

If perfect Joys from perfect Beauty rife, View Tempest's Shape, her Motions and her Eyes: Undoubted Queen of Love, but Honour's Slave; While thousands languish she but one can save.

Mrs. Long.

Fill the Glass; let th'Hautboys sound,
While bright Long's Health goes round:
With eternal Beauty blest,
Ever blooming, still the best;
Drink your Glass, and think the rest.

Mrs. Di-Kirk.

Fair written Name, but deeper in my Heart, A Diamond cannot cut like Cupid's Dart. Quickly the Cordial of her Health apply; For when I cease to toast bright Kirk, I die.

Mrs. Di-Kirk.

Tis pity she's unkind,
Her conqu'ring Eyes not seeing Wound,
As Love darts home the blind.

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Mrs. Brudenel.

Imperial Juno gave her matchless Grace; and Hebe's youthful Bloom adorns her Face ; Bright as the Star that leads the Heav'nly Hoft. brudenel precedes the Glory of the Toast.

Mrs. Brudenel.

Look on the loveliest Tree that shades the Park. And Brudenel you will find upon the Bark. look on the fairest Glass that's fill'd the most. And Brudenel you will find the darling Toast. book on her Eyes, if you their Light can bear, and Love himself you'll find fit toasting there.

Mademoselle Spanheim.

Admir'd in Germany, ador'd in France, four Charms to brighter Glory here advance; The stubborn Britans own your Beauties Claim, and with their Native Toasts enroll your Name.

Dutchess of Beaufort.

Offspring of a Tuneful Sire, Blest with more than mortal Fire; Likeness of a Mother's Face, Bleft with more than mortal Grace: You with double Charms furprize, With his Wit, and with her Eyes.

Lady Carlifle.

disse's a Name can ev'ry Muse inspire, o Carlifle fill the Glass, and tune the Lyre. ith his lov'd Bays the God of Day shall crown Wit and Lustre equal to his own.

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Lady Carlifle.

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Behold this Northern Star's auspicious Light, Our fainter Beauties shine not half so bright. Form'd to attract, yet certain to repel, Her Charms are but she guards 'em well.

Lady Carlifle.

She o'er all Hearts and Toasts must reign, Whose Eyes outsparkle bright Champain; Or when she will vouchsafe to smile, The Brillant that thus writes Carlisse.

Lady Carlifle.

At once the Sun and Carlifle took their way, To warm the frozen North, and kindle Day; The Flowers to both their glad Creation ow'd, Their Virtue he, their Beauty she bestow'd.

Lady Bridgwater.

All Health to her, in whose bright Form we so Excess of Charms with native Meekness join'd; Whose tender Beauty safe in Virtues Care, Springs from a Race so fruitful of the Fair, That all Antiquity can boast no more, For Venus and the Graces were but four.

Mrs. Dashwood.

Fair as the blushing Grape she stands, Tempting the Gath'rers ready hands; Blossoms and Fruit in her together meet, As ripe as Autumn, and like April sweet. 10

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Lady Carlifle.

Great as a Goddess, and of Form Divine, Our Heads we bend, and all our Hearts resign : like Heav'n she rules with an Imperial Sway, and teaches to adore and to obey.

Mrs. Dunch.

Dunch! if fewer with thy Charms are fir'd, Than when by Godfrey's Name thou wast admir'd; Tis not that Marriage makes thee seem less fair, but then we hop'd, and now we must despair.

Mrs. Dunch.

air Dunch's Eyes fuch radiant Glances dart, as warm the coldest Bosom with Desire:
Those Heav'nly Orbs must needs attract the Heart, Where Churchill's Sweetness softens Godfrey's Fire.

Mrs. Guibbons.

buld Grecian Masters from the Shades return, to copy Guibbons, 'twould advance their Art; There's never made but one with Passion burn, at his best Venus conquers ev'ry Heart.

Mrs. Nicholas.

larival'd Nichelas, whose victorious Eyes ove for a Place of Arms with Darts supply'd, loes on the Toasters like fair Phebe rise, forule their Wines, and Passion's mighty Tide.

Mrs. Barton,

auty and Wit strove each in vain, vanquish Bacchus and his Train;

But

But Barton with successful Charms From both their Quivers drew her Arms; The roving God his Sway resigns, And awfully submits his Vines.

Lady Orrory.

Here close the List; here end the Female Strife, View her the Dawn of Heav'n, and Joys of Life. Nature to warm the World into Desire, Makes Dorse's Charms in her soft Sex conspire, His youthful Form, and his immortal Fire.

Lady Orrory.

Phabus, from whom this Fair her Wit derives, No Toast beholds, the round the World he drives That charms so much, or has such Conquest won, As this bright Daughter of his Darling Son.

The Witchcraft.

No wonder Winds more dreadful are by far Than all the Losses of a twelve years War. No wonder P—tes do the Church betray, And St—men vote, and act a different way. No wonder Magick Art surrounds the Th—, Old Mother J—ings in her Gr—e is known. Old England's Genius rouse, these Charms dispel, Burn but the Witch, and all is well.

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Orpheus and Margarita.

HAil tuneful Pair! Say by what wond'rous

One scap'd from Hell, and one from Greber's Arms. When the foft Thracian struck the trembling Strings. The Winds were hush'd, and furl'd their ruffling

Wings: And fince the tawny Tuscan rais'd her Strain, 1-k furls his Sails, and dozes on the Main; Treaties unfinish'd in the Office sleep, And Sh-el yawns for Orders on the Deep. Thus equal Charms an equal Conquest claim, To him high Woods and bending Timber came, To her shrub H—s and tall N—m.

PALLAS.

DAllas destructive to the Trojan Line, I Raz'd their proud Walls, tho built with Hands Divine; But Love's bright Goddess with propitious Grace, reserv'd a Hero to restore the Race: the fam'd Empire where the Iber flows, fell by Eliza, and by Anna rose.

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The Austrian Eagle. By Mr. Stepney.

A T Anna's Call the Austrian Eagle flies,
Bearing her Thunder to the Southern Skies;
Where a rash Prince, with an unequal sway,
Inslames the Region, and misguides the Day;
Till the Usurper from his Chariot hurl'd,
Leaves the true Monarch to command the World.

The Prologue, by way of Dialogue, between Heraclitus Ridens, the Observator, and his Country-man.

Spoken by Mr. Powel, Mr. Booth, and Mr. Pack.

Heracl.

Which is the better Subject, you or I;
You that by clipping English, clip the Throne,
Or I that Regal Power extensive own?

Observ.

Thou Slave to Scepters, hug thy pleasing Chains And under no Restriction publish Reigns; Make Crowns unlimited, unquestion'd be, And blame the Queen's best Friend, in blaming me

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Thy weak Productions nothing fertile yield, Nor hast thou dig'd like me in Learning's Field.

Heracl.

The Queen? O mention not that Sacred Word! Thou mean'st the People for thy Sovereign Lord, The scum of which thou Factiously would'st raise, And blend with Royalty by dint of Praise. But thy Designs will unsuccessful prove, She stands posses'd of Power as well as Love, Has those that guard her Rights with watchful And sees an Enemy in a Friend's Disguise. (Eyes, Countr.)

An't please your Worship—How this Fellow Heand his Arguments for four Estates; (prates; Down with the Beast of Burden with his Pack, And lay him, like John's Wife, upon his Back. Hark you, Friend, whence is this Presumption I have a hugious mind to rub you down; (grown? But that would hinder the Design in view, It is my Master's Task to conquer you.

Observ.

On Chops of Logick have I lately fed,
And quoted far more Books than e'er I read;
Have I pretended Bracton to peruse,
And made the Laws their Explanation lose:
And yet dar'st thou my Knowledg to decry,
And with my Learned Observations vie?
Oh! Barlipton, surnish me with Sense,
And be my Advocates both Mood and Tense;
Affert my Cause, and Fallacies provide,
To vindicate my dear Republick Side,
As I with Major and with Minor rise,
And call the Champion forth to syllogize.

Heracl.

Itake the Combat, and accept the Strife; And in the Crown's behalf would wager Life;

AS

As I with Loyal Soul defy thy Spleen,
And all my Wishes center in the Queen;
The Queen descended from so just a Line,
That makes her Claim, as are her Thoughts Divine.
Observ.

Thus by the help of Analitick Sense,
And five Pair of True-blue Predicaments;
I lay down this for Truth in form Categ—
And with Affirmative oppose your Neg.
Those that Create, may their own Creature blame,
And call him to account, when lost to shame:
But Kings their Rights from our Creation take,
Therefore we may account with Kings we make.

Heracl.

Your Major's false, as is your Minor bold, And you Positions most audacious hold: Kings cannot Err like those of Vulgar Soul, All they must needs surpass, that all controul. Observ.

If the Queen holds her Title from our Choice, Then Kings are made Elective by our Voice; But English Senates call'd her to the Throne, Therefore Crown'd Heads must our Election own.

Heracl. (Dam, Grant that their Choice confirm'd the Royal Their Choice vvas not precedent to her Claim. From Stuarts Race the Mighty Princess sprung, A Race that ever shall demand my Song; That has her Heroes and her Martyrs giv'n, And with unnumber'd Princes peopled Heav'n; Tho blacken'd by thy Pen, their Deeds are stain'd, And thou no Hero own'st, or Martyr reign'd. Observ.

Think of my Wrongs, and I must stand excus'd, How has that Family our Sect abus'd!

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Sup-

Suppress'd our Hopes, and our Ambition quell'd, And Force by Force unhappily repell'd. How from Sedition has this Land been purg'd, And I my self been sentenc'd to be scourg'd? Fin'd for High-Treason, more than I could pay, And close confin'd vvith all this Tympany of Clay. Heracl.

Thy Wrongs do'ft call what thou shouldst term thy Crimes;

Thou fcandal to the past and present Times;
Thou Western Rebel, undeserving Grace,
Desorm'd in Soul, and horrible in Face.
Thou Reprobate from sactious Parents sprung,
Whose Father taught for what thy Spouse's hung.
That Prince was gracious, as his Birth was True,
And ne're did more amiss than sparing you.
Had he but granted what you humbly sought,
And hang'd you like your Kinsman for your Fault,
You had not liv'd to deal about your Spleen,
And wrong him dead in his Remains the Queen.
Observ.

Dare but affert what thou hast lately spoke, Slaughter's the Word, and wait th' impending Stroke;

With Hand and Heart erected see me Frown, The People I affirm should awe the Crown.

Herael.

Thy Frowns and Smiles I equally despise,
He that talks most of Fighting oftnest flys:
Cowards are ever Champions in Pretence,
As Fools in their Opinion Men of Sense.
Boast of thy Courage vyhere there's none to fight,
Neither thy Pen nor Staff can do thee Right.
What hast thou not Malignant daily spread?
How not desam'd the Living with the Dead?

By

By thee twice Martyr'd Royal Charles is known, And more than twice exil'd his Hapless Son; Injur'd, Traduc'd in Person and in Fame, And impiously deny'd a Subject's Claim; Tho he might undisturb'd in silence rest, And having suffer'd here, in Death he bless'd. By thee the Grand daughter's precarious made, Able to govern us without thy Aid; Wise as she's Just, and providently Good, To save her Peoples Treasure with their Blood.

Observ.

Thou base High flier, and Tantivy Fiend,
Dar'st thou to Popish Ashes be a Friend?
Know I'll inform, for I am skill'd in Harms,
And when my Foes appear can found Alarms;
Can Swear, accuse the Persons that are clear,
And make great Men 'fore greater Men appear.

Heracl.

Well have I known thy Conduct and thy Life, Ever contending thou art still at Strife; In all Conditions infamous and loose, Ready to burst with Hatred and Abuse; Unlearn'd, yet others eager to direct, The Laystall to receive the Offals of thy Sect; Whose idle Schemes thy hungry Labours lard, And aim at Governments they say they guard.

Country.

I faith, the Man talks notably, and well,
And like my Team's Forehorfe will bear the Bell;
Slife, I could almost venture to desert,
And with this Oaken Towel take his part.
And so I vvill—You, Master, may be gone;
Good Night—You are no more to visit Joan—

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Dine at my Farm, or feed on Roast and Boil'd, That have my Loyalty and Truth defil'd.

[Here the Country-man walks off, and compliments Heraclitus.]

Obferv.

On pain of Scandal issuing from my Pen,
Return to thy old Principles agen;
If thou wouldst follow Precepts Just and Right,
Without the odious Name of Jacobite.
Not that I vvant Assistance to defend
Those Arguments no Casuist can mend;
But for thy good these Precepts I bestow,
Therefore thy wonted Prudence wisely show:
Like the bright Moon at Midnight I appear,
And unconcern'd my wonted Luster wear;
Tho barking Curs offended at my Light,
Bawl at my Splendor with successes Spight.

Country.

Hey day! You're fit indeed to teach us Rules, And to make Saints of Men, and Men of Fools, That steal from Sign-posts, and Reproaches take From Houses sam'd for Custard, and for Cake; There's not a Prentice-boy, but knows from whence You borrow this bright Argument of Sense, That has on Farthing Pies on Sunday sed, And on the Houses Sign these Lines has read:

Ye bawling Dogs, why bark you so, Since I am high, and you are low?

Heracl.

Fear not, my Friend, his Doctrines to Disclaim, Yours will the Credie be, and his the Shame; for Crimes are pass'd Repentance will suffice, Then as you've been inveterate, be wise; Be watchful for th' Establish'd Church and State, And pay Allegiance where you paid your hate.

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Country.

And fo I will - But first it is but fit. He that has thus feduc'd me, should be beat Villain, away - No more Sedition prate. Spite of thy bulky Club I'll thwack thy Pate. Hence in an Instant to thy Garret gang, And like despairing Judas, laugh and hang *. He's gone --- Now Mafter, I espouse your Cause, And am a Convert to the Throne and Laws.

Heracl.

Protect them still ve Powers that both maintain. And make them flourish in this glorious Reign, The best of Queens, and most belov'd of Names, The best of Subjects, and of Wishes claims.

* Beats him off the Stage.

The Epilogue upon the Observator.

Spoken by Mr. Powell.

THE Stage has been, and yet improv'd shall rife, Instructive to your Ears and to your Eyes; Tho factious Pens industrious to their Shame, Against its Precepts, and its Use declaim; Well knowing that Our Scenes Their Vice expose, And Comedy put down, Rebellion rose.

Thus 'twas in Cromwel's Regicidal Days, Th' Usurper could not bear the Stings of Plays; Goodness they taught, when Goodness he'd abus, And with the Sovereign was exil'd the Muse: And thus 'twould be again, were Cromwel's Friends Suffer'd once more to gain their hateful Ends; Religion in.

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Religion with the Drama would decline, And things Immoral elbow things Divine.

Oh! were he here, that's made the Party's Scribe, With all the starvling Authors of the Tribe, Aw'd by your Charms, his Scandal he'd disown, And humbly for Offences past atone; As in this Circle, beauteous to the view, He might see Virtues shine in seeing you; Tho now he Prin and Calvin weekly gleans, And damns his Paper to condemn our Scenes.

E'en let the Fool go on, and snarling grin,
And turn Reformer when he's sunk in Sin;
Like Holy Cheats in Times of Forty One,
Who with Heav'ns Name their hellish War begun,
Prophanely call'd upon all piercing Eyes,
To see 'em against Heav'ns Vice-gerent rise,
As from his Pen Sedition falls in Show'rs,
His Character's so low, 'ewill heighten ours.

Tet shall the Wretch not unregarded Rail, Bloated and gorg'd with Impudence and Ale; But to be fam'd for what he is, he shewn As Monsters are exposed to all the Town: For he can none but Monsters Tempers share, That starts not to calumniate what is fair; That slights the Beauteous and defames the Great, By calling where you sit, the Devil's Seat.

How can this be the Place the Scribler means?

I see no Presbyterian at our Scenes,

No Commonwealths-man with Geneva Grace,

And all the Saints assembled in his Face.

Hold, let me see — not one in all the Pit —

Except some eighteen Pennymen of Wit—

Sure all the Malice he prosusely vents,

Aims at the Tipling-houses he frequents;

Where Smoak, and Derby, Oaths and Nonsense reign,

Fit Places for a Saint of Godly Strain;

Where

Where Anarchy confus'dly takes its Seat,
And he sees that in Little, he would see in Great.
It must be so, for nothing else could make
So mean, so scandalous and empty Rake,
So void of Sense, impertinent and dull,
With all the Partys vacancy of Scull,
That ne'er admitted Modesty or Wit,
Or the least Interval of Learning hit,
That pores o're Statutes, Statutes to pervert,
And shew his want of Nature and of Art.

You that are here, can the best Answers make, An Audience slings the Scoundrel on his Back; In a sull House his Ignorance will be shown, And the Malignant's weak Endeavours known; And a sull House is in his Audience gain'd, That lessens Arguments by him maintain'd; Tho he persists malicious in his Tongue, And steals from Regicides that justly bung.

Let him write on, Your Favour's our Defence, Well knows the Fool to wage a War with Sense, To strike at what does base Rebellion blame, And pays the Regal Throne the Regal Claim; In your Support we no Assistance want, Nor dread the Wooden Tool with Wooden Plant Punish'd is he with scarcity of Brains, And Penury of Goodness for his Pains:

Just like a Fiend, who in Distraction lies, And curses Heav'n to which he cannot rise;

As in Tour smiles all Goodness he surveys, And sinks himself beyond the reach of Praise.

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A Prologue Sent to Mr. Row, to his new Play, call'd, The Fair Penitent. Design'd to be spoken by Mr. Betterton, but refus'd.

Est & in Obscænos deflexa Tragædia Risus. Ovid.

Ovacks fet out Bills, Jack-Pudding makes Ha-(rangues, And Thief, at Tyburne Speaks before he hangs: I pray you then give Ear to what I fay, For this to me is Execution day. Tyburn the Stage is, Boxes, Galleries, Pit, Where You, our Judges, and our Hangman fit ; Of Nonsense tender, the severe to Wit. To day we fear you not, we've hit your Tast, And when that's pleas'd, we cannot fure be cast.

Meanly contented with the vulgar Way, Some make the Heroine, Virtuous in a Play. But the bold tragic Genius of our Stage, With Novelty resolves t' oblige the Age, And with a * Heroine Punk the Ladies will engage.) He from the Stock, the PROSTITUTE transplants, And swells the humble Whore with Buskin'd Rants.

^{*} The Heroine of his Play lies with a Fellow before Marriage, continues the Intrigue two Tears after, and is proposed on the Picture of the Ladies by the Author, &c.

His Whore, indeed, repents the flippery Fault: But, like the rest, it is not, till she's caught. She is not forry, that sh' has plaid the Whore, But that, discover'd, she can do't no more. Thus, while his Punk his Buskins boldly Ramps, Like Bajazet, his Hero cuckol'd stares and stamp He with no Lawrel Wreaths his Brow adorns, But, while those vulgar Ornaments he scorns, Above his Brethren he exalts his Horns. Confederate Cuckolds then come Clap this Play! Our lucky Bard devotes to You this Day. No * Doodle, * Dashwood, * Wiseacre is here, Or any of the puny Race, that us'd t'appear. The Cuckold now assumes a haughtier Air, With brandish'd Dagger stabs the yielding Fair, So little Woman's Frailty is his Care. Ye horned Herd, from Wapping to Whitehal, Approach, in Triumph, he invites You all; So strong a Party made, he cannot fear his Fall.

Some envious Critic here perhaps exclaims,
If you shou'd punish thus the City-Dames,
You'd make a Desolation in the Land,
And Bars, and Counters, would unsurnish'd stand,
But, Ladies, you with Ease that Fear remove,
If you use Caution in the Thests of Love:
Since only she that's caught that Punishment will
(prove.)

Danger adds Fewel to the amorous Fire, And Difficulties only raise Desire.

Besides, past Merits you shou'd not despise, For + Solomon, and || William in disguise, From his lov'd Pen regal'd your Ears and Eyes.

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[†] The Comic Cuckolds, which the Stage till now only knew. † In the Step-Mother. || Tamerline.

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What tho nor Art, nor Nature, there were found, He scorns by Art or Nature to be bound. Let others toil beneath the Load of Thought Of what is Just, what Natural, what not; They're dull, mechanic Things, below Regard, from such a Bold, and such a Lucky Bard. Uncumber'd with those Fetters still he'll write, While Ignorance ensures his hood-wink'd slight. He sears no Danger, for he none foresees, In happy Ignorance secure to please, Without their Foreign Aid, th' Indulgent Town, With Heroes, and with Language, all his own. The hooded Falcon, so, in hast let sly, Tow'rs swift alost, undaunted, to the Sky, With upright Wing, till lost to humane Eye.

From THRONES he fauntring, talking Heros (chose, But for an active Heroine now rakes the (STEWS; And whence he'l fetch the Next—he only knows, Yet * Creswell, sure, of infamous Renown, Or some more antique Matron of this Town, May reasonably next invoke his Pen, To do her Justice in his LOFTY SCENE.

Nor can she, sure, his Losty Scene disgrace,

Nor can she, sure, his Losty Scene disgrace, since Baud, in breeding, still of Whore takes place. For Baud's arriv'd to the grave Doctor's State, While Whore is but an Under-Graduate; Baud's maudlin Tone, from penitential Cart, Like Thespis, founder of the Tragic Art,

Must have the Force to move each amorous Heart.

But

A famous Band of 30 Tears ago.

But what is it that Poets cannot do,
Carefs'd by Us, and so extoll'd by Ton?
T'encourage MERIT nobly you distain,
It is Pedantick, and below your Vein:
And faith, to tell the Truth, We love our Gain.
As with the Saints, so 'tis, we find, with Ton,
For here, alas! th' Elett are very sew,
And those without your Reason, by your Will
(fav'd too.)

The less of Proper Merit they can boast, The more secure they are from being lost.

While Farce and Bombast, best can please the Age, We'll cook no other Dishes for the Stage. When to your Smiles just Poets y'admit, And slock in Shoals to Nature, and to Wit; All Poetasters then we will discard, And here encourage only the true Bard. For, sure, in Us it must seem Impudence, To cherish Merit, and to play good Sense, When from Your Tast we hope for all our Pence.

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Epilogue to the Ladies, spoke by Mr. Wilks at the Musick-Meeting in Drury-Lane, where the English Woman sings. Written by Mr. Manwaring upon the occasion of their both singing before the Queen and K. of Spain at Windsor.

VIII Joy we see this Circle of the Fair,
Since the late Trial of the tuneful Pair;
Your Country's Friends, you love the Native Strains
Of Musick here, where England's Genius reigns.
In other Walls tho Harmony be found.
You know it's foreign, and disdain the Sound.
Who haunt new Consorts, Faction would create,
And are Dissenters in Apollo's State:
They shun our Stages where he keeps his Court,
And to some gloomy Meeting-house resort.
While you with Duty own his rightful Cause,
And guard this Place establish'd by his Laws.
But now your Charms a nobler Task pursue,

And Spain a Revolution waits from You;
That blooming Hero you at Courts admir'd,
In Arms must triumph, by your Praises sir'd:
Success is Yours, and Victory inclines
Still to that side on which your Favour shines.
Mars will himself conduct our future Wars,
When every Venue for this Prince declares;
When freely serving this well-weigh'd Design,
Our Nation's Treasure and its Beauty join.

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Yet when this happy Scheme by Wisdom wrought, Is by his Valour to Perfection brought; And his glad Subjects shall their King receive, Grac'd with a Crown which Anne could give; Resecting then what Wonders he had seen, The Court, these Beauties, and our glorious Queen, That warm Idea he shall still retain, And think, tho seated on the Throne of Spain, Tho with the Treasure of both Indies crown'd, He left a brighter Empire than he found.

Spoken by the Genius of England.

When shall I be at rest? will pleasing Peace No more return to smile on my Recess? Must hateful Jars and dire Contentions reign, And High-Church Parties rule the British Main? Shall Mother Church be still the specious Bait For crasty Villains to destroy the State? And will ye tamely with the Traitors side, Who thus your Land occasion'ly divide? Will ye to wreck ye Britans give the Realm, Whilst Bourb—Pilots steer the yielding Helm? Shall Faction dare to spread its baneful Seed, And will no Patriot on the Monster tread, To crush to Atoms its aspiring Head?

For shame ye Britans, now your Feuds decline, Nor swallow with such ease a French Design:
Let your just Rage upon your Foes be shown,
In Gallick Blood your just Resentments drown,
But rend not with such Strife the harmless Town.

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'Tis you, ye Tories, who this Heat foment, Railing at Millions by low Church-men spent, Whilst your dear selves have just the same intent. This is the only difference can be seen, They spent to keep th' French out, you'd spend to let them in.

Ye are the Church's Bullies, who have made
Such noise to have its Mint and Anice paid;
Whilst Clemency and Peace, its purest Springs,
Ye turn aside as idle useless things.
Too long, too long have your pernicious Wiles
Been practis'd on this hapless Land; your Smiles
Suspected grow; nay e'en a common Eye,
Without a Glass your Actions may descry,
Too deeply ting'd with Fraud and Villany.
Tell us the cause of all your loud Complaints;
We know you well, tho ye wou'd feem such Saints;
Papists, Socinians, Atheists, Arians, all

Do for the Church unanimoully bawl.

Alas, poor Church! how art thou fallen of late,
When such as these must prop thy finking State!

Lest honest Whigs the Church should undermine
And Anarchy succeed —————
Or, what they hate as bad, the lawful Line.

Delude us then no more with idle Tales,
But fay expresly, that the Prince of W—
Ye to th'Imperial Power would advance,
And basely court the Grand Monarch of France.

This, Tories, is your Aim, but learn to fear, Whilst my lov'd Britans Nassau's Name revere; The Throne shall be secure from spurious Race, And Perkin shall to Hanover give place.

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Prologue, Spoken at Court before the Queen, on her Majesty's Birth-Day. 1701.

C Hine forth, ye Planets, with diflinguish'd Light, As when ye hallow'd first this Happy Night; Again transmit your Friendly Beams to Earth, As when Britannia Joy'd for ANN A's Birth. And thou, kind Star, whose Tutelary Pow'r Guided the future Monarch's Natal Hour. Thy Radiant Voyages for ever run; Only less bless'd than Cymbia and the Sun: With thy fair Aspect still illustrate Heav'n, Kindly preserve what thou hast greatly giv'n. Thy Influence for thy ANNA we implore; Prolong one Life, and Britain asks no more, For what can Virtue more to Man express, Than to be great in War, and good in Peace? What further Thought of Bleffing can we frame, Than that That Virtue should be still the same? Entire and fure the Monarch's Rule must prove, Who founds her Greatness on her Subjects Love; Who does our Homage for our Good require, And orders that which we should first desire. Our vanquish'd Wills that pleasing Force obey; Her Goodness takes our Liberty away, And haughty Britain yields to Arbitrary Sway.)

Let the young Austrian then her Terrors bear, Great as He is, Her Delegate in War; Let him in Thunder speak to both his Spains, That in these dreadful Isles a Female reigns.

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Whilst the bright Queen does on her Subjects

The gentle Blessings of her softer Pow'r; Gives glorious Morals to a vicious Age, To Temples Zeal, and Manners to the Stage: Bids the chaste Muse without a Blush appear, And Wit be that which Heav'n and she may hear.

Minerva thus to Persem lent her Shield,
Secure of Conquest, sent him to the Field;
Told him how barb'rous Rage should be restrain'd,
And bid him execute what she ordain'd.
Mean time the Deity in Temples sat,
Fond of her Native Grecians suture Fate;
Taught 'em in Laws and Letters to excel,
In acting justly, and in writing well.
Thus whilst the Goddess did her Pow'r dispose,
The World was freed from Tyrants, Wars and
Woes;
Virtue was taught in Verse, and Athens rose.

The History and Fall of the Conformity-Bill. Being an excellent new Song, to the Tune of Chivy-Chase.

God bless our gracious Sovereign ANNE,
For so I shall her call,
Who ruleth in our English Land,
An English Heart withal.

The

The Prince, her Turtle Mate I trow, I also pray God bless:

And eke the Duke of Marlborough,
Both his and her good Grace.

And now I think within this Realm I need pray for no more; For they who do fit at the Helm, Are two out of these four.

And yet I mayn't omit the Church,
To pray for in my Pray'rs,
Which has of late been left i'th'lurch
By her own Sons and Heirs.

Ah Bishops! Bishops, you I mean,
They say you were posses'd,
As one may say, like Birds unclean,
To foul thus your own Nest.

For unto you a choice Bill came, Sent from the Commons House, And yet you did reject the same, As if not worth a Louse.

And now to tell I do intend,

How they this Bill did bring in,

By that you'll find the very end

Of this my Tale's beginning.

Few happy in this World there are,
And fewer in the next;
The first Experience does declare,
The last the Gospel-Text.

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And therefore fome Great Men of Note, Whom I stall name anon, Did in the Senate stoutly vote For Christian Union.

Now Conscience is a thing we know Like to a Mastiff Dog. Which if ty'd up fo fierce he'll grow, He'll bite his very Clog.

Wherefore some wiser Men than some. Thought they could give good Reason, How that this Bill just now did come A little out of feafon.

Diffenters they were to be press'd To go to Common-Prayer, And turn their Faces to the East, As God were only there:

Or else no place of Price or Trust They ever could obtain; Which shews that Saying very just, That Godliness is Gain.

Now fome I fay did think this hard, And strove with all their Might, That Subjects might not be debar'd Of Freedom, nor of Right.

For who can think our Lord can care From whence the Voice does found, Tho we should pray as Seamen swear, The Compass Points around?

And

Sure

Sure he, I say, our Pray'rs can hear, Whenever we do call; For if so be the Heart's sincere, Oh that is all in all.

But yet to fee how the World goes, Right is by Might devour'd; And they who did this Bill oppose, Alas! were overpow'r'd.

St. Stephen first was in degree, That Persecution felt; And persecuted so was he, He better had been gelt.

Oh! better had it been for he,
I'll fay while I have breath,
Ten times unstoned for to be,
Than stoned unto Death.

But let that pass, and mark me well;
For things unknown before,
And strange and true I now shall tell,
Or ne'er believe me more.

How Stephen stoned was you've heard; Now to atone that Guilt, A Chappel of those Stones is rear'd, By which his Blood was spilt.

And Stephen's Chappel is it height,
And stands in Westminster,
Near to that place where want of fight
Makes Justice sometimes err.

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Now how these Stones make hard the Heart Of Burgefs, or of Knight; And do by Influence impart Their persecuting Spight;

It's hard to tell the Cause thereof. Like other Mysteries; Nor would I aim at that, although That I were ne'er fo wife.

But yet 'tis true, or tell me now, How could fuch Zeal inspire Sir $E \longrightarrow S \longrightarrow r$, or $\mathcal{I} \longrightarrow H \longrightarrow$ Of Gloucestershire Esquire;

With divers Men of lesser Note. Tho equal in Defert; Who did their Voices for to Vote. With Clamours loud exert.

None of whose Lives I think can boast, That they have much Religion; Or value more the Holy Ghost Than Mahomet his Pigeon.

Ev'n H-y's felf, I fay, would scarce Be made a Smithfield Martyr; For proof, clap Faggots to his A-You'll find you've caught a Tartar.

Now this same Bill compleatly cook'd, To the Peers House is follow'd; And they who brought it thither look'd It forthwith should be swallow'd.

NOW

But as a hasty Pudding's spoilt,

If there do fall some Soot in't;

Or if burnt to: So this was spoil'd

By Bishop B——15 Foot in't.

For he with Toe Episcopal
Thereto gave such a Zest,
Their Lordships strait grew squeamish all,
Nor could the same digest.

Their Words, alas! went for no more Than does the News of Grubster, Or than in Commons House before Went H——s Voice the Shrubster.

The wise and valiant Lord of th' North, With little better Luck, In windy Words did bluster forth, So did his Grace of Buck.

For to tell Truth, some Peers did smoke, That this same Bill's Progression Might by degrees at length have broke The Protestant Suc—on.

Such Snakes in Grass were for to bite
Those who could not discern 'em;
Wherefore this Bill was kick'd out quite,
Pro nunc & sempiternum.

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Now God preserve our Queen, I say, And grant her long to reign; And God keep Popery, I pray, On t'other fide the Main.

[And grant Presbytery may stay, And all the canting Breed, For ever, and also for ay, On t'other side the Tweed.

Sic Cecinit

Rob. Wisdom.

Lackworth's Lively Character.

IT shall be known how Lackworth came so Great, And why he's thought no better than a Cheat-He has more Faults than I'll pretend to tell; But this, his Masterpiece, was hatch'd in Hell. His curs'd Address, address'd a Knight to be, None but himself could act such Villany. And Now's his time to get, and cheat a Wife, Which this State Quack did nicely to the Life. Madam, quoth he, the King will be more kind, Some grand Imployment is for me design'd; And then an Earl, or Duke I shall be made: fond to be great, thus greatly she's betray'd. The M-Adventure next appears in view; What crowds of Fools into that Mine he threw:

Tho then or fince he ne'er was on the Spot. Yet cou'd cut out to every one his Lot. Thrice fifty thousand Pounds by it he'as got. Besides what by his Coals he makes a Year, Transfers and Ways which do not yet appear. This Pettyfogger thinks he cannot be Call'd to account by Law or Equity. But there's a Parliament can give relief. To those who have been robb'd by such a Thief. And if these will not do, there's one way more To make him, what he'as basely got, restore. Should any cheat me thus but of one Groat, They should repent, or else-But stay my Muse, and praise him if you can, He has done more than e'er was done by Man. Let none doubt that Philosophers of old Transmuted baser Metals into Gold, Since this most mighty Britan does much more, Into coin'd Gold transmutes the Name of Oar.

A Catalogue of Books to be sold by Auction near St. James's.

A Argument proving the Cevennois Rebels. By E- of N-

3. Solomon's Fool, or the Art of Political Thinking. By Ld G in 3 Vol.

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to H—G—, by Mr. W—— t Doorkeeper to the Treasury. In large Offavo.

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7. The great Advantage of early Whoring. By

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§ A Letter from Hell. By the Ld Chancellor Jefferys to Ld C—B—W— relating to James Taylor's standing in the Pillory. In Quarto.

9. An Encomium on Temporizing, dedicated to

A--- H-----

Fights at Sea, and wonderful Knowledg of the present A—ty. By G—C—Esqs; Dedicated to R—H—.

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14. Of the Legitimacy of the Pr. of Wales. By

Ff Sent By Tho.

E-Efq; late Commissioner of Excise, and prefer sent

fent Commissionrr of the Duties on Salt. 2

16. The Nature of Splitting Offices. By the R. H — J— H— Dedicated to Wagadary.

Of Modesty and Temper of Mind. By the

fine Author.

Reverend D. B—h. Dedicated to the B. of

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A Catalogue of Books to be sold by Auction at the City Godmothers in Mincinglane, on the 29th of May next, being the Anniversary of the Restauration of Blessed Memory.

Soap and Suds: or, The Ethiopians Address to the Queen of Sheba, for a little of her

Majesty's White-wash.

the Charge of Injustice and Tyranny, in refusing a new Election to the Town of Maidfrom in Kent, in 240. Written by the Right Honourable R. H. Sp—r to the H. and C. and dedicated to the Kentish Petitioners.

3. The Eagle and Fly; a Fable occasion'd by the H. of G. Order for taking the Observator in

to Custody.

4. Puss in the Corner: or, The Old Game reviv'd. A Comedy, as it was acted in St. Stephen's 2

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Stephen's Chappel by the H. of C. Written by Heraclitus Ridens, and dedicated to Harry St. 7-

7. The usefulness of Corinthian Brass. By the Right Honourable J. H. Esq. Dedicated to the Com—ler of her Majesty's Houshold, 10 vol. in Fol.

6. The Tale of a Tub: or, The Art and Mystery of poysoning Reputations by Impeachments, without Prosecution. Dedicated to the Commons.

7. A Pindarick Ode in praise of Darkness, clean Straw, and Water gruel, Written for the Use of the H. of C. By Mr. Prior, at the desire of a Noble Peer. In Fol.

8. The Excellency of Wooden-shoos, Pottage and Fetters: To which is added the Usefulness of an Inquisition in England, for the better Establishment of High-Church. By Sir H. M.

9. Of Patience under Sufferings: In 5 vol. Octave.

By H. Sr. J. Efq. occasion d by his losing 500 l.
on the Lords damning the Occasional Bill.

Church. By Sir J. Pack—n. Dedicated to Sir Jon. Tre—ny Bp of E—.

ing: or, Gingerbread improv'd; by the indefatigable Care and Endeavour of the Lower H. of Convocation; together with an Account of their great Zeal for the Church and Religion. By Heraclieus Ridens.

12. Passive Obedience kickt to the Devil, by the Lower H. of Con. being an Account of their humble and dutiful Carriage to the Upper House. To which is added a Com-

parison between the first Fathers of the Church, and the latter. In a Letter written by Mr. John Toland to Andrew Marvel Efg;

at his Mansion-house in Elysum.

13. England's Glory retriev'd: being a Congratulatory Poem on the fignal Courage and Success of those two great Commanders, the D. of M. and Sir G. R. Translated from the Original of Monsieur Poussin, and dedicated to the Suburbians of Wapping and Hock-

ley in the Hole. In 240.

14. Sailing Orders; or, Battel without Bloodfhed: Being part of some Political Maxims written for the good of Old England, and Safety of her Majesty's Subjects. By the E. of N--, and containing a full vindication of Admiral Graydon, and Sir J. Munden. Dedicated to the Heirs and Executors of Admiral Bembon deceased, In 240.

15. The Art of Secrecy. By her Grace the D. of M. Dedicated to the Widow and Children of Monsieur Frenan, late Governour of Dun-

kirk.

6. Of Humility and Self-denyal. In small 120. With a Comparison between Windsor Venifon, and St. Albans Mutton. By the fame Hand.

17. Bowling and Building; the two great Qualifications of Statesmen: With a Pindarick Ode in praise of Swearing and Gaming. By his Grace the D. of B. In 4 vol. in Folio,

large Paper gilt.

The Infipidness of old-fashion'd Virtues, or the Advantages of being an early Rake. which is added, by way of Appendix, the necessity of Occasional Conformity to Whor-

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19. The way to Preferment; being a choice Collection of Ribaldry, Defamation and Scandal, on the Memory of the late King William.

20. Scaramouch, or the Church's Scarecrow. By a Priest of the Order of St. Alphage.

a Farce, as it was acted with applause before the University of Oxon. By Mr. Sach — 1.

by the Sunday's Cavalcade to Hide Park.
Being an elaborate Piece of the Right H.
the Ld C—y, and written in his Coach en
passant.

23. The Chameleon to that famous Civilian Dr. Davenant, occasion'd by his late Essays.

24. Two Treatifes, the one of fair Dealing, the other of good Breeding. By Sir Sim—U. Dedicated to Mr. D. Defoe.

25. Rostrorum Fulcimen, or some new Essays for the better Reputation of the Pulpit and Playhouse. By George Powel Servant to her Majesty.

16. Good Housekeeping. By Sir Sam. D—d. Dedicated to the Coxcombs that chose him Lord Mayor. In 240.

Ff3

SONG

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Or truer than the rest;
For I could change each hour like them,
Were it my Interest.

But I am ty'd to very Thee,
By ev'ry Thought I have;
Should you again my Heart fet free,
I'd be again your Slave,

For all in Woman is ador'd,
In thy dear Self I find;
For the whole Sex can but afford
The Handsom and the Kind.

Then why should I seek further Store,
And make my Love anew?
Since Change it felf can give no more,
'Tis easy to be true.

The Old Man's Wish.

If I live to grow old, as I find I go down,
Let this be my Fate in a Country Town:
May I have a warm House, with a Stone at my Gate,
And a cleanly young Girl to rub my bald Pate.

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May I govern my Passion with an absolute sway, And grow wiser and better as my strength wears away, Without Gout or Stone, by a gentle decay.

In a Country Town, by a murm'ring Brook, With th' Ocean at distance on which I may look; With a spacious Plain without Hedg or Stile, And an easy Pad-Nag to ride out a Mile.

May I govern, &c.

With Horace and Plutarch, and one or two more Of the best Wits that liv'd in the Ages before; With a Dish of Roast-Mutton, not Ven'son nor Teal, And clean the coarse Linen at ev'ry Meal.

May I govern, &c.

With a Pudding on Sunday, and frout humming (Liquor,

And Remnants of Latin to puzzle the Vicar; With a hidden Reserve of Burgundy Wine, Todrink the King's Health as oft as we dine.

May I govern, &c.

With a Courage undaunted may I face my last day, And when I am dead may the better fort say, In the Morning when sober, in th' Evening when (mellow,

He is gone, and han't left behind him his Fellow. For he govern'd his Passion, &c.

Ff 4

On the Countess of Dorch_er. By the E. of D_t.

PRoud with the Spoils of Royal Cully,
With false pretence to Wit and Parts;
She swaggers like a batter'd Bully,
To try the Tempers of Mens Hearts.

Tho she appear as glitt'ring fine,
As Gems, and Jests, and Paint can make her;
She ne'er can win a Breast like mine,
The Devil and Sir David take her.

A SIGH.

C Entlest Air, thou Breath of Lovers, Vapour from a Secret Fire; Which by thee it self discovers, E'er yet daring to aspire.

Softest Note of whisper'd Anguish,
Harmony's refined Part,
Striking while thou seem'st to languish,
Full upon the Listner's Heart.

Softest Messenger of Passion,
Stealing thro a Croud of Spies;
Which constrain the outward Fashion,
Close the Lips, and guard the Eyes.

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Shapeless Sigh, we ne'er can shew thee Form'd, but to affault the Ear; Yet e'er to their cost they know thee, Ev'ry Nymph may read thee here.

A F-t.

GEntlest Blast of ill Concoction,
Reverse of high-ascending Belch, The only Stink abhor'd by Scotch-men. Belov'd and practis'd by the Welch.

Softest Note of inward Griping, Sir Reverence's finest Part: So fine it needs no pains of wiping, Except it be a Brewer's F-t.

Swiftest Ease of Cholick Pains, Vapour from a secret Stench, That's rattled by the unbred Swains, But whisper'd by the bashful Wench.

Shapeless F—t, we ne'er can shew thee, But in that noble Female Sport; In which by burning Blue we know thee, Th' Amusement of the Maids at Court.

The Petition of the distress'd Merchants of London, to the Lord High Trea-Jurer, against the Commissioners of the Customs.

From Go—n, that Wasp, whose Talent is Notion; From snarling Tool Cl-ke, at the other's De-

votion ;

From Republican Ben, the old Clergy Teazer, Whose true Christian Name, you must know, 's Abenezer:

From flatt'ring false H—ley, who sneeks to Church Party,

And for but half Salary vows to be hearty:

From fearful proud N—port, who spits out his Curses;

From T—dy Bully C—ford, and the Rogues that he nurses;

From so motly a Crew, so imperious a Board,
Deliver this lab'ring Country, good Lord,
And thy Staff shall like Hercules Club be ador'd.
And that no grain of Merit fall by this Petition,
Leave Manwaring only to grace the Commission.

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The Way to Heaven in a String: Or, Mr. Afgil's Argument Burlefqu'd.

To the Reader.

TE have of late been entertain'd with many pretty Whims in Divinity; but this is the finest of them all: A Religious Piece of Knight-Errantry, to which if I said any thing at all, I thought it must be in Burlesque; for the Humour is comical enough. Pity it is this wondrous Man had not lived in the Infancy of Time, and taught poor Mortals this Lesson, e'er Death for so many Thousands of Years had ravaged the habitable parts of the World, and glutted it self with the Spoils of Mankind. The Scythe of Death had then a long time ago been rusty and useless, and the Sands in the Glass of Time had run to no purpose. But we of these latter Ages of the World must have the only Advantage of his Project, who will not go out of the World in the Common Road of his Neighbours, but in a manner peculiar to him-

Hinc Itur ad Astra.

Bootatus

Bootatus & Spurratus ire ad Cœlum; away mounts our Friend John, and leaves this declin-

ing World lesening out of fight.

These are the first Lines that ever I attempted in Dogrel, and according to their reception in the World, perhaps may be the last. The Design will bear a great many more; and my Lines stown as the Learned Dr. Bunyan says of his,

They came to mine own Heart, thence to my Head, Thence to my Fingers ends they trickeled; Thence to my Pen, and then immediately On Paper I did dribble it daintily.

Mr. Asgil's Argument Burlesqu'd.

There are some things accounted Real, In which we Mortals do agree all: Things form'd by cunning Allegories. We do account to be mere Stories. Some write of Fights of Mice and Frogs, And others prate of Mastiff Dogs: One has the Fairy Queen espy'd, And told the Tale, as if he ly'd, Of Tib and Tom, and Mib and Mab. Names ne'er attain'd by Poet Squab. But while such Fools do please Mens Fancies With idle Canto's of Romances, I'll tell you of a greater Knight Than e'er made Love, or mov'd in Fight.

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He neither was a Priest nor Parson. Or Warrior's Saddle laid his Arfe on; Yet in Divinity Profound, He could great Sophisters confound; Knew difference 'twixt the Jews and Turks, And had read Learned Runyan's Works: Had Brooks his Golden Pippins read, And by the wifer Folk 'tis faid, He can as learnedly dispute As Parson Keith, or fam'd Giles Shute, He fagely in his Youth forefaw That Truths Divine need Props of Law; To fludy which he did adhere, And in't became a Barister: He fomething else at length became, An Office got I must not name; Ne Sutor ultra Crepidam.

He never bow'd his stubborn Knee In any Feats of Chivalry, Despising such Knight-Errantry, Where People for the very nonce Do fracture one another's Bones; As Bullocks fight in Marthes fed, To try which has the hardest Head. He never lov'd the dismal Sounds Of murd'ring Guns, of Blood and Wounds : He still abhorr'd the frightful fight, The fad Effect of cruel Fight. He never got a broken Head, Or for a Wound had Plaister spread; Had no Mischance in any Points, To dislocate his nimble Joints; But such Disasters as befal In Battels Metaphyfical;

Which,

Which, the fecuring Head and Snout, Do craze the Brains, not beat 'em out.

By a deep infight in Religion He found how Mahomer, and his Pigeon, Did fly from hence to bleft Abodes. Translated to the very Gods: With ev'ry Pinion not unhing'd, And not one Feather of 'em fing'd. In facred Scripture he had read How Enoch and Elijab fled To Heav'n by Faith, and in their flying Disdain'd the common way of Dying, Which does Mankind in Thraldom fetter, Only because they know no better. He and his Printer did agree To fet Men from this Bondage free; And now Sir Knight has got a Squire, As fit as e'er he could defire: To preach this Doctrine would be vain, Disturb the Head, and Lungs would strain. Let Parsons preach, and Clerks go whistle, They'll do the business by Epistle, signs Which has of late gain'd Profelytes Of Tolandifts and Afgilites, 11 3030 Who form new Articles Divine, Exceeding far our Thirty nine. w Game of Blood and Would

In London Town there's scarcely found One Corner of that fertile Ground, Which does not to the Age afford New Sects all founded on the Word; Who like Logicians do dispute, And one another still confute; All of 'em Orthodox, and all Alike are Apostolical.

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But the they make fuch zealous pother, Some do thrive better than the other; As Plants more generous are found To flourish best in fattest Ground: Some tall ones scatter do their Seed. And new ones do as Maggots breed; Whilft thefe to height are always shoving, Some others only are improving. St. Paul's scarce outdoes Salters-Hall. Tho its high Roof be far more tall: Octavo Band, and Cloak Divine, As Folio Cassock is as fine: The little Roundhead looks as big As Bishop in his powder'd Wig. And eke a wondrous Reformation Is happened in this godly Nation. After a many stubborn Greetings, The King is pray'd for in the Meetings. That he may live long in the Nation; Of publick Funds a long Duration: for these no King did e'er adore, But what encreas'd their private Store. Pardon, good Reader, I digress, don et 18/1 Tis common in Pindarick Verfe And eke in this it must be too, If I but please to make it so And I, without a Reason for't, an flur Will make 'em long, or cut 'em fhort. Poets are Princes in their Station, Altho they govern not the Nation; No Man their Pow'r did yet dispute, But always held 'em abfolute.

Now had Sir Knight his Brain imploy'd How he might conquer, and avoid

Old Death, that cunning subtle Fox, Who lays Mankind in Earthy Stocks: Says he, good Squire, it is but folly To sit thus pensive, melancholy; Put but my Notions into print, We'll conquer Death, or Devil's in't. I am Robustick, tho I'm Civil, And grown a Match e'en for the Devil. The crooked Serpent, who by Lying Entices Mankind into Dying, So far does foolish Men deceive, They cannot the dull Custom leave. Had they but Faith, they need not die, Like Enoch might ad Aftra sty, And view the Regions of the Sky.

But here the Squire to Knight reply'd, You have not yet your Notion try'd: Your mighty Faith your Sense enthrals, 'Tis Philosophically false; For what is born must furely die, Or else Philosophers do lie: All that is nourish'd is unstable, And is revera corruptible; And Death, deciding of the Strife, Is but Corruption of our Life. You must not Notions, Sir, espouse That do the Bonds of Nature loofe; And with fuch vehemence dispute 'em, When e'ery Church-yard does confute 'em. Besides, Sir, where is your Protection Against received Resurrection? For it appears to all the Wife, If we don't die we shall not rise. You may for this be brought in Court, And there be made to answer for't;

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They'll use you there like any Dog, When you're once feiz'd by Robbin Hog: For, Sir, the Liberty to scrible Allows you not at Church to nibble; And there I'll leave you in the lurch, When you plant Cannons 'gainft the Church. Such things as these would whilome tear yo, In the late Reign of Great Rogers : Not that Rogero of great Note, Of whom Orlando justly wrote, Who with Alcyna did discourse By Assignations of Amours; But that Rogero which did fill The World with Observators ill; Who such ill Tenents to redress, Was made Oppressor of the Press; Who tho he's outed of his Reign, His Squire's Pow'r does still remain.

To this reply'd the Doughty Knight, Thou shalt not me with Fancies fright. Nought that's heroick, or that's rare-a, But was atchiev'd by Great Don Zara, Whose Actions gave his Name a Hogo, He got the Title of Del Fogo; And tho he was a Man of Valour, He oft was fqueez'd by Fortunes Squallor; And Sancho too (his Fates be thanked) Was fadly toffed in a Blanket: Yet these did ne'er repine at Fate, To keep off Blow would scarce guard Pate. I will encounter Jews and Turks, Defy the Devil and his Works, Both thy Rogero, and his Squire, And their Ecclefiastick Fire.

Roger

Roger belong'd unto that Priesthood,
Which never yet did do the least good:
He was a Light to the Dark-Lanthorns,
Which neither Sockets have, nor han't Horns.
If these my Notions do molest,
It's Persecution, Sir, at best;
Of modern date a Law too saith,
No Man shall suffer for his Faith.

Here did the Squire long stand amaz'd; And after on the Knight had gaz'd, Quoth he, it is not Persecution, When against you in Execution: Our Laws do only favour weak And Infant Christians, who can't take The stronger Meats; but you are strong, Almost Omnipotent in Wrong. Your felf-applauding Vanity Is meer downright Profanity: You know a wondrous deal of Faith, But not one word the Scripture faith. 'Tis true, good Enoch and Eliah Alive to Saints above did fly-a; And this was done by Faith and Prayer, But neither of 'em was a Lawyer; They of Canary took no Dose, Nor tippl'd Claret at the Rofe: They in their Lives were exemplary, Seldom or never did miscarry. We can't in you like Faith believe, Unless you like Example give.

Quoth Knight, my Friend, thou'rt very dull, Good God! Full fill thy empty Scull.
Those Tenents which from Faith arise,
To Mortal Men are Mysteries:

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It is not likely they should know The way translated Men do go; They cannot fee the upper Skies, Recause they look with dying Eyes; They can no more fuch Truth unriddle, Than Story of the Bear and Fiddle, Was fung, but broke off in the middle. As for my way of living, wou'd It were as pious Enoch's good. But here, my Friend, you do me banter; For you do know I am no Ranter: Altho for Grace I don't much stickle. And figh and groan at Conventicle; With little Band am feldom found, Or Locks are circumcifed round. Yet tho I do not cant and pray, I am not half so lewd as they: And Godly Looks do ne'er impart The fecret Treasure of the Heart; Which, if it does once entertain Vile Thoughts, Religion is but vainlin a Band could look as grave As any Conventicle Knave, Cou'd wring my Chaps into Grimaces, And make a hundred Godly Faces; Cou'd fit as dull as any Log, And grunt and groan like any Hog. But these are odd forts of Religions, Contriv'd by Knaves for foolish Wigeons May be for them a Godly Fashion, But are not fitted for Translation. All my Disciples must be airy, And dance as nimble as a Fairy; Must never think of fordid Dying, But practife must the Art of Flying.

It

uD,

On a Blush. Written by a Lady.

CAn my own Blood betray me to Difgrace, Fill me with Shame, then triumph in my face? Thon base Deserter of my better Part, That hast so long inhabited my Heart, To leave thy dearest native Mansion Seat Unguarded and exposed to Love and Fate; Had you but kept the Place, no room had bin For any Damon to have fally'd in: But while in Pomp you in my Cheeks were fet, He the Possession of my Heart did get. Now you, my treach'rous Wanderer, may flay. And new Confusion to my Heart convey : You've bus'ness now of Consequence to tell, But see the gentle Tale you manage well; Appear not you in all your furious Flame, And you may give a Charm as well as Fame. Thou Tell-tale of the Mind, that wilt reveal The very Truth I charge thee to conceal. If fecret Joys from Damon's fight arife, You I suppose will tell it at my Eyes. I could forgive you too, did you proceed From real Cause, or some inglorious Deed: I would be still asham'd of doing ill, And Compensation make by blushing still: But ev'n in Innocence you're still my Foe, And what I do not, or I would not know, Still in my Face a feeming Guilt you show. And while it pleases you to take these Airs, I am abandon'd to a thousand Fears.

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Shame and Confusion dwell upon my Face,
While cv'ry one their different Censures pass:
Fie Damon! 'twas a treach'rous Coward's part
To seize an empty and unguarded Heart.
You watch the Sentinel abroad, and then
Surprize his Box e'er he come back agen.
Come on Lucinda, Trick for Trick say I,
Since he's got in, there keep him till he die.
There is no Blood you say; then stop it close,
Let none return, and I'll engage he goes:
For without Blood he can no more live there
Than Sparrows in Boyle's Glasses without Air.
And if henceforth your Blood should upward
move,
Say 'tis for Joy and Triumph, not for Love.

The Character.

M Artilla's prudent, wife, discreet,
For a Queen's Privy-Council fit;
Calm and serene; her Features sweet,
Her Judgment strong, and sharp her Wit.
Her Breast no ruffled Passion knows,
No angry Furrows on her Brows:
No pining Envy, servile Fear
E'er meet with a Reception here.
But glorious Virtue fills her Mind,
And all that's good in Woman-kind.

Masia is lovely, young and fair, Her Aspect charming, mild her Air; Sweet Modesty, that blushing Grace, Reigns triumphant in her Face:

Gg 3

She

She is all Innocence and Love, The Darling of the Gods above.

Grippina's courteous, brisk and kind;
Her Face declares her easy Mind:
She's always gen'rous, bold and true,
What's mean she cannot, will not do:
When e'er she sings all silent are,
None dare their Tunes with her's compare;
The feather'd Songsters of the Air
Correct their erring Notes by her.

Where three such Nymphs are to be found, Sure it is hallow'd, sacred Ground: And Temples may erected be, For all to worship there with me.

S 0 N G.

THE Cestrian Roach will prove a fine Fish, And Game not in season will make a good Dish For the Court of St. Germains, if serv'd up in state, With forty sour Covers of Cornish Church-Plate; And guarded by Scots, that are highly provok'd, With design that a Female of Note may be choak'd. The Sauce takes its Relish from the Hogo of How, And S—r the Coals of the Kitchin will blow. The Grace will be said by nonjuring Ken, And all the High-Fliers will soon say, Amen.

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Tofts and Margarita.

Musick has learnt the Discords of the State, And Conforts jar with Whig & Tory Hate. Here Devonshire and Somerset attend
The British Tosis, and ev'ry Note commend;
To native Merit just, and pleas'd to see
We've Roman Arts from Roman Bondage free.
There fam'd L'Epine does equal Skill imploy,
While list'ning Peers croud to th' extatick Joy.
B—d to hear her Song his Dice forsakes,
And N——m's transported when she shakes:
Lull'd Statesmen melt away their drowsy Cares
Of England's Sasety in Italian Airs.
Who would not send each Post blank Passes o'er,
Rather than keep such Strangers from our Shore?

An Address.

MADAM,

ilh

d;

WE Address you to day in a very new Fashion,
And tell you of nothing but Force and Invasion,
Tho some Folks will laugh when they hear the
Occasion.

Violation's the Word: not a Tittle o'th' Church; For, as Johnny says plainly, you've left us i'th' lurch. The Sham's at an end which made such a pother, And we're plaguily put to our Trumps for another:

Gg4

But fince the curs'd Lords have thrown out the Bill, And chose a Committee that pis in a Quill; Who, if we be filent, will find out the Plot, Then N—m's Merit will foon be forgot, And some of us surely must then go to pot:

We are forc'd to invent in this dang'rous Criss, Some pretty new Whims to confound their Devices. Why, Madam, you're ravish'd, your Queenship's invaded,

And we must squeel out till of this you're per-

But who are the Villains perhaps you will ask;
If we did not tell you, 'twould be a hard Tak
To guess, or perceive, you had any Abuse,
So we come on purpose to tell you the News.
'Tis the whole H— of Lords, those damnable
Lords,

Who have done the fad thing on most of our Words.

O, Madam, take care of your Prerogative Royal, We ne'er were before so confoundedly Loyal, For extending yourPower to be humbly addressing, And you see we conform on Occasion so pressing; To glue our Revenge, Moderation to soil, The Peers to affront, the State to imbroil. This glorious Quarrel we come to advance, Which is as dear to us as that against France,

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The Rifing Sun; or, Verses upon the Queen's Birth-day. Celebrated Apr. 30. MDCXC.

By John Hamden E[q]

Reat Soul of Nature, Source of all our Joys, Monarch of th' Universe, whose genial Rays, Of Motion and of Life the only Spring, Entitle Thee, with Justice, to be King Of all that lives, breaths, or moves here below, Since from thy Heat and Light all theirs do flow: How well thou'rt made the Emblem and Device Of that Celestial Nymph, whose glorious Rise Ennobles this bleft Day, chasing our Night, Doubling the Glory of thy Sacred Light. How lately we in Darkness were involv'd! Our British World ready to be dissolv'd; Our Laws, our Liberty did gasping lye, And we for help in vain did figh and cry; When all our Patriots loudly did proclaim * Help and Deliverance from no other Name They could expect than this bleft Princess, when She was desir'd by all good English Men, More than the rifing of her Planet was By all those Persians, who at once did gaze To fee that fight, which who could first behold Was to be circled in th' Imperial Gold.

When

^{*} See Burnet's Papers, and others, which were filled with Discourses of the hopes we had in the Succession of the Princess of Orange.

When we had fuffer'd long enough to know
The Value of that Good Heav'n would bestow;
Within our Hemisphere this Star appear'd,
And put an end to all the Ills we fear'd.
Preceded by her Morning-Star, and led,
(The worthy Partner of her Throne and Bed')
Our Glorious Sun on our Horizon rose,
Scatter'd all Mists, satisfy'd all, but those
Whose Deeds had made them hate the Light,
whose Crimes

Sought the Confusion of the darkest Times. At first the Blessing seem'd beyond belief : All wish'd and pray'd for't; few could credit give. But when we faw Heav'n meant in truth to lend Assistance to us, and by her to send: When the descended on our happy Ise, (A certain Gage of Providence's Smile) When we beheld her mounted on the Throne, Expressing all those Graces which alone In her concentred, fet her far before The Heroines so vaunted heretofore: When she and her great Consort did receive The greatest Present mortal Men can give; And at their Feet the Nation's Wisdom laid That Crown, which scarce their Labours fully paid. With what Transports of Joy, upon her Face, We all admiring faw that charming Grace To her peculiar? where her Piety And Modesty plainly appear'd to vie With Love to finking England, whose demand Of Help and Succour from her Royal Hand, Determin'd Her that vacant Seat to fill, Affigned unto her by Heaven's Will; Pronounc'd by th'best explainer of God's Choice, And furest Evidence, the People's Voice.

Bleft Contest! where the terms, Country and Wife, Strove with her Love to him that gave her Life! And more bleft Vict'ry, where Love to Mankind Triumph'd o're all things, in her vertuous Mind!

Nor did the Progress any way allay Our Hopes fo rais'd by what we faw that Day. The Order introduc'd in every part Where the concern'd her felf, the happy Art So little practifed in former Reigns, Of making use of all her Courtiers Chains For Cords to draw them to adorn her Court, By all that's vertuous and of good Report, Shew'd us how great a Bleffing Heaven intends For those to whom it such a Princes sends. No Scandal, no Offence within her Walls: Under her Care and Conduct all that falls Admits no blemish, all things are secure Under her vig'lant Eye, and all things pure. Her Virgin's Chastity no Guard requires, Their tender Souls acquainted with no Fires, But with that Ardour which does them inflame To honour their great Mistress, and her Fame Still to advance, teach what by daily use Such Precepts and Example can produce: Their Wants her bounteous Hand so well supplies, Their Wishes she so fully satisfies; Should Jove from Heav'n come in a Golden Shower, He'd find no Danae within that Bower.

Is any Sick, Diffressed, Lame, or Poor? Their natural refort is to her Door. Where Limbs, and Health, and Succor they all find, So like her Saviour's is her pious Mind; So universally she casts her Eyes On all that need her help; it does fuffice To be in mifery, to have a right To her Protection, and her helping Might.

Her

Her PIETY loofes the Captive's Chains: From offer'd Thanks her Modesty refrains. So affable, fo courteous, that her Mouth The Law of Kindness gives. From North to South No Character like her's you'l ever fee, Such Sweetness mixt with so much Majesty: To that degree, that Envy's worst effort Ne're feign'd in her faults of another fort. But only this (ridiculous device!) That she too good, too condescending is. An English Fault, which in her Royal Mind, With English Virtues happily conjoin'd, Such as good Nature, and good Temper are, Do all produce in her a Character So great as, if compared, will pull down All those of other Heads that wear a Crown. Th'exactness of her Judgment's understood By those whose Fortune makes them have the good To stand before her, and those Accents hear, Those charming Accents, those Decisions clear, Abounding in good Sense, and Judgment sound, When the thinks fit false Notions to confound.

But above all, her Piety prevails,
That Crown of Virtues, that which never fails,
That which will make her happy, when the Law
Of frail Mortality shall her withdraw
From all our longing Eyes, and shall unite
Her precious Substance to that Globe of Light,
Which I her Greatness to adumbrate use,
Loth to her Merit Justice to refuse.
Whoever knew her fail an Exercise
Of Piety? Whoever saw her Eyes
Wander, or any other Action prove
Want of Devotion, or desect of Love?
And yet her greatest heat of Zeal none saw,
Or ever could observe from her to draw

Those

Those superstitious Cringes, which such Fools Are wont to use, that Priests have made their Tools. Her Sovereign Judgment shews her how to take The Temper just, what difference to make Between a folid Piety, and that Which Bigots counterfeit, a spurious Brat, Not got 'twixt Heaven and a virtuous Soul. Nor made our vicious Passions to controul. But of base Fear and corrupt Policy, The nauseous Fruit, and Nurse of Tyranny. She knows in such divided Times as these. Like a true Nurfing-Mother, how to pleafe Her wrangling Children; and when those did come To bid their long'd-for Princess welcome home. Who in some lesser things dissent from those Our Laws the Pulpits to Supply have chose; Far from infulting, or despising such, Who came her Golden Scepter's Top to touch, That under her a Life from Force secure They now might lead, in her Protection fure, To them she stretch'd the evil-charming Rod. And did encourage them to ferve their God, And to acquit their Conscience. Then (said she) It is my Wish, and shall my bus'ness be To end Diffent in Church * (as well as State) And all your bleeding Wounds confolidate. From Cyrus nor from Artaxerxes Throne More pleasing Oracles the Jews had none. And when her peaceful Lips had thus dispell'd Those venerable Persons Fears, and quell'd Their Apprehensions, she did not disdain To ask their Prayers for her happy Reign.

Heav'n

^{*} See her printed Answer to Dr. Bates's Speech, made in the Name and Presence of a great number of Nonconformist Mivisters.

Heav'n hear those Prayers, and plentifully shed A shower of Blessings on her Royal Head, Such as its choicest Fav'rites do partake, And for her own and her dear Country's sake, Lengthen the course of her Prosperity; And rather than our Hopes with her should die, Take from our Years to add unto her days Too happy Victims! Fate above all praise!

Her Virtues Politick come next in view: The Difficulty here's not to fay true. But 'tis to fay enough. If strong desire To fave her Country from the raging Fire Which had almost devour'd it; if Success Obtain'd by this new Efther's warm Address; If Days confum'd in Prayers, and Nights in Tears. That we might be deliver'd from our Fears; If utmost Hazards run upon the Main, And more than this, if yielding to constrain Her pious Inclinations for our fake, Can on our grateful Hearts th'impression make Such Actions call for; if her Modesty And Self-denial can but make us fee, How the our Peace prefers before her Power, And what new Debts we owe to her each hour, To some degree at least, we may pretend Our matchless Queen's Deserts to comprehend.

In the last Century, when this our Land Submitted to a Virgin-Queen's Command, And when our Ancestors by her were sav'd From Popery, and kept from being inslav'd, How did they all conspire to raise her Fame? How dear to after times will be her Name? And yet to those who estimate things right, To those (I say) whose penetrating sight Enables them to judg of the degrees Of Virtue, which accordingly they prize,

It will appear our Modern Heroine Beyond Elizabeth as far does shine, As Her bright Luminary does outvie The pale-fac'd Cynthia's conquer'd Deity. 'Tis true, she once gave back a Subsidy Unto her People, and so made them see She ask'd their Treasure for no other end. But that with it she might their Rights defend; And when Necessity did not require The Purse-strings should be open'd, her desire Was rather them her Treasurers to see, Than she the fleecer of the Flock should be: Richer in their Affections than their Gold, A Heritage not to be bought or fold. This was a great Example, I agree. Elizabeth approv'd her felf to be Fit for a Place in that Ring where the Names Of Princes Good must eternize their Fames. But when there's Names enow to fill each Place, MART's the Jewel that the Ring must grace: She, not content a Subfidy to give, For England's Good; that by which she must live, Her whole Subfiftence rather chose to lose *, Than give pretence to any to suppose An Interest distinct from him whose Star Has bleft him by uniting him with her, Or rather than the least pretext afford To the Opposers of their BLEST ACCORD. To good Advice Elizabeth gave Ear; For Counfellors the fingled such as were Friends to the Nation's Int'rest, not for show; But by their help to be directed fo, That

* When the Parliament would have given her a distinst Maintenance, and she declar'd she would have nothing but from the King.

That she might feed the People for their Good. Not Poison ministring instead of Food. She rul'd by Law, nor thought it a disgrace Our Laws and Reason in a higher place To fet, than that Parafites use to give To what they call Royal Prerogative.

MARY, not only willing to have Bounds Fixt to that Torrent which all things confounds; Not willing only to be ty'd by Law. And govern fo as all our Hearts to draw. Tho crown'd and recogniz'd by full confent, Tho on her Head the facred Oil was fpent; Altho a Sovereign and a Regnant Queen, Yet this great Princess, that it might be seen How the delpis'd her Greatness in compare With those whose Welfare was her chiefest care, Surpassed Henry's Daughter more alone Than she had pass'd all that before had gone. For she, to manifest what Love she bare Unto the English Nation, and what care She took that Union strict to entertain, Which makes a happy Land, and glorious Reign; And then at once her deep respect to show To him whom Hymen's Bands had join'd her to, Suspending the Effect of Heaven's Call, Did quite fit by, not governing at all. And tho we all Allegiance to her fwore, Our Laws and Coin her Name and Image wore, Love to her Husband, and her Native Land Made her contented nothing to command. Twere easy by this Parallel drove on, To shew how much this Queen has that out-done. And if her dawning Light produce such things, What shall we think her Noon-day Lustre brings? Those that would know what future Times contain, Take a fore-taste of her auspicious Reign,

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Be told what Conquests she's to make abroad, (Our Christian Semiramis) what Road To Glory's Temple must her Chariot lead, Have nothing else to do but only read What Foreign Bards of this Great Queen do fing *. Renewing under her th'Eternal Spring Which made the Beauty of the Golden Age, And fills each Poet's Heart-enchanting Page. They shew who shall to her dread Scepter bow, What Lawrels flourish on her Sacred Brow, And what a croud of Bleffings do attend Those People who upon her Laws depend.

But there's no need at all of Foreign Praise The Glory of this Peerless Queen to raise, Did not we see prostrate before her fall Those Subjects of her own who heard the Call Of Heaven from another World, and came To her, that they might abdicate their Name +. Henceforth their Country MARYLAN D to call, A thing agreed upon by Great and Small? And 'tis no wonder, fince that pow'rful Charm Must fill their Country, and their Foes disarm. That Clemency, that Goodness which did shine When she receiv'd their Homage, that Divine,

^{*} See a Magnificent Panegyrick written lately for the King, and sent to him by a Learned Man in Swifferland, named Holtzhalbius, heretofore a Regent in the College at Orange. this Poem, speaking of the Parliament's presenting the Crown to their present Majesties, he has these Verses, to shew the admiration the World has of the Queen's Virtue, and other great Qualities;

Conveniunt Regni Proceres, faustifq; Triumphis Wilhelmi applaudunt Magni, revocantq; MARIAM, E Batavis Sponfam, Regnis tantóq; Marito Dignam quæ reliquas mirandæ lumine formæ, Diviniq; animi præclaris dotibus omnes Præcellit Nymphas, ut stellas Luna minores.

⁺ See the Address presented to the Queen at Kensington, by the Deputys of New-England. That

That noble Air of Greatness which appear'd. And made her lov'd at once no less than fear'd. Had they still Savages or Rebels been, Would have reduc'd them under fuch a Queen.

Thus her great Deeds, from my Poetick Vein, Lead me to write the Annals of her Reign. But that's a Work must crown with lasting praise The Livy's and the Camden's of our Days. This flying Leaf containing, without Art, The Sentiments of a submissive Heart With admiration struck, and Joy to find Such radiant Virtues in a Monarch's Mind. (Where nothing is but naked Fact laid down, By none contested, and to few unknown) Shall end with Wilhes, fuch as flew from Men, Whose fraudless Souls are painted by their Pen.

May this bright Day, when Heav'n made to this The choicest Present of its liberal Hand. Be multiply'd fo often, still abound With fresh Successes; may it still be crown'd At home with Palms and Olives, and from Climes Remote with Trophies deck'd fo many times, Till thou (Great Queen) thy Ancestors in years Exceed'st as much as does thy Virtue Theirs. And when thy Crown, transform'd into a Star, Shall equal fine with Berenice's Hair, May still this lower Orb thy Glory fill. Thy Praises eccho from the forked Hill: And may thy Birth an Epoch fettled be, By those who write our English History; An Epoch more illustrious than those Of Nabonassar, and of him who chose Hope for his Portion, knew the worth of Praise, Gave all away, only referv'd the Bays, And Envy bore to Thetis Valiant Boy More for his Homer than his War with Troy.

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Thou art a Queen by God and Man defign'd: Choice with Succession's in thy Person join'd. The Patriarchal Right and Genarchy With Institution do in thee agree. Thou haft both Law and Nature on thy fide. And that by which we most of all are ty'd. Is that we judg thee, by all we have feen, * A Natural and a Platonick Oueen. May Heav'n and Men by joint Consent maintain The Product of them both, thy glorious Reign. And fince the Will of thy Great Spouse so well Is seconded by both the Houses Zeal, Who now do call thee to exert that Power Which latent in thee did relide before; May all thy Subjects Thee as well obey As he that celebrates this happy Day; May'ft thou with fuch Applause ascend the Throne, So exercise the Government alone; That when again Victorious he shall come From Lands ne'er conquer'd by the Antient Rome, That Diadem he still may brighter find Which does (Great Queen) thy Sacred Temples And more resplendent far than when the Charms Of Martial Glory drew him from thine Arms. In Silks and Shades let other Queens express Virtues which thou fo fully dost possess-Let others shew, by working Beasts and Men, How far the Needle does out-do the Pen |.

Let

^{*} Plato says, there are some, who, by the excellency of their Endowments, are Kings by Nature. So that a Platonick Prince is one who is worthy to be such. This is a Notion much insisted on by Col. Sidney, in his Answer to Filmer.

[†] Mary Queen of Scots, who wrought a Suit of Hangings for a Chamber at Hardwick, where all the Virtues are represented by Symbolical Figures.

^{||} Catherine de Medicis, who spent many Tears in working some Beds, now in the French King's Garde-meuble.

Let neighb'ring Monarchs pass their precious Hours In viewing Medals, and in planting Flowers. Let them with wild Chimera's fill their Brains. Employ the Poets and the Painter's Pains. Imaginary Conquests to declare, For forc'd Conversions Monuments to rear : And let their Brain-fick Fancy them perswade Gods are made by Le Brun and La Feuillade. Do thou thy Mind and Thoughts (Princess) apply To rule thy Kingdoms all with Equity (These are thy Arts) of Peace to give the Rule. To spare the Humble, and the Proud controll. And fince thy lovely Sex, fo full of Charms, Has been to us fo happy; in our Arms Planted the Lillies, fince it did unite In lasting Bands the Red Rose and the White; May'ft thou reconquer Lands, for which the Sword Unto the Distaff could no help afford: New Agincourts and C. effys may'ft thou gain, To shew the Salick Law was made in vain. And may'ft thou by a nobler Union far Than that which joined Tork and Lancaster, Fix in thy Subjects Hearts fuch Harmony That they again may never difagree. And last of all (to draw unto a Close Upon a Subject which no Limits knows) May this great Fellival referved be For Births of numerous Hero's, which from Thee May spring, in these our Days, to represent The Williams, Maurices, Colignys, fent From Heav'n, oppressed Nations to relieve; Hero's, whose glorious Actions may revive The Brave Plantagenets and Tudors Sage, And the Great Bourbons of our Father's Age; Whose Glory to the highest pitch may rise, The Seas their Empire bound, their Fame the Skies, FINIS.

